

March 8, 1961

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The Australian

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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"HITCHED"

**"THE SENTIMENTAL
BLOKE"**

See page 3

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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MARCH 8, 1961

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● About 20 chimpanzees have been trained like Ham (page 5) for journey into space at the Aeromedical Field Laboratory, Holloman Air Force Base, New Mexico.

"TIME," the American news-magazine, says:

Candidates for chimpanzee training are first screened for alertness and proper age (under three years).

They are given numbers and identity discs like other Air Force recruits and are isolated for 45 days for detailed health check-ups.

Because juvenile chimps need loving care, they get plenty of cuddling and attention from human attendants.

A typical task taught to chimpanzees requires them to watch three shapes flashed on a screen and decide, by pushing the proper lever, which shape is not like either of the others.

By doing this correctly 18 times, a chimp earns a banana-flavored pellet. Some of them become amazingly skilful.

The champion so far is a chimp that worked the levers 7000 times in 70 minutes with only 32 errors.

A human VIP visiting the laboratory rashly tried the same task and made a much lower score.

Some of the Air Force psychologists even claim they are afraid to teach the chimps to play poker for fear they would win all the loose cash on the base.

Now, following the success of Ham's adventure, the United States has announced

it is planning to put a man into space (page 4).

★ WHEN our Food and Cookery Expert Leila C. Howard visited the liner Mariposa for the chafing-dish cookery feature (pages 36 to 38), Victor Bennett, who cooked the dishes, presented her with a copy of his book, "Chafing-Dish Magic."

In it he wrote: "May the butter never turn rancid nor the bottom ever fall out of your crepe pan. Always yours to command—Victor Bennett."

★ FASHION editor Betty Keep says of the new Paris "It" girl fashions (pages 10 and 11): "For several seasons flapper trends from the '20s have been hovering on the brink of fashion."

"For spring, 1961, the couturiers have taken a deep plunge. The new '20s trend looks like being as great a fashion milestone as Dior's new look."

"The new flapper look is aggressively youthful. We can look forward to a spring of 'it' girls—a cheerful change from Paris' autumn beatniks."

★ VISIT to New Zealand and Australia of the Duke of Devonshire, Britain's Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations (page 4), recalls some anecdotes of his family.

Many of the past dukes have

Our cover

● C. J. Dennis' "The Sentimental Bloke" (Edwin Ride) and his bride, Doreen (Constance Vayne), during a dress rehearsal of a musical comedy based on the "Bloke" by Albert and Nancye Arlen. The musical opens in the Albert Hall, Canberra, on March 7. Cover picture and color pictures on opposite page by staff photographer Ernie Nutt.

had a reputation for gruffness and aloofness.

Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire towards the end of the 18th century, was so frightened of her husband's calm, cold manner that she couldn't bring herself to tell him about her enormous gambling losses. The guilt of it all hung over her and ruined her life.

Georgiana and her successor, Elizabeth, formerly her companion, were painted by Gainsborough.

Attributed to the eighth duke is the story that he saw some serviette rings in a display. He asked what they were, and was appalled that people would use a serviette more than once.

"Dear God," he exclaimed, "I never knew such poverty existed."

NEXT WEEK: Barrier Reef—Four pages of superb color pictures of the Great Barrier Reef, one of the most brilliantly beautiful areas in the world, in our "Australian Nature" series . . . Wool Wardrobe Contest Results—Announcing the six prizewinners.

**"The Sentimental
Bloke" . . . a new
Australian musical**

'I DIPS ME LID'

By PATRICIA KENT

**"CROOL forchin's dirty left
'as smote me soul;
An' all them joys o' life I 'eld
so sweet
Is up the pole."**

AND with these immortal lines of C. J. Dennis, the musical version of "The Sentimental Bloke" swung into rehearsal.

It was a memorable performance. In a converted army hut in Canberra, the "coves and coots and sheilas" who crowd the page of the poems sprang into vivid life.

Even in these surroundings the performance was strangely moving, so I wondered how the audience would react on March 7, the show's opening night, at the Albert Hall in Canberra.

It wasn't only the story of "The Bloke" or its haunting music that captured me. It was the human story behind the show.

It is a story of incredible persistence, of a firm conviction that "The Bloke" could become to Australian Theatre what "South Pacific" is to Broadway.

And the sentimental bloke of this story is Australian playwright and composer Albert Arlen.

"It began nearly 11 years ago when I read Dennis' poems," Mr. Arlen told me.

"I knew they would make a wonderful musical comedy. And in spite of all the setbacks we've had, I'm still convinced."

Mr. Arlen began writing the script in 1950, working with his wife, Australian singer and actress Nancye Brown, and several writers.

After one trip to London, and years of hard work here in Australia, Mr. Arlen took the finished script and music to London.

For the next year, Mr. Arlen went the rounds of the producers, and spent nearly all his savings hiring top musical stars to audition the work.

"I nearly signed on the dotted line three times," Mr. Arlen recalled, "but nothing eventuated."

"YOU'RE nothing but a silly coot in a stror 'at," says Rose (Nancye Brown) sternly to the manager of the pickle factory, Stror 'At Coot (Hugh Brophy).



"So I came back here and tried again to sell it to Australian producers. But once more nothing was done, so Nancye and I decided to stage the show ourselves here in Canberra.

"And Nancye has been absolutely wonderful. She wrote all the lyrics, plays the part of Rose, Ginger Mick's girl, and made all the hats, too."

"This isn't a full-scale production, of course," Nancye told me.

"It's what we call a 'shop-window show' — an indication to the producers and to the audience of what could be done with expensive sets, etc."

C. J. Dennis' "Sentimental Bloke," a series of poems, was first published in 1915.

"It was instantly successful," said Albert Arlen, "and the Diggers used to take 'The Bloke' with them into the trenches."

The story tells of a bloke from the big city slums who had mastered the arts of "eadin' browns" (at two-up) and "chuckin' off chiac" (at girls) but who felt he was missing something.

He meets Doreen, a girl from the local pickle factory, "does his block for 'er," and, after many ups and downs, marries her and goes to live on a farm, a reformed character.

"We've taken some of the characters from another of Dennis' poems, 'The Moods of Ginger Mick,'" said Mr. Arlen, "and woven a story round them all to make our book of 'The Bloke.'"

"There's the 'Stror 'At Coot,' the assistant manager of the pickle factory, who sings, 'I'm a cove with wimmen, the fair sex is my game.'"

The show is performed by amateurs. Edwin Ride, who plays "The Bloke," is a public servant.

It was an exciting night I spent in Canberra watching the show take shape, and to them all, as the "laureate of the larrikins" might have said: "I dips me lid."

"I DIPS ME LID," sings The Bloke (Edwin Ride) to his Doreen (Constance Vayne). Backdrops were adapted from Cedric Flower sketches.

"BUY ME WILD FRESH RAB-BIT-O," calls Ginger Mick (Douglas Skinner) — and his "sheila," Rose (Nancye Brown), hitches a ride in his cart.



The debate about the Duke

From our London office

● When Andrew Robert Buxton Cavendish, eleventh Duke of Devonshire, became Under-Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations last October at £2500 a year, opinions voiced in Westminster were loudly divided on the appointment.

WAS it a clever piece of "keep the money in the family" and "jobs for the boys" on the part of the Prime Minister, Mr. Macmillan, who is the Duke's uncle by marriage?

Or was it a much more subtle piece of political manoeuvring and cunningly correct anticipation, looking outwards towards the U.S.A. instead of inwards towards the family.

For the Duke of Devonshire — who is visiting New Zealand and Australia on his way to New Delhi — is the nephew of Lady Dorothy Macmillan. He is also (much less widely known) friend and former brother-in-law of President John Kennedy.

The present Duke of Devonshire's elder brother, the then Marquess of Hartington, who was killed in World War II, married Kathleen Kennedy, John Kennedy's sister.

It was a love match that arose from a meeting at a London party just before the war, when the President's father was Ambassador to London.

The developing love affair met parental opposition on both sides of the family, because of religious differences.

The Kennedys are, of course, Roman Catholics, and the marriage would have meant that all future Dukes of Devonshire were likely to be Catholics unless Miss Kennedy gave up her religion.

During the days of family stress the Kennedys and the Cavendishes got to know each other very well, and a special friendship developed between Kathleen's young brother John and the Marquess's young brother Andrew.

Both young men were much in favor of the marriage between their sister and brother.

The family troubles were resolved and the marriage took place in a London register office.

But the Marquess went overseas with his regiment and was killed in action.

Kathleen was subsequently killed in a plane crash.

There were no children of the marriage, and Andrew became Marquess of Hartington and succeeded as eleventh Duke when his father died in 1950.

The friendship that began in pre-war London between the future Duke and the future President was cemented last January, when the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire stayed with the Kennedys in Washington at the inaugural ceremony.

The Duke drew laughter



THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE

Jessica Mitford, former avowed Communist.

The Duke has three children, his heir, the present Marquess of Hartington, and two daughters, Lady Emma

"Chatsworth House," Derbyshire, "Compton Place," Eastbourne, and Lismore Castle, Ireland. His life and career appear to have been completely conventional.

After Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, he entered the Coldstream Guards in 1939 and served with them to the end of the war, winning an M.C. in Italy.

His sister, Lady Elizabeth Cavendish, was lady-in-waiting to Princess Margaret.

He married in 1941 "Debbo" Mitford, the loveliest, youngest, and least extreme of Lord Redesdale's six explosive daughters.

While Nancy was writing her books, Diana was marrying Sir Oswald Mosley, Unity was visiting Hitler, and Jessica was filling the headlines with her flight to Spain to marry Sir Winston Churchill's nephew, Esmond Romilly, Debbo was living quietly at home in Gloucestershire waiting for Prince Charming.

In her book "Hons and Rebels," sister Jessica says that Debbo always intended to marry a rich duke and had a habit of wandering round the house and gardens saying, "Some day my Duke will come."

But Debbo says this whole thing is nonsense.

The Devonshires are not spectacular party-goers or party-givers, but they had one in 1955 which made the London headlines.

They hired two boats on the Thames between Richmond and Hampton Court and sent invitations marked "Come in boating costume."

Princess Alexandra and Princess Margaret were among the guests.

The Devonshires have been rich for centuries.

The estate of the present Duke's father was valued at £3,000,000 after he died in 1950.

Five years before, in an attempt to avoid paying big death duties, he had handed over to a trust all his shares in the limited company controlling the family estate.

But he died just four months too soon, and the present Duke had to pay £2,400,000 on the £3,000,000 estate.

He raised £1,200,000 by selling eight works of art, including a Rembrandt, and a 300-room country house.

Late in 1959 they made a twenty-room flat for their own use out of 160-room "Chatsworth House."



Pictured here are the U.S. airmen from whom will be chosen the first man (barring challenge from the Russians) to rocket into space. All are married.

1 Test pilot Alan Shepard (above), 37, Navy commander, has two children.



2 John Glenn, 39, Marines lieutenant-colonel, is a veteran of World War II and Korea, with 122 combat missions. He has a son, 13, and daughter, 12.



3 Virgil Grissom, 34, an experienced test pilot, who has been in the U.S. Air Force since 1944. He flew 100 combat missions during the Korean war. Captain Grissom has two young sons.



THE DEVONSHIRES (left). The Duke and Duchess. THE KENNEDYS (above), who are former in-laws of the Duke. Standing, from left, in this 1938 group are John Kennedy (now U.S. President), his mother, and brother Joseph. Seated from left are his brother Edward, his father, sister Patricia, and sister Kathleen. Kathleen married the Duke's brother. He was killed in war, she in plane crash.

Milestones to the stars

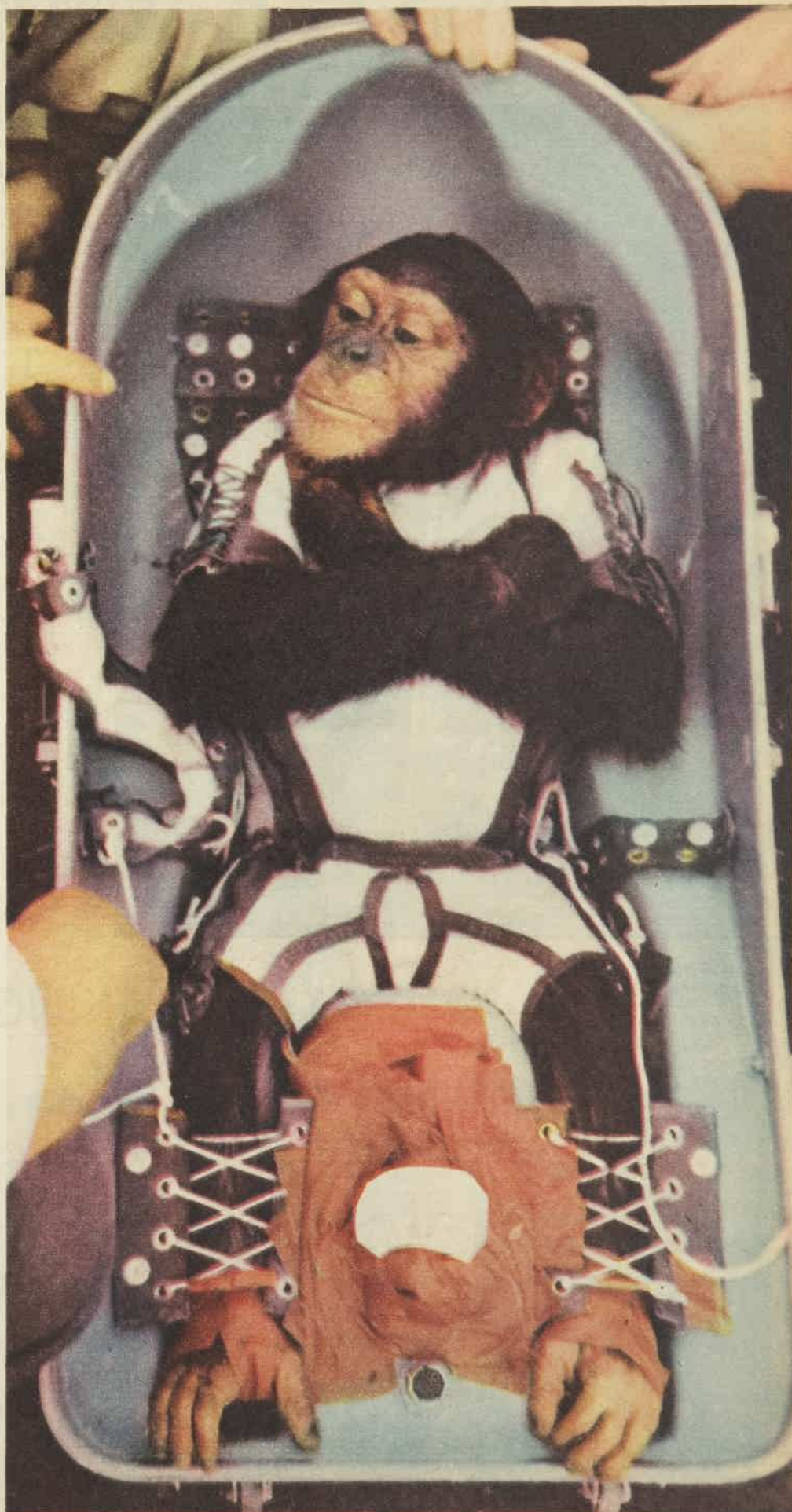
THESE have been exciting weeks on Mother Earth as a little chimpanzee called Ham blazed a space trail for homo sapiens, and Russia sent a "piggy-back" rocket on a 55-million-mile trip to Venus.

● Ham made his brief, historic voyage for the Americans on January 31. Undergoing intense noise and stress, he was rocketed 155 miles into the sky from Florida; then there was a period of weightlessness; and finally, in his sealed capsule, he fell into the Atlantic several hundred miles from the launching point. During all that time he manipulated levers.

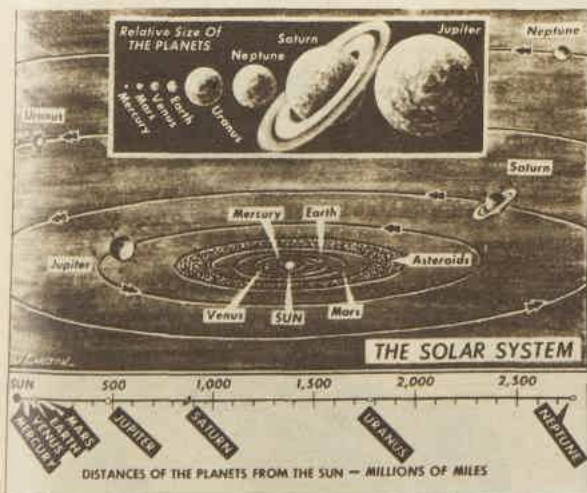
An American search ship picked him up four hours after the start of the journey. When the capsule was opened he gazed out quietly, and then shook hands with a vet. who was waiting to examine him. Ham's reward: an apple. His achievement: he had shown that a human being in a similar journey into space could stay conscious, control his movements, and suffer no grave harm. Ham was reported to be "looking very happy" as 300 officials and journalists gave him a hero's welcome back to Florida.

● Eleven days later the Russians sent a massive rocket satellite encircling the globe, and from it, by remote control, launched an inter-planetary rocket, weighing nearly two-thirds of a ton. This is speeding towards Venus at more than 25,000 miles an hour, and is expected to arrive on or near that planet late in May. Scientists everywhere are hoping that the rocket will radio important information about the mysterious Venus, which is perpetually covered with cloud.

The firing of this rocket was an inspiring achievement—but, like Ham's journey, it unfortunately also has military significance in the "cold war."



● First color picture taken of Ham, the 37lb. chimp, as his capsule was opened on board the American recovery ship in the Atlantic after his flight through space.



● This three-way look at the solar system helps put the Russian rocket's amazing journey to Venus in perspective. At top, the relative sizes of the planets; centre, their rotation around the sun; at bottom, comparative distance from the sun. The last-discovered planet, Pluto, is too far distant to be included in this diagram.

Will SHE win Britain's



● Katherine Worsley
— "shy and gentle."

● The tall young Duke of Kent, while embarking on a bowler hat and furred umbrella career on the War Office staff, is again seeing Miss Katherine Worsley, daughter of Sir William Worsley.

THE dear friendship which appeared to have ended more than 18 months ago is now very much in evidence, in a quiet way, in quiet parts of London.

In the past few months the Duke has not only been calling once more at Katherine's home, Hovingham Hall, near Malton, in Yorkshire, but he has stayed there secretly for a couple of days.

The servants were asked to say nothing, and only a few people saw him.

Since then Miss Worsley has been staying a great deal, on and off, in London, and so has the Duke.

Socially, H.R.H. Edward Duke of Kent is the best matrimonial catch in England. But, apart from the distinction of marrying into the Royal family, any girl will be lucky to get him.

Physically, at 25, he resembles his father a great deal: standing six feet two inches in his socks, he has light brown hair, blue eyes, and a good figure.

He has a particularly contagious laugh which can be heard all round an average room when he really gets going.

He has shaken off a series of childhood illnesses and, although occasionally bothered by his old

sinus trouble, is now very fit indeed. Temperamentally he is more like his mother.

A brother officer said recently: "Eddie is a thoroughly nice chap. He is efficient in his job, amusing, and great fun at a party."

"He enters into the spirit of anything doing, and tries hard at anything he does. When things go wrong he can get moody and sometimes there are flashes of bad temper, but none of it lasts long."

A person who has known the young Kent all his life has said: "He was not everyone's cup of tea at all when he was at school and for a year or so after, but he has altered so much in the past four years that sometimes I think I hardly know him."

Ackward boyhood

For a long time the Duke has been very much the overlooked member of the Royal family. This is because he has, by his own wish, been deeply immersed most of the time in his duties with his regiment.

Even before he entered the Army, the public knew very little about him.

He had bad luck when still at Eton, having to leave because of sinus trouble.

And he had worse luck when he walked in King George VI's funeral procession at his most inelegant moment of schoolboy adolescence.

THE MAKING OF A SOLDIER



A GANGLING 16, he walked in the funeral cortege of his uncle, King George VI, nine years ago.



A PRIVATE now, he was trying on a greatcoat after joining the Army at 18.



A 2ND-LIEUT. at 20, he still wore overalls in training.



TWENTY-FIRST birthday portrait by Antony Armstrong-Jones showed the Duke in dress uniform of the Royal Scots Greys.

best matrimonial catch?

By a staff correspondent in London

Most parents have no trouble in keeping their 16-year-old sons out of the public eye. But front-page pictures of the Duke of Kent at his uncle's funeral recorded hair on end and a boyish scrambled-into-clothes look which created an unfair impression.

Then came two serious car crashes in 1954 and 1955. These did nothing to alter the general view that the young Duke must be a bit of a worry in Royal circles.

The lanky youth was listed for an Army career, and after his first year at Sandhurst he began to show a dedication to the military life.

It is still not generally realised that he is, in fact, an extremely intelligent and astute young man. He took a First in modern languages while at Sandhurst.

Even more unusual, he obtained an Army interpretership in French when only 18. This is rare, as it requires great knowledge of military terms in French.

There was an advanced equestrian course for six weeks at Aldershot and the usual smashing fall.

There were Army ski championships in Switzerland, where he came fourth.

When at last the Duke left his regiment in Germany to take a chair-borne job at the War Office, he left forever a happy regimental life and began undergoing a "breaking-in" process for increasing Royal duties.

His War Office work will become a military version of Royal duties. He will accompany his boss, Sir Francis Festing, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, on journeys of inspection in Britain and on official trips abroad.

With the rank of acting captain, the Duke will be a General Staff officer grade 3, and his mother will benefit to the extent of 6/2 a day, the London ration allowance for his rank.

He is to do his first tour overseas when he visits Sierra Leone next month to stay with the Governor, Maurice Dorman.

Sweet-faced girl

Brother officers and close friends of the Duke of Kent have long known of his lasting friendship with the sweet-faced Katherine Worsley, daughter of a rich landowner.

Shy and gentle, she has long fair hair and a melting expression.

I have heard it suggested in London that since they first met matters have been discussed in the family, and that there was an agreement that they should wait at least two years (they have waited 18 months), and then the situation would be reviewed.

The Duke of Kent is much liked, and has many friends who would be delighted to see him happily married to the girl of his choice.

Among them, therefore, is a conspiracy of silence, but few would be at all surprised if there were some announcement in the summer after he has settled down in his War Office job.

The Duke of Kent is not rich, and it seems unlikely he will marry a girl without some income of her own.

At the moment he has a moderate private allowance and Army pay. Both these would increase if he married.



● The Duke of Kent at the races.

THE YOUNG MAN IN MUFTI



SISTER Princess Alexandra, then 19, linked arms in a happy photo at home.



AFFECTIONATELY he greeted his widowed mother on her return from her own mother's funeral in Athens in 1957.



A BOWLER-HATTED officer on leave, he was returning to his regiment in Germany.



ENTERING the War Office to take up his new job.



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If you're Irish,
get ready
to argue when
you —



"You must never debunk any of Ireland's sacred cows . . . and it's got hundreds of them."

Meet Paul Smith

By
FREDA IRVING

(novelist
from Dublin)

● He's a rebel—
against his country-
men . . . and he
thinks Melbourne
Sundays are
GHASTLY.

PAUL SMITH, an
Irish writer whose
work has been likened to
Sean O'Casey's, is living in
a quiet Melbourne subur-
ban flat, working eight to
twelve hours a day on his
fourth novel.

Hardly anybody has been
aware that he is in Australia.
Which is distinctly surprising,
because Paul Smith, pugna-
ciously Irish-faced and pug-
natically Irish-minded, is an
outspoken rebel as well as a
writer.

His first novel, "Esther's
Altar," was banned in his
native country because in it
he dared to show Ireland as
he sees it, and debunked what
he calls one of its "sacred
cows."

The "sacred cow" in this
case is the Easter Week Rising
of 1916.

"I was brought up as an
Irish Republican and fed on
the stories of the marvellous
things we achieved with this
'beginning of the end of the
British,' when actually we did
damn all," he told me in his
deceptively quiet voice with
the Dublin lilt to it.

"Too honest"

"It's not safe to be honest
about the Irish. You must
soft-pedal all the time and
tell them how marvellous
they are. You know, the Irish
can soft-soap themselves as
well as they can anyone else.

"But if you're honest in
your approach to your people
and your writing, you can't
do this. So that's why 'Esther'
was banned.

"I was too honest for the
clergy, so they didn't like it.
I was too honest for the die-
hards, so they didn't like it
either. And most of our critics
are survivals of the Rebellion.

"That was the finish to
'Esther's' career in Ireland.
But, thanks to a review by
Dorothy Parker in 'Esquire'
last year, I had wonderful
sales in America."



PAUL SMITH—"It's not safe to be
honest about the Irish," he says.

Dorothy Parker, the author
and critic, wrote: "Paul
Smith can combine black ter-
ror with riotous hilarity rather
in the way that O'Casey can
do it. I realise that to put
a writer's name on the same
page as that of Sean O'Casey
is giddily high praise . . . But
now, I think, is the time for
it."

"Those sales," Paul Smith
explained, "gave me the
means to come to Australia.

"You haven't read 'Esther'?"
No, I suppose not. I doubt if
it's been allowed into Aus-
tralia, for I understand your
censorship is as bad as that of
the Irish."

But banning or no, a drama-
tised version of the novel will
open at the International
Theatre Festival in Dublin in
September with the famous
actress Siobhan McKenna in
the lead.

"Will I be going back to see
it? No, I wouldn't dare to show

my face in the place," the
novelist said.

At the same time as the
Dublin Festival is being held
Paul Smith will be having two
more novels published, "The
Stubborn Season" in England
—"that will also be banned in
Ireland, I imagine," he said
cheerfully—and "The Country
Woman" in New York.

"Earthy? Very, very
earthy," said Paul Smith.
Few people would know the
cruel core of Irish realism
better than this same young
man (he is only 30), for he
was bred in the slums of Dub-
lin, one of a family of 15.

He had no regular schooling
after he was nine. Even as a
little boy he showed the Irish
vocal gift, and in his first job
he sang and danced in a
Dublin theatre for 7/6 for
eight performances a week.

Later he became a mes-
senger boy for 3/6 a week;
then, at 13, he went into a

clothing factory for three
years.

He became a waiter in Lon-
don, and danced in the
chorus in several shows.

Gradually his tightly held
dream came a little closer to
reality with the winning of a
scholarship to the Gate
Theatre as a dancer—"but I
managed to train as an actor
instead," he said.

"While I was at the Gate I
had to have more money to
live, so I got a job with a
man just back from working
with the dressmaker Worth in
Paris, and found my early
training as a clothing
machinist a great help."

He has been stage designer
for the Gate and the Abbey
Theatres (and couldn't stick
the Abbey because it was "too
tradition-ridden—all Ireland
is, you know"), has written
patter for Tallulah Bankhead,
been a barman in America.

He has even designed cos-
tumes for Eartha Kitt and
Constance Cummings.

"Merciful gift"

And all the way through
he has been writing, writing,
from the time he was 15.

Now he has come to Aus-
tralia for more experience and
for more writing.

He's not going to be one of
those who write books about
the country after a few weeks
here.

"Maybe after a year, and
after I've seen more of the
real Australian outback and
not just the cities," he said.

These last have NOT im-
pressed Mr. Smith.

"Melbourne, for instance
... you've done dreadful
things to Melbourne. You've
tried to lay down a little
Wigan in this huge, vast,
superb country, and you've
taken far too many things that
the English have discarded—
their architecture, their man-
ners, and their high tea.

"And the ghastly Melbourne
Sundays are only to be
equalled by those of Belfast—
except here you have the
merciful gift of God's sun-
shine.

"But your coastline is abso-
lutely beautiful. And so are
the parks."

DIET WITH US

● Third week of our
5-week diet plan

Staff reporter WINIFRED MUNDAY
continues the account of the diet which she
has tried and found highly effective.

HAVING enjoyed your
"treat a day" diet-
ing week, you're probably
feeling a little dis-
appointed at your weight
loss. It was probably no
more than two pounds.

However, as I told myself
when I found I was two
pounds lighter, it was a LOSS.

Still pursuing my scheme
of making each week slightly
different from the last, I de-
cided it was time to pull in
my belt a little tighter (which
I could now do literally!) and
cut out some of the treats.

So it was time to drop the
carbohydrates (those tiny
wedges of cake, that sweet bis-
cuit, those two spoons of rice).

Instead I allowed myself a
treat EVERY OTHER DAY
(Monday, Wednesday, Friday)
a piece of fresh fruit—an
apple, orange, peach.

In England, when I origi-
nally went on the diet devised
for the Queen and Princess
Alexandra by the Harley
Street specialist he limited my
liquid intake to four cups a
day at first, and later to six.

This is NOT ENOUGH in
Australian climates. So right
from the start of dieting here
I had a daily intake of six
eight-ounce cups.

Then at this third stage of
my present diet I gave myself
something else to look forward
to: AN EXTRA CUP OF
LIQUID.

Seven cups a day is still far
behind the amount of liquid
I had before I started dieting.
The formula then for this
week is to follow the diet pre-
scribed for the first week.

Apart from the six cups of
liquid, this diet was on the
basis of one egg and one slice
of lightly buttered toast for
breakfast; half a pound of
meat, vegetables, and a slice
of bread for lunch; a plain
biscuit for afternoon tea; and
half a pound of meat with
salad and lemon juice dressing
for dinner.

Add to it three or four
pieces of fruit A WEEK, plus
an extra cup of liquid, mak-
ing seven a day. The liquid
can be tea, coffee (sugarless,
of course), or water. You will
probably lose as much as I did
(3lb.) that week.

Some specialists say that it
doesn't matter how much you
drink while dieting as long as
the liquid has no calorie value.

Others, and that includes
the Queen's diet specialist, in-
sist that weight loss will be
quicker if drinking is cut.

For me at least, less liquid
gives a more rapid weight loss.

Extra-liquid week

HERE are two typical days' menus of this week:

BREAKFAST: 2 cups of tea (no sugar), 1 boiled egg, 1 slice
toast and butter.

MID-MORNING: 1 cup of tea (no sugar).

LUNCH: 2oz. cheese, 1 slice corned beef, 1 tomato, slice of
bread and butter, with 1 cup of coffee. (Take it to work in
a plastic lunch-box.)

AFTERNOON TEA: 1 cup of tea, 1 plain biscuit.

EVENING MEAL: Generous helping of casserole beef and
vegetables (liquid drained off), 2 cups of coffee (no sugar),
1 slice watermelon.

BREAKFAST: 2 cups of tea (no sugar), 6oz. steamed fish
with lemon, 1 slice toast and butter.

MID-MORNING: 1 cup of tea (no sugar).

LUNCH: Two frankfurters with lettuce and tomato salad, 1
slice bread and butter, 1 cup of coffee (no sugar).

AFTERNOON TEA: 1 cup of coffee, 1 plain biscuit.

EVENING MEAL: Two poached eggs on bed of boiled
spinach, tomato salad sprinkled with parsley, 2 cups of
coffee (milk, no sugar).

NEXT WEEK: The fourth week.

The "It" girl fashions at



PIERRE CARDIN lined up his whole cabine for photographer David Davies. The fashions show the new-old look of the '20s.

ANY woman over 25 and more than toothpick slim will have hard going to retain her fashion reputation for spring, '61. This does not mean the clothes are not heady and exciting—they are both, and more, too. But they are aggressively youthful. The older woman will covet; but

it's my guess that as she views the "It" girl fashions of her youth she will sigh more than she will buy. Dior and Cardin both show vintage fashions in their smash-hit collections. At both houses the "old look" becomes the "new look." It is said to be inspired by the current Paris film

"The Crazy Years." Fashionwise, it will make for a crazy spring. Dior's new designer, Marc Bohan, showed his perfect taste. There was not a "beat" throb in the whole of the 178 models.

Elegance prevailed. The Dior, or Bohan, silhouette can be straight with a by-passed waist

Cardin and Dior



SUPERBLY beaded dress made in one of the pastel pinks Dior designer Bohan adores. For obvious reasons, he labels the dress "Charleston." The dress has a matching pink coat made in a diaphanous sheer.



DIOR DESIGNER, 34-year-old Marc Bohan, with his wife, Diane. He designs for her and for their daughter, Marie Anne, aged 6.

AUTUMN COLORS,
Page 20

and bosom, or it can hug the hips. It is reported that the Cardin mannequins had their bosoms bound. This might bring a revival of the "bust bodice" of the flapper '20s. There was no uplift then. It was chic to look flat and boyish.

With Dior and Cardin making the running, it looks as if the '20s look is in for big-time fashion. —**BETTY KEEP**

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 8, 1961



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even on the
hottest day

Coty Talc and Coty "Correct" anti-perspirant can make you — and your clothes — doubly safe. No need to worry, even on the hottest, most humid day! Use cool, beautifully perfumed Coty Talc immediately after your bath or shower, smoothing it liberally over your entire body. The special deodorant ingredient stops perspiration odours before they start, gives you fragrant all-over protection. For underarm use, apply non-greasy Coty "Correct" deodorant. "Correct" positively checks the flow of underarm moisture, prevents perspiration from staining frocks, guards against perspiration odour. ("Correct" does not harm frocks or underclothing.) Be doubly sure: Coty deodorant Talc for all-over body fragrance, Coty "Correct" deodorant for positive underarm moisture control.



"Correct"
deodorant stick
10/6

deodorant Talc
in Chypre, L'Aimant,
L'Origan, Paris,
Muguet des Bois
6/9

COTY

C17.HP

FATHER



MOTHER



ELIZABETH MACINTYRE.
"One apple, please... THAT one."

It seems to me

ALBERT ARLEN'S musical version of "The Sentimental Bloke" comes to the stage at just the right time. Australians are taking a renewed interest in their own country.



By

Dorothy Drann

MY favorite character of the month is Senora Ortiz Patino, of the Bolivian millionaire family.

Two years ago she built a cliff-top villa in Majorca. This year she visited it for the first time. "I clean forgot about it," she explained to friends.

Before you one-house girls dismiss the Senora scornfully, think-how nice it is when you find, say, an old butter-dish you have forgotten. It's been tucked away in the back of the cupboard since last clean-

up. Suddenly it takes on a fresh attraction and you put it back in circulation.

A working girl, attacking the bottom of the ironing basket, occasionally finds an old blouse. "Dear me," she says joyfully, "I'd forgotten this. It's quite good, really."

And that reminds me, though perhaps it's not strictly relevant, of a very large family I once knew. There were 18 children. When visitors called and introductions were necessary, the father used to say to such young as appeared, "Which one are you?"

THE Australian Labor Party Women's Conference voted last week in favor of holidays for housewives, which is a fine idea if it could be made to work.

They based their idea on a Swedish scheme. There municipalities provide holiday homes for housewives.

Undoubtedly the woman in the home takes her work with her on the usual family holiday. She still has to cook and look after the children.

But how is such a scheme to be financed, and where are sufficient emergency housewives to be found? Not all mothers, for that matter, would be satisfied with a relieving housewife. Instead of enjoying a holiday, they might be biting their nails wondering whether the relief was a better cook.

AFTER a lovers' quarrel, New York teenager Francisco Sepulveda needed 33 stitches in his face. His girl, Maria Ortiz, had slashed him with a razor. "I'll be waiting for her," said Francisco when Maria was held by police. "Anyone can have a misunderstanding."

Now there is drama. There is life for you, Lived at high pitch, a bold tempestuous game,

And if she, too, takes this forgiving view, It makes you, sir, you, madam, rather tame.

Mysterious is love. How dull, in truth, Compared with this seem ordinary lives. For thus are thrilling memories made in youth,

Especially for whichever one survives.

"I DON'T know what's come over sport," mourned the old gentleman in the bus. "All this goodwill worries me."

"Yes?" I said warily. The old gentleman is a bit of an ear-basher.

"I am talking," he said unnecessarily, "of the cricket season. I kept thinking, 'Surely all this sweetness and light can't continue.' It's just not natural in sport. Once or twice I expected it would vanish. But even when I tried to pick a fight in a club about whether Grouse was out in that last Test incident, the others shushed me."

"It's like a family," he went on. "When everyone is happy and nice to one another for any length of time, you get worried and think there's bound to be some bobby-dazzler of a row brewing."

"Never mind," I consoled him, "the English cricket writers are probably sharpening their pens for the England-Australia Tests."

"Yes, indeed!" he said. And brightened up.

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8 BIG FEATURES

● **The Duchess of Windsor speaks frankly for the first time about the Abdication in "All Things Considered" — her regular American magazine column to which we have Australian rights.**

● **Cookery course for beginners and all cooks who feel like a refresher course. First, roasting, plus gravies, seasonings.**

● **"Bake a Batch of Biscuits"—30 melt-in-the-mouth recipes.**

● **New serial, "The Girl With A Secret," by master of suspense Charlotte Armstrong.**

● **Australian Nature—four pages of spectacular color pictures of the Barrier Reef — its birds, fish, creatures.**

● **In color: The Queen's tour wardrobe.**

● **Children's Diseases — Special chart; one to cut out and keep.**

● **Fashions after dark — three pages.**

1961 Wool Awards

● **Winners of the six £350 wardrobes in our Wool Gold Medal Wardrobe Contest will be announced next week.**

NEXT week's issue will also contain a 16-page all-color lift-out booklet of the Wool Gold Medal Awards of 1961.

Presentations of the award-winning garments and textiles will be staged this month in four New South Wales cities and Canberra.

Models taking part in the

presentations in Sydney, Newcastle, Wollongong, and Canberra will be Suzanne Smith, Pat Hackett, Fay Syer, Joan Jensen, Barbara Sherater, Coleen Fitzpatrick, Mrs. M. McKay, and Len Gubby.

In Broken Hill the models will be Vida Alekena, Eileen Treloar, Pamela Leicester, Margaret McKenzie, Dianne Williams, Annette Smith, Mrs. M. McKay, and Len Gubby.

Altogether, the presentations will travel 10,000 miles throughout Australia, with Mrs. Barbara Permezel, Wool Bureau fashion co-ordinator, and her assistant.

Horrie Dargie and his Quintet and other artists will provide entertainment.

Proceeds of presentations will be donated to the National Heart Foundation.

At each presentation textiles which won 35 Gold Medal Awards will be shown.

The textile industry in Australia is nearly 100 years old. Since the first mill was opened in Geelong, Victoria, in 1867 the industry has grown to 99 mills, employing 20,000, with buildings and plant worth £33,000,000.

One of the oldest mills is Yarra Falls, which took its name from the waterfall which supplied the power for the factory at Abbotsford.

It won seven Gold Medal Awards this year.

Another historic mill, John Vicars and Co. Ltd., of Sydney, which is nearly 100 years old, won three Gold Medal Awards.

Presentation dates

SYDNEY: 8 p.m., Trocadero, Thursday, March 9. Tickets £1 each, including gala cabaret-style party. Bookings at Foundation Campaign office, Lucas St., Camperdown (LA9891), and at the Trocadero.

NEWCASTLE: 8 p.m., City Hall, Monday, March 13. Tickets £1 each. Bookings David Jones', Goldsmith's Shoe Stores, Reg A. Baker, Hunter Street, 2KO, Dr. Nashar (MW1061), Mrs. D. G. Fitzpatrick (B2526), Mrs. C. J. Parker (B3299).

WOLLONGONG: 8 p.m., Savoy Theatre, Thursday, March 16. Tickets 10/- each. Bookings: Wollongong—Anthony Horderns', Lances', and Marcus Clark's; Thirroul—Waugh's; Warrawong—Waugh's; Woonona—Waugh's; Dapto—J. G. Farley.

CANBERRA: 8 p.m., Albert Hall, Tuesday, March 21. Tickets 30/- each. Bookings at National Heart Foundation Office in Canberra and offices in all States.

BROKEN HILL: 8 p.m., R.S.L. Hall, Thursday, April 6. Tickets £1 each. Bookings at R.S.L. Club Office.

Worth Reporting



CENTENARY FAMILY REUNION: Mrs. A. Richards (front centre), of St. Helen's, Tasmania, is joined by her 10 surviving children (three have died) soon after her 100th birthday recently. Rear, from left: Mrs. L. Holloway, Mrs. G. Riley, Mr. A. Richards, Mrs. M. Beven (all of St. Helen's, Tas.), Mrs. E. Thompson (Sydney), Mrs. E. Swain (St. Helen's). Seated, from left: Mrs. C. Chapman, Mrs. C. Thompson, Mrs. A. Richards (all of St. Helen's), Mrs. F. Hall (Noorina, Tas.), Mrs. B. Iles (Launceston, Tas.). Mrs. A. Richards has 351 descendants, covering six generations. They include three great-great-grandchildren.

WE rang the home of "the man of a thousand deaths," TV and movie stunt star Jimmy Gray—and his wife confirmed our worst fears: "Jimmy's with the doctor," she said.

"Oh, no, no," she added, "nothing serious, just a regular check-up."

Jimmy is one of those film folk who leap horses off cliffs, jump stagecoaches, and crash headlong through bar-room doors — while the star reclines comfortably, and critically, off-stage.

"There's no sterner critic than the star," Jimmy tells us, "after all, he's supposed to be out there."

Stunting in Australian films for 30 years, Jimmy worked in the TV "Whiplash" series.

Playing the drunk in the Bathurst episode, he had to persuade Chuck Faulkner into "beating me up."

"Cut out this patra-cake stuff, Chuck," I said, "PUNCH."

Top stunt men, he said, never wanted punches faked or "pulled." Neither did they insist on out-of-sight padding or mattresses.

Australian stunters set their own prices with film makers, he adds, but U.S. men can get from £5 for a simple stunt (a fight) to £2000 for tricky ones — riding horses over cliffs or jumping on to a moving target.

Jimmy, who is now 52, was killed 14 times in "Eureka Stockade," run through with a cutlass in "Long John Silver," beaten-up in "The Shiralee," and shot off the parapet in "The Siege of Pinchgut."

His only mishap? A hefty "miner" in "Eureka Stockade" misjudged his heave and sent Jimmy crashing 35 feet down a mountainside, breaking two ribs and a collarbone.

THE American Red Cross at Sculthorpe base, Norfolk, are to run for parents a baby-care course called "From Here to Maternity."

Melody from the junk-heap

IF there's a junk-heap close by containing bits of brass piping, bells, plastic tube, springs, and water-tanks — keep it quiet from nightclub entertainer Doug Burgess.

He has already transformed similar scrap into a musical instrument which he calls a "jigger." This — as Australian nightclubbers have discovered recently — produces music, bubbles, water-squirts, and shot-gun blasts.

In his act, Doug also plays the violin, saxophone, trumpet, trombone, oboe, bassoon, clarinet, euphonium, sousaphone, Japanese flute, Aida trumpet, and bagpipes.

Currently touring Australian States after a year in London, Sydney-born Doug takes two to three years to master each instrument.

A serious musician at heart, he has played bassoon with the Sydney Symphony Orchestra and Navy Concert Orchestra.



DOUG BURGESS . . . the jigger bubbles, squirts, and blasts.

One wife's quite enough

DON'T envy the Eastern chap his polygamy, advises John Marshall, a British correspondent with the Queen's Royal Tour. Modern complications are proving chaotic for Moslem husbands.

Discussing this delicate aspect of marital relations, one gloomy Pakistani with four wives told John: "You show a little favor to one wife and all the others make a fuss. Oh, what a fuss!"

"If you are a Government servant you get a travel allowance for one wife only and you must nominate which one."

"It is the same with medical treatment — you can imagine the difficulties."

The most satisfactory way, he said, was to have one wife, say in Peshawar, one in Rawalpindi, one in Lahore, and one in Karachi—if you live and travel in West Pakistan.

"Even so," he shrugged, "each is jealous of the other."

Apart from the economic aspect that is putting the brakes on polygamy, the modern girl, it seems, is becoming more "choosy."

Educated girls, John was told, insisted on having a say now.

They wanted a husband of their own choice and would not tolerate other wives.

A sad-eyed Moslem summed it up with obviously long-suffering conviction: "It is very miserable to have more than one wife."

PAUL GETTY, multi-millionaire owner of oil wells producing billions of gallons of petrol, ran out of gas in Germany recently and had to walk three miles to the nearest village garage.

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*Far richer in essential Vitamins B₁, B₂,
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- FOOD IRON**—to enrich the blood.

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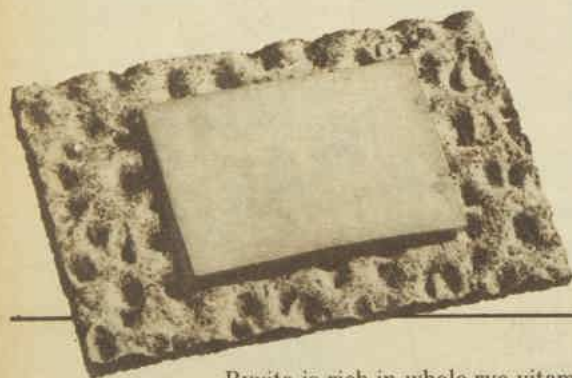
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This Summer, make Ryvita your daily family bread. Serve plenty of cool, light, sustaining meals and snacks built around the whole-rye goodness of Ryvita Crispbread. You and Dad will see unwanted inches disappear and notice a new vitality in all your family.



CANBERRA By MARY COLES ROUNDAABOUT

EARL MOUNTBATTEN "lived off the land"—and liked it enormously—when the United Kingdom High Commissioner, Sir William Oliver, and Lady Oliver featured roast saddle of lamb as the main course at a superb dinner party they gave in his honor at Canberra House. There were scallops, too, as an added Australian touch.

"It was terrific—in fact, one of the most delicious dishes I've tasted for years," said Major Peter Leng, Lord Mountbatten's handsome Scots Guards Military Assistant, enthusiastically about the saddle of lamb as an epicurean delight.

The highly polished table in the dining-room at Canberra House looked a picture for the party, set with red candles, pink carnations, and gleaming silver.

Lady Oliver wore an ivory satin gown with a black beaded belt, and her dark-haired daughter Rosemary, who is studying music at the Conservatorium, was in a red, black, and white patterned strapless frock.

The Olivers are looking forward to having a home from home very soon in Sydney. Furnishing of the flat they leased at Point Piper some time ago will be completed in a few weeks.

IN between high-level talks with defence chiefs, Lord Mountbatten and his staff officers (all extremely good-looking and charming) attended several receptions, including a cocktail party given by Sir Roy and Lady Dowling at their home at Deakin, where about forty guests were entertained in the twilight on the terrace overlooking the lovely garden. During a brief chat with the guest of honor, I asked him if, like Lord Nelson, he had ever felt "squeamish" at sea. His reply was an enigmatic raising of an eyebrow. Lord Mountbatten was thrilled at the prospect of fitting in a weekend fly-fishing in New Zealand as a break from his high-pressure 30-day trip round the world working at top pressure as Chief of the United Kingdom Defence Staff.

ON the eve of leaving Canberra he was feted and farewelled at a joint Commonwealth Societies reception at the Hotel Canberra. Originally it had been planned to have it in the sunken garden, where the lawns had been trimmed to velvety smoothness for the party, but when a storm blew up, bringing rain for the first time for months, the reception was transferred to the main dining-room, where Sir William and Lady Dunk greeted 500 guests.

SUCH a pretty white pure silk paper taffeta short evening dress trimmed with white stiffened lace butterflies was worn by Mrs. John Howse at the gay dinner party given by Air Vice-Marshal and Mrs. F. S. Stapleton for Lord Mountbatten's Principal Staff Officer, Rear-Admiral R. V. Brockman. When the butterflies in flight over the dress were admired, she whispered they had been put there to conceal dye marks from paper streamers which were thick in the air when she wore the frock to a party on New Year's Eve.

AIR VICE-MARSHAL and Mrs. Stapleton are going to be greatly missed by a host of friends when they return to England in the Himalaya on March 22. The A.V.M. has been appointed Senior Air Transport Officer at Transport Command at Upavon, in Wiltshire. They're tremendous admirers of Judy Cassab's work and are taking three, possibly four, of her paintings back to England with them.

ONE of the most brilliant functions of the week in Canberra was at the Indonesian Embassy, where the retiring Ambassador, Dr. Alfian Yusuf Helmi, and his petite Turkish-born wife said goodbye to 500 friends over cocktails served in the garden. Dr. Helmi, who has been Dean of the Diplomatic Corps during the latter part of his four and a half years' term as Ambassador, and Madame Helmi are returning to Indonesia on March 1. Madame Helmi confided that their children, aged twelve, nine, and six, have become so Australianised they'll have to take lessons in the Indonesian language on their return to Djakarta!

LEAVING to take up his new appointment in Sweden much earlier than planned, the retiring High Commissioner for South Africa, Mr. Anthony Hamilton, and his wife and their daughters, Vanessa and Catherine, have had a hectic time packing and fitting in a round of goodbyes. They're flying to Fremantle this week to board the Oriana for Naples, where they will disembark for Stockholm. Their son Tim is remaining in Sydney, getting practical experience working with a Sydney firm, until June, when he will go on to London to complete his architectural degree. Catherine, who was at school at Frensham, says she and Vanessa will stay in Paris to study at the Sorbonne instead of settling in Stockholm with their parents.

AT his Press conference in Darwin, Lord Mountbatten was quizzed on having a romantic attachment in Australia. Along the grapevine I heard that in Canberra it was his turn to ask questions to try to establish the identity of the lady whose name had been linked with his by gossips.



EARL MOUNTBATTEN (left) chatting with Vice-Admiral Sir Roy Dowling and Lady Dowling at the cocktail party they gave in his honor at their home during Lord Mountbatten's visit to Canberra last week. A picturesque note was provided by Canberra Sea Cadets forming a guard of honor for Lord Mountbatten on his arrival at the function. Lady Dowling, whose husband is Chairman of the Chiefs of Staff Committee, was a charming hostess in a deep sea-blue silk taffeta frock. Also pictured are some of the other guests at the party.



UNITED STATES AMBASSADOR Mr. William J. Sebald (centre) chatting with Mrs. T. W. L. MacDermot and Colonel Frank Lowman, a member of Lord Mountbatten's staff. Mrs. MacDermot is the wife of the High Commissioner for Canada.

BELOW: Medical student John Dowling handing round savories at the cocktail party given by his parents in honor of Lord Mountbatten. Pictured with him, from left, are the High Commissioner for Pakistan, Mr. J. C. Kharaz; Chief of the General Staff General R. G. Pollard and Mrs. Pollard, who wore a sage-green lace frock; and Madame J. C. de Beus, the attractive American wife of the Netherlands Ambassador. Madame de Beus chose a cool blue-green-and-cinnamon-flowered silk frock for the party.



SQUADRON-LEADER Dick Peters, R.A.F., aide-de-camp to Lord Mountbatten, with Commander John House, R.A.N.F.R., and Mrs. House. Commander House is Senior Divisional Officer of the Canberra Sea Cadets, who formed a guard of honor for Lord Mountbatten on his arrival at the party. With her turquoise-blue dacro frock with a tiered skirt Mrs. House wore a matching wig-hat of ostrich tips.



FIRST NAVAL MEMBER Vice-Admiral Sir Henry Burrell had a farewell chat with the retiring Ambassador for Indonesia, Dr. Alfian Yusuf Helmi, and Madame Helmi, who are returning to Indonesia this week after more than four years' residence in Canberra. Madame Helmi wore a peacock-trimmed jade batik and a colorfully flowered kabaja.

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● *Color is on a new, big fashion boom. Color news is always fascinating, and how to use it and what it can do for you are important fashion questions. Across these and following pages are autumn trend-setters in vivid, vital high-fashion colors.*

— **BETTY KEEP**

We know that for budget and obvious reasons few women can wear made-in-Paris clothes. But any woman can jack up her whole fashion outlook and wardrobe via color. It's just the season to do so. Color, as well as silhouette, is an autumn news item. To wear a new color, or colors, is a quick, easy way to a chic new-fashion look. What are the new colors? Coming in strong and clear, and never more vibrant, are violets, lilacs, reds, greens, orange—and a new frosty-white. Brown was the Paris autumn color, and pink was the dark horse of the collections. The gold rush is on, but if you're not a gold girl settle for a flash of it. Gold is news, and chic with black, white, pink, or brown. Try what a gold belt can do for last season's day dress or the rejuvenation of gold shoes to a party dress.

NIGHT-DUTY cardigan in glittering gold worn with slender black; more gold via jewellery.

HIGHEST high-color fashion team, red and black. More fashion is the luxurious fur trim on knitwear.



... its Power and Flattery

Statistics show that Australian women are among the most enthusiastic knitters in the world, and handknits are big current fashion. A handknit in a fashion color adds up to a couture fashion at a budget price. New colors for wool people to note: No. 1 color, red—and it's a primary and a fashion color. At left a carnation-red suit is trimmed with black fur and worn with a black overblouse. The result is the very height of fashion in color. A pure pale pink wool coat was a hit in the autumn Paris collection, and what could be more flattering than one in a heavy-textured handknit. Don't neglect brown—espresso, mocha, cafe au lait. Brown also flavors and gives many colors a new look—it turns purple to plum, green to olive, and gold to mustard. And now a few sober words on color. Don't spare it, but handle it with care. Vivid colors are only chic when subtly used.



COMBINE moving in again for winter is brown, black, beige. The trio is seen above in a straight coat and stole.

NEW-LOOK color is the key to chic in the easy-fit suit at left. The fresh green of the suit is highlighted by soft sky-blue accessories.



LATE - DAY. For your bright consideration, a dress (right) in vivid violet. The dress is worn with black shoes and exotic Indian-type jewels.

CONTINUED
ON PAGE 23



you hold charm in the palm of
your hand—when you use Mum Rollette
its revolving crystal ball rolls on the
touch of fragrant pink lotion that puts
a 24-hour spell on perspiration.
Mum Rollette ... the unfailing charm
for charming freshness



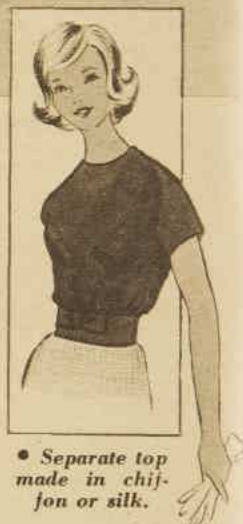
Mum Rollette is
safe for normal skins—
won't damage clothing.
7/6 at all chemists
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DS438. — Three-
piece ensemble in
sizes 32 to 38in.
bust. Requires suit,
3½yds. 54in. mat-
erial; overblouse,
1½yds. 36in. silk or
4yd. 36in. chiffon.
Price 5/6. Patterns
may be obtained
from Betty Keep,
Box 4088, G.P.O.,
Sydney.

Dress Sense

By
BETTY KEEP



• Separate top
made in chif-
fon or silk.

• The three-piece ensemble illustrated here was
chosen for a young matron who has a 38in. bust.

HERE is the query from her letter
and my reply:

*"Though I am only in
my twenties I take a
38in. bust size. I can't
afford to buy ready-mades
and want a pattern for a
flattering autumn
ensemble. Please assist me
with a design."*

A three-piece suit is one of the season's
newest designs, and I think it would be as
flattering and practical as anything you
could own. The one-button turtle-collared
jacket covers a separate top made in chiffon.
If you prefer it, the top could be in a
heavier-weight silk. The skirt is moderately
slim with a Dior pleat at centre back. A
paper pattern is available for design. Beside
the illustration are further details and how
to order.

*"What sort of
design would be suitable for
some navy-and-white-
striped wool jersey?"*

I suggest a straight-cut classic coat finished
with a single-breasted fastening, two large
patch pockets, and three-quarter-length
uncuffed sleeves.

*"A friend from abroad has
given me a fabric length
which has an all-over
lacy crochet effect. Do you
think it would be too open-
looking for a frock?"*

These fabrics are a style trend enjoying
great success in New York and other world
fashion centres. If you need a late-day dress,
the fabric would be perfect for a simple
figure-following sheath. If not, I suggest a
two-piece easy-fit suit. Whichever choice
you make, it will be necessary for the gar-
ment to be lined with a soft-textured silk
in a matching shade.

*"Could a turban be worn
to a wedding reception
taking place at 1.30 p.m.?"*

Yes, it could. There is already news from
overseas that turbans are again setting a
fast fashion pace for next spring. I mention
this fact as you did say you buy very few
hats and they have to last. A vivid, high
turban in any bright material that can be
draped would be most suitable. How-
ever, I don't advise you to tackle the job
yourself, especially as you say you have
a good local milliner who is not expensive.

Color floodlights the evening

Continued from page 21



Adding radiance in the night light is white, looking more brilliant than any dazzle color. Take note of all the new corals and rose pinks that don't try to look pastel, and a new red with enough orange in its make-up to be listed as persimmon.

BALLGOWN and floor-length coat, left. The dress fabric is patterned in coral-reds mingled with gold. The coral-red coat is matched to the wide belt on the dress.

PICKING up the night lights is a new white fabric with a frosty surface. The fabric is used for the short-skirted dance dress, right, worn for extra drama with sooty-black accessories.

DIOR'S exotic white mink evening jumper, below, cut with generous width and worn with black velvet culottes. Extra news is the glittery bauble and black ribbon bow trim.



what is distinctive about

Metrecal

the new concept for weight control?

Metrecal, the original brand of dietary for weight control, helps you control weight safely without resorting to complicated diets or complex calorie counting. Developed to meet exacting medical standards, Metrecal's effectiveness is proven in extensive clinical studies. It's the new, pleasant way to control weight without feeling hungry.

Metrecal was introduced in the United States a little more than a year ago, and has since been successfully introduced to countries all over the world. Metrecal has been available in Australia since December, 1960. Its aim:

To provide a judicious method of weight control, incorporating sound nutrition, appetite satisfaction, and convenience.

Our continuing admonition: Consult your physician concerning the problem of weight control.

Metrecal is a scientifically balanced food that makes possible accurate control of caloric intake while providing all the known essential nutrients required for a sound reducing programme; and Metrecal contains no drugs or appetite depressants.

Metrecal has the flexibility to meet the needs of the individual user. For rapid weight control, Metrecal may be used as the total 900-calorie daily diet. Metrecal is a most useful aid in the long-range maintenance of desirable weight, as part of a well-balanced diet. To control weight more gradually, or to maintain a desired weight, the amount of Metrecal used may be increased, it may be used for one or two meals a day, or as the total diet on selected days.

Why Metrecal is distinctive

Many factors set Metrecal apart. These include:
The new concept—The measured calories of Metrecal provide for the first time in one product a complete formulation designed expressly for weight control. Hence, Metrecal supplies: the means to achieve your desired weight through accurate control of caloric intake on a programme that is nutritionally sound, appetite satisfying and convenient.

Clinical validation—Before Metrecal was introduced, its effectiveness was proved in extensive, long-term clinical studies, all conducted under strict medical supervision. Continuing studies are providing ever-increasing evidence of the value and versatility of Metrecal.

Quality of product—The ingredients of Metrecal are meticulously chosen and manufactured to exacting pharmaceutical standards. Metrecal powder, for example, is subjected to a total of 396 separate quality control tests.

Range of choice—Metrecal is available nationally from your chemist, in a range of pleasant flavours in powder form.

What Metrecal can do

Overweight persons control weight through the use of Metrecal simply because they take in fewer calories than are required to maintain weight. Most important: they control weight safely without resorting to complicated schedules or complex calorie counting. Users of Metrecal are remarkably free from hunger. The appetite is satisfied. Clinical studies under the careful supervision of physicians have shown that at the 900-calorie level, the use of Metrecal resulted in highly satisfactory weight control.

What Metrecal cannot do

Metrecal is not a miracle cure for overweight. For example, it cannot provide the necessary will power for weight control and maintenance. However, it is not difficult to stay on such a diet with Metrecal since little, if any hunger occurs after the first day or two.

The cost of Metrecal

The price of each half-pound can—which makes up into four beverage meals—is 12/6; so each meal costs only 3/1½.

One half-pound of Metrecal powder mixed with water provides the total daily diet in the 900-calorie programme. Single meals may be prepared as required, using only a portion of the contents. Metrecal is particularly delicious if chilled before use.

The importance of the physician in problems of weight control

Individuals who are grossly overweight, those intending to diet for a long period of time, persons with diseases of the heart, blood vessels or kidneys, and persons with other medical disturbances such as diabetes or liver disease, should always have their physician's approval before undertaking a weight-control programme.

Indeed, it is wise for any person contemplating weight reduction to consult his physician.

Ask your chemist about Metrecal, and for a free copy of the Weight Control Guide booklet which will aid you in the successful completion of your Metrecal weight control programme. Should you require further information about Metrecal, or a copy of the weight control booklet through the post, please contact:

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THE BLUE SLEEP

Escape is only an illusion, Kirby finds
Concluding our romantic serial

By WILLIAM E.
BARTLETT

VICTIM of the violent tempo of modern business, KIRBY QUINLAN, chairman of Quinlan Aircraft, finds himself worried and unable to sleep. As a result, he turns to theatre-going and nightclubbing and becomes known as a playboy, which is bad publicity for his company. This is especially so after he meets JULIE GALE, an ambitious young actress who uses his friendship for her own purposes.

Kirby has presented her with a diamond earring, one of a trio called the "Three Tears of Spain," which, legend says, once belonged to a king who had given one to his mistress and one to his wife, temptingly holding the third himself.

With news of another Quinlan aircraft crash, SAM KAPLAN, Kirby's friend and attorney, tells him of the shareholders' discontent. Worried more than ever, Kirby lies awake, determined not to resort to sleeping tablets, and suddenly finds himself in a world of deep unbroken blue. In a flash he realises he has worried subconsciously that planes he had designed had been used to bomb Germany. He then finds himself in Kanndorf, a city he had known prior to the war, talking to ANNA SCHULTE, who lives there, but who explains they are both in a blue sleep. He returns to this world often, but later decides he must go and try to find her in her normal existence.

At first she is angry with him for invading her workaday world, and also because she had travelled in the blue sleep to America when he had not returned to Kanndorf. She had seen him out with Julie and heard them speak of the "Three Tears of Spain." But Kirby is able to convince Anna it is she he loves, and they are married before leaving for America. His only disappointment is that Sam and his sister ALICE do not reply to a cable with news of his marriage. NOW READ ON:

ANNA was five foot three inches tall in her stocking feet and she weighed one hundred and four pounds. Her hair was very nearly the color of old gold and her eyes were an intense blue. She was poised and confident in speaking to strangers, whether in French, German, or English, but she was shy in strange surroundings and nervous at the prospect of meeting people who might not like her.

A man learns so many things about the woman he has married. She was lovely to me as she was when I met her, but I did not know — as she knew — that she was beautiful. A woman is beautiful in terms of hair and eyes, skin, figure, proportions, and grace; but there is more to it than that. A woman is beautiful, too, in terms of colors that compliment her, creams that soften her skin, the set of her hair, the drape of a dress, the flare of a skirt. A woman is beautiful in the excitement that she feels, the inner glow that matches outer perfection, the magic that is born of her knowledge that she is right, that she is special, that she is desirable.

All these things I learned.

We went to Paris for her clothes. Germany had won a war from France and Germany had nothing; England had won a war from Germany and England had nothing. In France one could buy luxuries if one could afford luxuries.

"I will have my hair changed a little, but not too much," Anna told me, "and I will change all of me a little, I think. But I would be afraid to be a new woman because maybe I would then have to get a new husband."

"You'd get one just like that!"

I snapped my fingers to indicate speed, but Anna frowned.

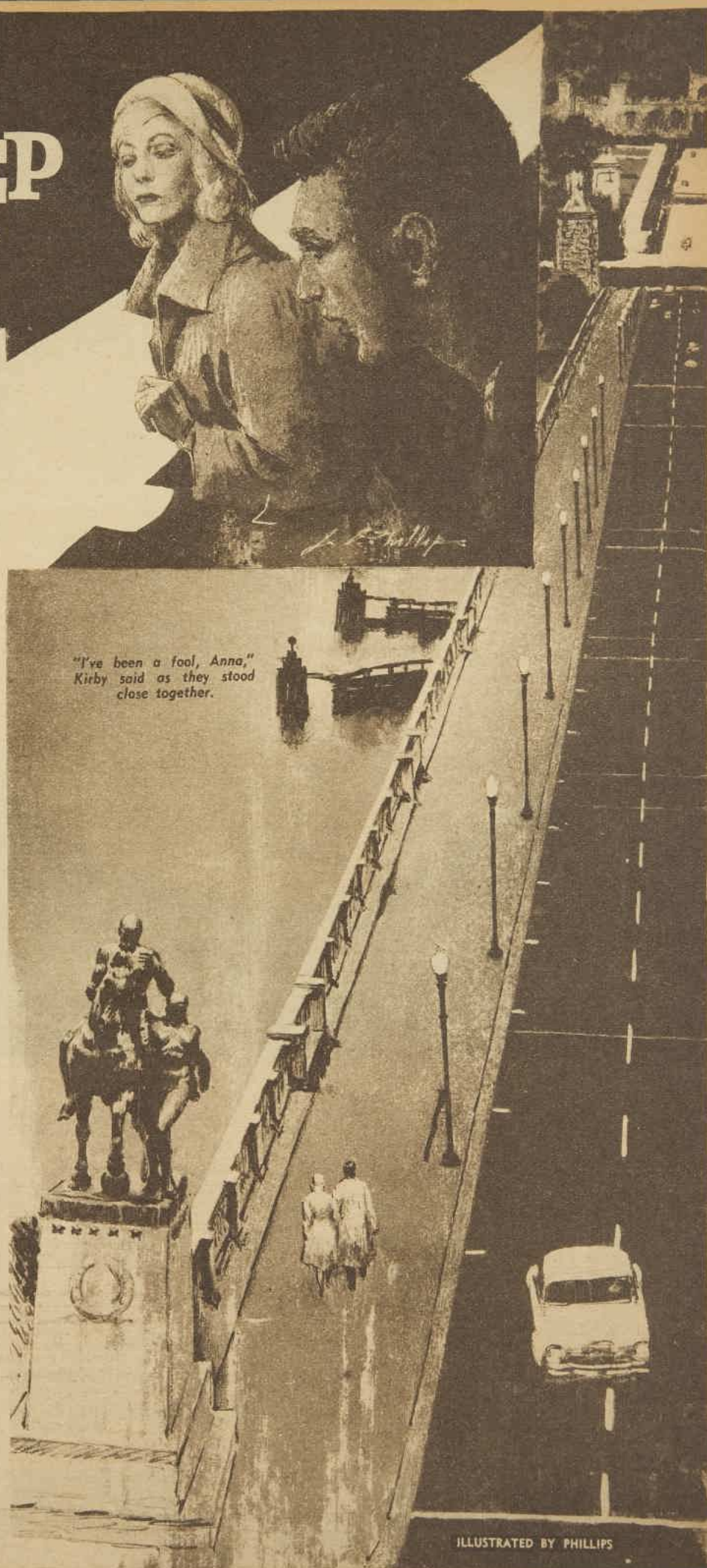
"I would not like him," she said. "A man so easy to get would be easy to lose."

"I was easy to get. For you to get, that is."

"Oh, no. I pursued you across the Atlantic Ocean."

We laughed at each other, but she grew increasingly shy with me

To page 58



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THE CHINA DOLL

The statue had mockingly
provoked him into evil
... a short short story

By RON SHAW

IT had all begun as a very ordinary situation. John Shelly, a timid little man, was afraid of his wife, Amy, and he had, rather foolishly, incurred a gambling debt to a bookie named Fred Coombes. It was not a very large debt, only a matter of fifty pounds, but it had grown steadily over the months and Mr. Coombes was becoming rather impatient. Poor John Shelly had very little hope of raising fifty pounds without the aid of his wife and their joint bank account and this presented a problem. Amy was by no means liberal where money was concerned and, besides, the prospect of her learning of his gambling speculations made John Shelly quake.

Desperation drives men to take drastic measures and that is exactly what Shelly did take. Perhaps, left to his own devices, the timidity of the man and his lack of confidence would have prevailed, and if the cast had not been augmented by the china doll all would have been well.

He had seen it instantly as he entered the living-room that night. It had not been there that morning nor any other day in his life, yet the familiarity of its appearance, its attitude, had struck some chord of memory deep within him and it was like seeing an old friend after years of separation, or, more precisely, an old enemy. There was about it an aura of evil.

An ornament, that was all it was. Only a china doll, a Mandarin, standing well back on the mantel, its arms folded and its ugly lips parted in a mocking grin.

He learned later that Amy had bought it that afternoon at the church bazaar. It had only cost a few shillings and had attracted her the moment she first saw it. So there it stood, and there it would stand, because Amy liked it.

Alone that evening, when Amy had left for bridge, Shelly had settled himself in the living-room and had tried to read. His monetary problem kept asserting itself in his mind and he could not concentrate. Time and again his eyes would move to the china doll and each time its expression seemed to have grown more full of contempt.

And then it had spoken!

"You're a fool, John Shelly, and I despise you for it."

He had turned from it in horror, desperately trying to ignore its insistent monotone. "You can't escape me," it had goaded. "Turning away won't help. I'm here to stay. I'll be standing here for days, months, years, till I become so much part of this house and its contents that you'll look at this shelf expectantly. Knowing I'll be here always."

His gaze had been irresistibly drawn back to it. Its painted, unseeing eyes had seemed to look right into him, into his mind and thoughts; understanding everything about him; scornfully laughing and pitying him.

"And when you're dead, John Shelly," it whispered, "I'll still be here. A relic of the past. You will be forgotten. As insignificant in death as you are in life — while I am indestructible!" It had laughed.

In an instant it had been in his grasp and he had looked down upon it. His breathing uneven, his brow clammy and cold with fear, and his hands shaking as he held it.

"You evil, ugly, little statue," he had whispered, menacingly. "I could crush you in my hands!"

But it had only smiled back at him. "You won't do that. You're too much of a coward. You're thinking of what your wife would say. Go ahead, I dare you to break me."

Beaten, dismayed, he had slowly replaced it on the mantel and returned to his chair. If the doll spoke again after that Shelly was not aware of it. The idea that came to him had seemed to be his own and he had acted upon it as such.

For two weeks his employer, Stanley Ashton, had gone on vacation. Shelly, because of his many years' association with the firm and his thorough knowledge of the work, had been left in charge. For two weeks he had been an important man,

no doubt within confined limitations, but none the less stimulating and satisfying to a man such as Shelly.

He had known that there was money in the safe; a great deal of money; far more than the sum he had required, but never before had he thought of making use of it. Suddenly it had all seemed so logical and too opportune to be denied. He had only needed fifty pounds! Fred Coombes had been insistent on payment within the week, and by borrowing the money from the safe he would have another week's grace.

And so things had followed their course!

The fact that within the two weeks Shelly had not been able to raise the money and replace it in the safe had been of great amusement to the china doll. For two weeks Shelly had suffered, silently, its tauntings and jeering laughter.

He became an ill, an almost hopeless man. Nothing mattered very much to him any more. But, sad to say, something did matter and Shelly was not aware of the fact until it was taken away from him. His job.

Stanley Ashton, upon his return, had been very kind and sympathetic as Shelly confessed to his crime. He had listened quietly, with a sincere and honest pity for the broken, repentant, little man before him, but at the same time his cold, practical business mind had curtailed his forgiveness.

He had acted in the only way he had considered fair to both of them. He had overlooked the money for its value's sake, but the actual dishonest act he could not condone.

Because of his dismissal John Shelly arrived home in the mid-afternoon and Amy was not there. He wandered about the house as though lost and blind. And the doll would not leave him be.

"I'm afraid you're for it, Shelly," it lamented. "Just think what Amy will say when you tell her how you lost the money in the first place. And, of course, Amy will say, 'Don't worry, dear, we all have bad luck at times.' Or will she? I wonder, Shelly?"

Its vindictive laughter shattered his nerves and he rushed across the room to grasp it in his hands. His heart was palpitating violently. He felt as if he were about to commit a murder, so real was the figurine in his hands.

He seemed at last to see fear in the painted features. For the first time he was master of it and could not restrain the triumphant smile that twisted his lips.

The china doll slipped from his fingers and, to John Shelly, smashed musically on the hearth. Gone, instantly, was the feeling of being watched and criticised. He felt strangely free.

He left the pieces of the doll where they were, and found, to his surprise, that despite his worries he felt well and could even read the paper calmly.

A young chorus girl had been murdered, he read. Price of bread was going up next week. Would they never stop raising the prices?

He sighed as he turned to the back pages and almost unconsciously his eyes moved down the "exchange and purchase mart." He started. Drew the paper closer to him. Three times he read the paragraph and then he understood.

The neat, monotonous print stated, "Connoisseurs of antique ornaments wishes to find china doll purchased from the Nethermore Church Bazaar two weeks ago. Only addition needed to complete a set of oriental ornaments, therefore fifty pounds is offered for this one piece . . ."

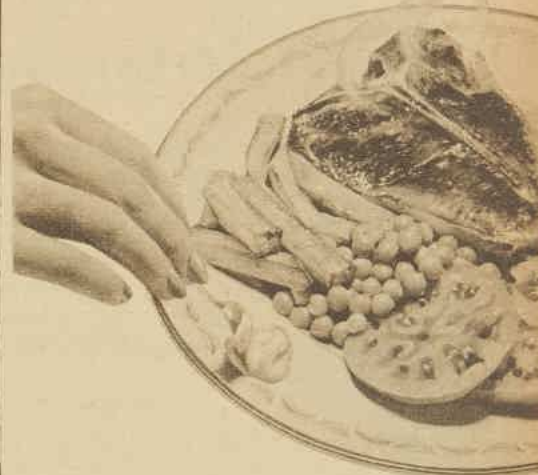
There was no need to read on. That miserable, hideous provoking piece of china could have brought him fifty pounds! The exact amount he had needed! Fifty pounds! Destroyed in a moment of fantastic imagination.

He stopped and from the broken fragments picked up the largest remaining piece, turning it over in his fingers. It was the painted face, and its ugly lips were parted in a mocking grin.

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WHAT HAPPENS

IF

YOU

LIKE

HIM?

A romantic short story

By MARGOT LUKE

PENNY took one last look at herself in the mirror and nodded approval. She decided that she would do. The dress was soft enough to be fashionable, but not too pretty. Not inviting. That was the last thing she wanted to seem — inviting.

She knocked at the door of the room next to hers. "Are you there, Diane?"

Diane appeared in her dressing-gown, because she was on night duty but couldn't sleep properly during the day.

"You're off, then?"

Penny nodded. "You won't forget, will you?"

With a grin, Diane said: "Trust Nurse Bates. At half-past seven exactly I'm to ring with the sad news that all the rosters have been changed and you are expected on duty by midnight. That's right, isn't it?"

"That's right. Thank goodness you haven't got a conscience. I could never get Mummy to make a phony call like that."

Diane laughed. "Do the same for me sometime."

Then she turned serious. "Though you wouldn't catch me making excuses to get away from a man. What happens if it turns out that you like him?"

Penny raised her eyebrows.

"Like him? Of course I shan't like him. In the first place he's Godfrey's cousin. That's enough handicap for any man. How a nice girl like Beryl could ever have married a bore like Godfrey mystifies me."

"Then he's thirty-two, unmarried, very good job — sounds far too good to be true. There must be something basically wrong with him."

Diane looked unconvinced. "Same could be said for people like us. Nice girls, not entirely repulsive, in fact . . ."

Then she remembered about Penny's engagement. But surely after nearly two years she would have got over it.

"I won't forget!" Diane called along the corridor.

"Thanks, Di."

Penny stopped to turn back and smile at her. She must try not to be so touchy, she told herself. After all, nearly two years should cure a girl of a broken engagement, and the

"Meet Penny," Beryl said to James as the girls approached him.

world couldn't be expected to handle her with kid gloves forever.

Penny climbed into the bus, feeling silly with the half-empty case, as people bent down to help her up with it.

She had no intention of staying with Beryl and Godfrey Denis for the whole weekend. Not now that she knew about this James person.

Beryl had beamed at her and told her about Godfrey's cousin, who had studied pharmacy and who seemed so exactly right for Penny.

"I know you'll like him, Penny. Sometimes one just knows . . ."

And Penny, too cowardly to refuse the invitation now, yet shuddering at the thought of having to act in the little comedy of matchmaking once again, had made this arrangement with Diane.

She would get to Beryl's after lunch and spend the afternoon there. Then, probably, while they were still at dinner the phone would ring.

Beryl or Godfrey would answer it and Diane would tell them the story of the emergency at the hospital.

It would all be very convincing and safe. And the misery planned for Saturday evening and all of Sunday would be avoided without hurting anybody's feelings.

Beryl met her at the bus stop and chattered all the way home. She quoted the things Godfrey had said and thought during the past six weeks, and Penny despaired.

How could anybody be happy with someone like Godfrey? And this was the bliss Beryl was planning for her!

Just for a moment she thought of Lionel. Although she had firmly promised herself not to think of him any more, every now and then he invaded her memory and refused to go away.

There had been his crazy sense of fun; his outrageous tales; his extravagances and his generosity. There had been a sort of magic in everything he did. But the magic went away. Lionel constantly needed new audiences to whom to tell his

Illustrated by Batten

To page 45

Blair was such a conventional young man that his friends were absolutely astonished when he agreed to act in the craziest manner — just for a bet

BEACH ASSIGNMENT

An amusing short story by ROYD CHARLTON

ILLUSTRATED BY LASKIE

BLAIR protested: "But conventions serve a very useful purpose." "Only for shy bachelors of twenty-nine like you," said Roger, as he grinned and dug his toes into the beach.

"Roger, you're too critical," exclaimed Judy, Roger's wife. "For the last half-hour, you've been alleging that Blair is full of conventions, and I don't agree." She added inconsequentially "I think he's one of the nicest men I know."

"Of course he is, but that doesn't alter the fact that in the ten years I've known him he has never done one single thing that veered from the narrow path of correct conduct." "Nonsense. I'm sure he's done plenty of things he shouldn't have." She laid her hand on Blair's arm, and smiled.

Blair patted her hand. "I appreciate your loyalty. I know I'm an old stick-in-the-mud and sometimes I wish I weren't."

"You're so full of good deeds that they ooze out of your ears. What wouldn't I give to see you let yourself go occasionally," said Roger.

"What wouldn't you give?" mused Blair. Roger's friendly, but sharp-edged, comments had been gradually ruffling the surface of his good humor, although he admitted to himself that they were probably justified. For some months he had been unsettled, with a feeling that life had more to offer than he was getting out of it. He gazed at the foamy waves rolling towards the beach, and then at the blazing blue of the ocean beyond. Perhaps it was time he snapped out of his customary calm.

"I'll make you a bet," he said suddenly.

Roger eyed him lazily. "I'm listening."

"In the course of today, I'm prepared to do six unconventional things provided that if I do, you will make a house-to-house canvas over four blocks soliciting funds for the Dogs' Home. If I don't carry out my part, I'll do the soliciting."

"I suppose you'll nominate the conditions yourself."

"No, you nominate them, and so long as I don't have to commit any legal or moral misdeed, I'll carry them out."

"Boy, this will be good," exclaimed Roger, sitting up and rubbing his hands together.

"Be careful, Blair," said Judy. She was inclined to mother Blair, whose shyness was a byword, and for whom she had vainly tried to find a suitable girl. "And be reasonable, Roger," she added, gazing with apprehension at a husband whose sense of humor was at times overpowering.

"I won't ask him to do anything I wouldn't do myself," he declaimed virtuously.

"That's no criterion," said Judy. "Would you like to change your mind, Blair?"

With unusual recklessness surging in his breast, Blair said boldly, "I certainly wouldn't."

"Give me time to think," said Roger as he lay back and gazed beatifically at the sky. Judy could almost hear his brain mechanism ticking over. She looked nervously at Blair, who smiled back at her with an air of studied calm.

After ten minutes, Roger sat up.

"Here they are," he said:

"1. Find the prettiest girl on the beach, go to her and say, 'Hiya, beautiful! Hows about a date tonight?' And mind you, Judy's exempted."

Blair gulped, but remained silent.

"2. Try to persuade any old lady on the beach that she's your long-lost grandmother."

"3. Climb the lifesavers' tower and vigorously ring the shark alarm bell."

"4. Go into the surf and pretend to have a bad cramp." He ignored Blair's groan and proceeded:

"5. Grimace ferociously at the smallest child you can see and try to make it howl like a hyena."

"6. Buy a small fish out of the deep freeze and try to sell it to any old gentleman on the beach with a red face and bushy white moustache."

Roger leaned back with a triumphant air.

"Have you finished?" asked Blair.

"Quite." He chuckled at Judy, who shrugged and smiled sympathetically at Blair.

"You don't have to go on with this, you know," she said.

"I have every intention of carrying out my part of the bet. As a matter of fact, appalled as I am at the prospect, I thought the conditions might have been even more hare-brained than they are."

"I can easily revise them," offered Roger.

"No thanks," hurriedly. "I couldn't face the thought of steeling myself all over again. What about the order of performance?"

"Any order you like," said Roger magnanimously. "But Judy or I or both must trail along at a respectable distance to check on your performance."

"Poor Blair," sighed Judy.

"It's on," declared Blair, endeavoring, by a brave show of confidence, to retrieve his stomach from the soles of his feet.

Blair meandered along the beach, his eyes roving from one recumbent female form to another. It was almost the first time he had ever consciously looked for a pretty girl, and, to his surprise, he found the sensation pleasurable. So much so that he warmed to his task and prolonged the search, discarding shapely wench after wench like empty champagne bottles. And then he saw her.

Her impact was like a blow between the eyes. Here was no ordinary pretty girl with a chocolate-box face, but one that stood out of the ruck like a thoroughbred racer in a mob of draught-horses. She was slim and lithe, her legs and arms a glorious golden tan, her face a magnet. She was unquestionably the most beautiful girl he had ever seen — the most glorious, enchanting creature there ever was. To speak to her on the lines of his assignment would be sacrilege, akin to spitting in the face of Buddha in a Chinese temple. He could never bring himself to do it!

He looked around, in anguish and the sight of Roger's mocking face was a spur. He hesitated, passed his hand over his crisp, dark hair, shivered and then summoned all his resolutions. He stumbled towards the creature of enchantment, swallowed hard and gulped, "Hiya, b-beautiful? Hows about a d-d-date tonight?" Then he added in a hurried whisper, "I'm awfully sorry about this. I ask you to accept my most sincere apologies. I'm only doing it because of a stupid bet."

The glare in the girl's eyes softened only slightly. "Well, of all the ways of getting to know a girl—I thought I'd heard of most of them, but this is a new one."

Icebergs dripped from her tongue.

"I-I can only say I'm sorry. I-I had to find the prettiest girl on the beach and say 'Hiya, beautiful? Hows about a date tonight?' And I did!"

"Another new approach!"

The glare was distinctly softer. After all, many a girl had sighed on looking at Blair's lean, brown face, shy mouth, and honest eyes. He was of the class that women instinctively label "dependable."

"I've never seen a girl like you before," he said simply, with dreams in his eyes. "My name's Blair Glensby."

She appraised him carefully and then shook her head in a puzzled way.

"I can't quite make you out. You don't look the pushing type, yet I must admit I have never encountered a more novel excuse for a very crude approach."

"Not unpardonable, I hope," Blair gulped. The feeling of excitement in his veins had made him bolder. Then the heavenly music in his ears was shattered by a clash of cymbals as a voice, roughly masculine, inquired, "Is this chap annoying you, Katrina? I saw him walk up and start talking to you."

Blair looked at the man in the lifesaver's cap towering

over him. Depending on the point of view, he was either a hulking brute or a magnificent specimen of manhood. Blair preferred the former alternative.

"He just introduced himself to me, but—"

"Oh, he did, did he? On your way, fella. We don't want any buttinskis around here. Especially where my sister is concerned."

"Your sister?" ejaculated Blair.

"Yes; what's wrong with that?"

Blair's heart was dancing like a pixie.

"Nothing's wrong with it. In fact, everything's right with it."

"Is that so?" The tone was menacing. "On your way now, fella."

"But—but—" stammered Blair.

"But, Bob—" said Katrina.

Roger, who had been hovering on the outskirts, nudged Blair. "Better leave it now," he whispered. "That character looks dangerous."

"He's only her brother," whispered Blair.

"Yes, I know. Come and buy a nice dead frozen fish to get your mind off the subject."

He led Blair protestingly away.

"Did you see her, Roger?" asked Blair. "She's marvellous. I've never seen anyone like her. Her face matches her body and they're both marvellous."

"You said that before."

"I'm going to see her again, even if that gorilla kills me in the process."

"Later on," said Roger soothingly. "At the moment you have an assignation with a defunct marine creature."

They bought the fish, and clutching its clammy form, Blair paced the beach in search of an elderly gentleman with a red face and a bushy white moustache. To his amazement, he found one after walking only fifty yards. He was reclining with a book on his knee and a large white panama hat on his head.

Blair walked uncertainly towards him.

"Excuse me, sir."

The fierce blue eyes left the book and fastened themselves on Blair like a couple of leeches. They were surmounted by two eyebrows almost as large, and certainly as white, as the moustache which bristled fiercely.

"Have you any knowledge of fish, sir?"

"Why should I have?"

As he spoke, he contorted his face, and his eyebrows and moustache wriggled in unison. They reminded Blair of the waving plumes of an old-time cavalry regiment, and he felt ill trying to repress his laughter.

"Well, you look a fishy sort of person," he mumbled.

The old man sat upright and his face emitted rich-red waves of color. "Of all the colossal impudence," he spluttered.

"I'm sorry, sir. Please accept my apologies," Blair hastened to say, reflecting that he was becoming adept at expressing regrets. "I meant nothing derogatory by my remark, although I confess that it was badly phrased. I meant to convey that you have the appearance of a man of the world and would undoubtedly have an extensive general knowledge, including some of the fishing industry."

The old man slumped back in his chair.

"Just as well you expressed yourself better that time, young fella. Now, curiously enough, you have come to the right place to talk about fish. I was Chief Inspector of Fisheries in Selan Bang Tom for forty-five years, and for at least sixty-nine of my seventy-six years I have regarded fishing as the most engrossing hobby that any man—or boy—could possibly have."

He settled himself more comfortably in his chair.

"I remember when I was in Kulor Bootar in '01, we arranged a fishing expedition—"

Twenty-four minutes later, Blair had worn a trench in the sand with his feet. He once more transferred his fish, no longer cold and clammy but warm and slimy, from one hand to the other and managed to interpose, "Excuse me, sir, but I don't suppose you would care to buy this fish?"

The old man wriggled his eyebrows ferociously. "What an extraordinary question! I have never bought a fish for at least fifty-six years. I always catch what I want. Quite easy when you know the art. Talking of buying fish, I remember in Sembong Bunter—" "You'll excuse me, sir," said Blair hurriedly. "I see my friend is waiting. I have been most interested in hearing of your experiences. Would you accept this with my compliments?"

He dumped the fish in the old gentleman's lap and departed. He could hear in the distance a sputtered "What an extraordinary young man!" and could imagine the eyebrows and the moustache working in unison.

He slipped around the side of an ice-cream stall and collapsed on the ground in helpless laughter.

Life assumed its proper perspective after lunch, although Blair felt a delicious tingle whenever he thought of Katrina—which was often.

His third assignment was easy. He thought he was taking an unfair advantage when he spied a curly haired baby girl sitting whimpering at the edge of the water. The atrocious and ferocious faces he made at her first made her smile and then chuckle and crow with delight. Her mother, who appeared from nowhere, regarded him as a public benefactor and inquired if he would be available again on the following day.

With some trepidation, Blair climbed the lifesavers' tower. A bronzed lifesaver was gazing intently out to sea and neither saw nor heard him. As he struck the bell, it clanged mightily and pandemonium broke loose below. The bathers started to dash back to the beach and the sunbakers scrambled on to their feet.

The lifesaver turned, and his eyes popped.

"You! Again!" he grated.

"Hullo, Bob," said Blair weakly.

"What in the heck do you think you're doing?"

"I just rang the alarm bell."

"I thought I heard something," with heavy sarcasm. "You seem to be the menace of the beach. What's the big idea?"

"I wanted to ring the bell."

"You wanted to ring the bell! Do you see what you've done to those people down there?"

Blair looked over the tower and quailed. The bathers were still rushing from the water, the people on the beach were milling round like a herd of stampeding cattle, mothers were frantically gathering children to their bosoms. He certainly seemed to have started something.

To page 51

Blair was lost in admiration as he gazed at Katrina. "I've never seen a girl like you before," he said.



NEW! Goddard's ONCE OVER

**GUARANTEED TO OUTSHINE,
OUTLAST ANY SELF-SHINING
FLOOR POLISH YOU'VE EVER USED
— or your money back!**

World's costliest formula gives richest gloss in floordom! New Once Over is scientifically compounded from rare cleaning, polishing and protecting agents contained in no other floor polish. That's why Goddard's *guarantee* Once Over will produce the longest-lasting, most show-off gloss you've ever seen. On any kind of floor — linoleum, rubber, sealed wood or composition and vinyl tile. All through the house!

No polish easier to apply! "Once Over" means what it says. You don't rub. You don't buff. It *shines as it dries* . . . without rubbing. And never *ever* yellows! Once Over's rich gloss lasts for well over a month — longer than any other polish. It's easy to see why Once Over was an overnight success when it was recently introduced to the house-proud English!

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**You'll never stoop to polish a floor again with the
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Up off your knees madam! The new Once Over **APPLICATOR** does away with bending and messy polishing rags forever! Here is a *luxury* applicator. Built to *last* — as long as your floors need polishing! The Once Over polish can screws into the applicator and releases just the right amount of polish required. You just move the applicator forward once, back once — that's all!

Ask to see the new advanced *luxury* Once Over applicator at hardware, departmental, furniture and grocery stores.

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*it Shines....
as it dries....
without
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If you don't find Goddard's Once Over gives your floors a better, longer-lasting gloss than any self-shining floor polish you've ever used, return the partly used tin to J. Goddard & Sons (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., 104 Mount St., North Sydney, N.S.W., and your purchase money will be refunded.



LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Birthday burden

LAST year I bought 20 birthday presents for my three children to take to parties to which they were invited. It seems to be the thing these days to give expensive gifts, and the children are embarrassed if they take something that doesn't match up to the other gifts. Allowing nearly 10/- a gift, these presents cost me close to £10. The same children are all having parties again this year.

£1/1/- to "Anti-Party" (name supplied), Proserpine, Nth. Qld.

Maundy Money

"MARDI" (Vic.), who has a set of Maundy Money consisting of one silver penny, one silver twopenny, one silver threepenny, and one silver fourpenny minted in 1901, when Queen Victoria was 82 years old, asks if there are other sets in Australia. I have a similar set. But my Maundy Money was minted in 1892 and is now mounted on a silver bar and used as a brooch.

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. M. Smith, West Kempsey, N.S.W.

OUR set of Maundy Money, dated 1907, was distributed in the reign of Edward VII—when he was 66. Traditionally, the name "Maundy" is derived from the "Dies Mandati," the day on which our Lord washed His disciples' feet. The annual distribution ceremony, following ancient custom, takes place on the Thursday before Easter.

£1/1/- to Mrs. L. M. Brine, Renmark, S.A.

MY set of Maundy Money is dated 1899. I also have a Maundy three-halfpenny piece dated 1838, when Queen Victoria first came to the throne.

£1/1/- to Miss C. Forster, East St. Kilda, Vic.

MY Maundy Money set is dated 1873. I'm a Swiss by birth, but my mother, from whom I got the money, was English by birth.

£1/1/- to Mr. C. Pestalozzi, St. Georges Terrace, W.A.

I'VE two sets of Maundy Money, one dated 1838, the other 1839. I've also two four-shilling pieces dated 1826, and several Lion shillings dated 1826.

£1/1/- to "Interested" (name supplied), Clontarf Beach, Qld.

Waitress for a day

A QUICK eater, at home I always stack my plates and have them ready to whisk into the kitchen the moment I can get away from the table. But after my experience at a small luncheon in my honor in an exclusive T-Shoppe, no more preliminary stacking for me! Chattering away to the guests, I rose from the table and carried my neatly stacked little "load" to the door before the awful realization of my whereabouts dawned. Smirking, I left them with the astonished cashier.

£1/1/- to W. Moore, Tamworth, N.S.W.

Teacher was a shrewdie

FROM some berries she was given during the school holidays, a teacher friend made jam to sell to aid school funds. It was a failure, but the resourceful teacher was not to be beaten. She strained the berry "jam," bottled it, and when school opened again sold it for cordial drinks in the tuckshop. To ensure success, she made the shop down the street out-of-bounds until all her brew was sold.

£1/1/- to "Enterprise" (name supplied), East Melbourne, Vic.

Rewards for school success

AFTER her first day back at school, my daughter—who has just entered her scholarship grade—asked what reward she should receive for passing the scholarship. I told her the sight of her name in print in the pass list should be enough. But I'm afraid I'm considered mean, as many of her classmates have been promised watches, etc. Why do parents reward children for everything they do?

£1/1/- to E. M. Pryor, Charters Towers, Qld.

Hazards of the umbrella

PEOPLE should be forced to obtain a permit or licence before being allowed to carry umbrellas. They would then be able to prove themselves aware of the dangers in careless umbrella-carrying in a crowded street. I've never heard of a fatality in this connection, but I have heard of many accidents. Recently when I suggested to a bus passenger that the spike of her umbrella jutting about six inches into the aisle could be dangerous, she drew it back with bad grace and without comment. Persons with lower than a 10-year-old mentality should not be allowed umbrellas.

£1/1/- to A. F. Young, Mt. Lawley, W.A.

Ross Campbell writes...

DO you ever feel you are losing your grip—becoming a hopeless dill?

I had this unpleasant sensation a few days ago.

I was writing a newspaper article at the time. It was about some brewery employees who had decided to go without beer at their annual picnic.

When I finished the last thoughtful sentence I looked for the rest of the article. It wasn't there.

I vainly searched the top of my desk, looking under the orderly heaps of magazines, lunch papers, pins, lottery tickets, blotters, calendars, and A.P.C. powders.

Do you know where I found the article at last? In the waste-paper basket.

After all the trouble I had taken over that stimulating essay on the brewers' picnic, I had thrown it away.

I asked myself uneasily: "Are you losing your grip?"

One of the first signs of losing your grip is that you don't remember where you have put things.

ON THE SKIDS

That night I got out a clean pair of pyjamas; but when the time came to put them on, they were missing.

I found that I had thrown them down the chute that leads to the laundry.

After that each day brought fresh evidence of my growing dillhood.

I drank the custard that had been



made for the baby. I slammed the car door on the end of my umbrella and broke it. ("It will cost 17/6 to refit you," the umbrella mender said.) I forgot to buy a fish for dinner, lost my glasses, told people the same story twice.

I mustn't let the family know how

bad things are, I thought. Not yet. It will be a blow to them, finding Dad has lost his grip.

At work I discussed my problem with an old friend. I told him how it all started when I threw away my article on the brewery picnic.

To my surprise, he laughed. "I do that sort of thing all the time!" he said. He told me how he had left pound notes in library books, and dropped vital documents in trams.

When I confided my trouble to my wife, she, too, made light of it.

She said she had just iced a cake with bicarbonate of soda. She put a bedspread in with the washing and dyed the clothes green. She threw an apostle spoon out with the garbage.

Slowly a message of hope seeped through to my old-model brain, chugging along with its carbonised cylinders and worn gearbox. I pass the message on in case it will be of help to others.

It is simply: Don't worry if you think you are losing your grip. Everybody thinks they are losing it.

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If you have difficulty in procuring any Lincoln pattern books specified in this advertisement, please write to Lincoln Mills Ltd., Box 29, P.O. Calgary, Victoria, enclosing 1/6d. (book and postage).

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"Mayfair" in 8-ply
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LINCOLN . . . FABULOUS HAND-KNIT STYLES . . . QUALITY YARNS . . . HIGH-FASHION SHADES

AT HOME *with* Margaret Sydney

● There must be a lot of Irish blood in the Sydney family. Nobody seems to notice if there's a temporary shortage of butter or eggs or biscuits in the house, but a potato famine sets everybody grumbling.

I'VE just been given a potato-substitute dish to use during the shortages.

You boil, drain, and salt three-quarters of a pound of rice and spread it in the bottom of an ovenproof dish.

Then you slice thinly over it two small onions and half a pound of potatoes which have been boiled until they are almost cooked.

Sprinkle them with salt, dot them generously with butter, and bake them in the top of a moderate oven for an hour and a quarter.

When potatoes are very dear, even counting in the cost of the butter and onions, I can make that for a good deal less than it would cost to feed my hungry family with the potatoes they love so much.

Conversation on the catty side

WE'VE been having cat trouble again this week. We have this family rule of one person, one cat, and since Hugh resolutely refuses to exercise his option, that restricts the permanent cat population to four.

Homes have been found for all the last batch of kittens except one of Bobo's, now four-months old and a rangy marauder without a trace of kittenishness in its make-up.

I thought I'd been very clever in finding it a home with the local grocer, but when I told Mike about it he burst into a positive storm of angry protest.

"You're cruel," he said. "You'll break poor little Bobo's heart. Everyone else is allowed to have a cat of their own. Why can't Bobo?"

For a moment I was floored by this, until I realised that if every cat in the house was allowed to have a cat of its own, the population would soon be in the hundreds.

Katherine assured me that my maths were shaky, that the increase would be a geometrical and not an arithmetical one, and while she and Di were arguing over the figures (K's estimate 65,536 at the end of seven years, D's 60,446) Mike slammed out of the house shouting, "This family's batty!" and wasn't seen again until he was hungry.

Incidentally, Bobo seemed delighted to lose her kitten. She'd grown tired of it in four months, and had taken to batting it over the ears whenever she saw it.

The dreamy way she's begun to look in the linen press makes me think she has plans already, and no desire to be restricted to the ownership of one cat.

Mum with a menagerie

I HATE to see children brought up in households where there are no animals. If there's no pet a child misses out on a good deal of the "give" side of the give-and-take they need to learn.

But, in the nature of things, Mum, being on the spot, has to take most of the responsibility for the family pets.

I've suffered in my time with rabbits, white mice, goldfish, silkworms, dogs, cats, a pet sheep, and countless generations of tadpoles and silkworms.

All pets introduced into this household have been allowed on the firm understanding that their owners look after them, but the time comes when their owners go away on holidays, or are ill or doing exams or just plain forgetful, and there's nothing much I can do except take over.

You can harden your heart over unmade beds ("If you don't make it before you go to school I won't touch it." Even Mike gave in after the third day and began to make his in a sketchy sort of way), but you can't do that with a hutch of unfed rabbits.

The only thing I've refused to let the children have is poultry in any shape or form. I'm not afraid of cows or horses or bulls, and not unduly alarmed by snakes or spiders; but any beady-eyed hen can get the better of me.

We used to have poultry-keeping neighbors who left their hens to me when they went on holidays, saying generously, "You can have the eggs, of course, if you'll feed the fowls for us."

They always took their holidays when the hens weren't laying; there was always a broody hen who pecked furiously when you lifted her from the nest to prevent her starving herself to death, and the mutual loathing between me and the only rooster made it necessary for me to go armed with a tennis racket to prevent him tearing pieces out of my shins.

The Buddhists explain that people who hate cats are really afraid of them because they themselves were rats in one of their previous incarnations. On that basis, I can only think that I must have spent one of my former lives as a slater beetle.

Steel comb for fleas

CAT-COMBING is a source of constant friction in our house. With a climate and soil like Sydney's you can't keep a number of cats and allow them in the house without a continual flea-control programme.

The idea is that everyone is supposed to comb their own cat once or twice a week throughout the year and daily during the two worst months of summer.

We have a fine steel comb, with twenty-four teeth to the inch, which does a wonderful job when it can be found.

Nobody ever thinks of doing the cats until they've been reminded at least three times, and then only when (a) it's past their bedtime or (b) they're supposed to be washing up.

Then there are arguments—"You are a pig—you promised to comb Plum for me tonight." "Well, I won't, see, 'cos I've just done my nails, and they're wet."

By the time the arguments are settled and the comb found the wise cats have usually cleared out, not because they mind being combed, but in case it happens to be a night when somebody wants to sprinkle them with flea powder.

There are quite a number of powders on the market which are harmless to cats, but unfortunately several of them seem to be equally harmless to fleas.

By trial and error we've found a good one to use even on very young kittens, so we can allow the monstrous regiment to live in the house without having to apologise to visitors caught scratching themselves.

IN 1945

Dianne Scealy was
a "happy little
Veg-e-mite"

Bonny Blondel



Chubby little Dianne Scealy enjoys posing for snapshots. Says her mother: "Dianne is a picture of health. She has been a 'happy little Veg-e-mite' since she was about 6 months old." (extract from 1945 advertisement)



AND NOW

Dianne is a
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VEGEMITE fan

All members of the Scealy family enjoy eating Vegemite every day—and they all benefit from its nourishing goodness.



All the family need
delicious VEGEMITE every day

Through the years, the Scealy family have eaten Vegemite every day—as a safeguard against the Vitamin B₁ deficiency that exists in even the best Australian diets. Vegemite, the richest food source of Vitamin B₁, and rich also in Vitamin B₂ and Niacin, has benefited all the Scealy family. It has helped give DIANNE her vitality and clear skin . . . teenage brother PETER his hearty appetite . . . sister KATHRYN and little GREGORY their healthy growth. DAD gets his Vitamin B₁ in a non-fattening food: Vegemite . . . and MOTHER likes Vegemite because it's good for her nerves, and because it's so economical.

Remember! Your body cannot store Vitamin B₁ . . . it needs a fresh supply daily.

Always put VEGEMITE next to the pepper and salt whenever you set the table.



Made by KRAFT

For big savings, buy the 16oz. or 32oz. family-size jars.



VICTOR BENNETT flames the coffee in a chafing-dish before guests.

GOURMET FOOD COOKED IN A CHAFING-DISH

"There are few dishes more exciting,
both visually and gastronomically,
than those which can be set ablaze,"
says Victor Bennett, head waiter on the
Matson liner Mariposa. He speaks with
authority, being the author of a
book of chafing-dish recipes.

BY LEILA C. HOWARD,
OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERT



CAFE DIABLE, known also as Devil's Brew, is one of the popular ways of making coffee in the deep blazer pan of a chafing-dish. See recipe opposite.

BANANAS BERMUDA, cooked and flamed in a shallow crepe pan, provide an exotic dessert when served with chocolate or vanilla-flavored ice-cream.





DURING his 25 years' cookery experience on both sea and land, Victor Bennett has collected a great variety of chafing-dish recipes which he presents most ably in his book "Chafing-Dish Magic," published by Hesperian House, Inc., San Francisco. In this cookery feature we give some of them.

He prepares the ingredients first on what he calls a "ready tray," which is taken to the table where the actual cooking is to be done. He uses the deep double blazer pan and the shallow crepe pan. These could be replaced by deep and shallow frying-pans.

In his list of "Don'ts" for beginners he gives these warnings:

Any liquor can be flamed, but the lower the alcohol content the lower the flame. The purpose of flaming is to get rid of the alcohol but retain the flavor. For best results, use good liquor and liqueurs.

Do not pour liquors directly from bottle into hot pan, which may cause the gases in bottle to ignite. Put liquor into heat-proof container, warm thoroughly, pour over food, then flame it.

If experimenting by combining several liquors, caution is advised, because too many flavors will spoil the dish.

If lighting the flame with a match, allow the match-head to burn away before placing it near the liquor. Thus sulphur fumes from match will not affect flavor.

BEEF STROGANOFF

Ready Tray: Two pounds fillet steak (fat removed and sliced very thinly, then cut into 1/4-in.-wide and 2-in.-long lengths), 2oz. butter, 1 sliced onion, 1/2lb. fresh mushrooms (sliced), 1-3rd cup dry white wine, 2 cups sour cream, salt and pepper mill, 1/2 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1/2 teaspoon prepared French mustard, 2 cups steamed rice.

In crepe pan over direct flame simmer butter and saute onion lightly, then add mushrooms. When vegetables are wilted, push them to one side of pan. Add meat and brown quickly on both sides over high heat. Add wine, then add sour cream, salt, freshly ground pepper to taste, Worcestershire sauce, and mustard. Blend gently, and when sauce is hot place the Beef Stroganoff on steamed rice and serve immediately. Serves 4. This dish can be flamed with brandy before adding sour cream.

BUTTERFLY STEAK VESUVIO

Ready Tray: Three quarter pound of fillet steak, 1 tablespoon olive oil, 1 tablespoon melted butter, 1 finely chopped onion, 6 fresh mushrooms (sliced thinly), 1oz. dry sherry, salt and pepper mill, 1oz. piquant sauce, 1/2oz. cognac or brandy.

To prepare butterfly steak: Split steak down centre so that approximately 1/4 in. of fat remains on outer circumference and thickness is between 1/4 in. and 1/2 in. throughout.

Sear steak in crepe pan over high hot flame in one tablespoon of oil to desired degree. Do not season meat at this time. Keep hot on dinner plate.

Prepare sauce by simmering butter in same crepe pan over direct flame, and when bubbling add onion, mushrooms, piquant sauce, salt, and freshly ground pepper to taste, and saute lightly. Add sherry and blend thoroughly. Place steak in crepe pan with the sauce and heat. Pour cognac or brandy into crepe pan and ignite. Serve immediately. Serves 1.

CAFE DIABLE

Ready Tray: One crushed bay leaf, 16 coffee beans, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 teaspoon ground cloves, juice and rind of 1 orange, juice and rind of 1 grapefruit, juice and rind of 1 lemon, 1 cinnamon stick, 1/2 cup Triple Sec, 1/2 cup brandy, 1-3rd cup rum, 2 cups strong black, hot coffee, whole cloves.

ASSEMBLED HERE are the ingredients for Butterfly Steak Vesuvio. These photographs were taken on board the liner Mariposa by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

Make three chains of the citrus peel, at least 8 or 10 inches long. Puncture the chain at 2 in. intervals with whole cloves. In the cafe diable dish or blazer pan over direct flame heat dry spices, sugar, and coffee beans. With the aid of a napkin, squeeze and strain each of the three citrus pulps (which have been punctured with a fork) into the heated spices and sugar in the cafe diable. Hold all three peel chains together over end of carving fork over blazer pan and gradually ripple or dribble the Triple Sec over these, allowing it to flame (from a height of 12 in.) into the cafe diable. Fill with coffee, add brandy and rum, creating a smaller flame. Strain and serve to guests immediately in demitasse cups.

JAMBALAYA

Ready Tray: Two cups fresh oysters (drained), 1 cup cooked ham (chopped finely), 1/2 cup chopped green pepper, 1/2 cup finely chopped onion, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons flour, dash tabasco sauce, salt and pepper mill, 2 cups cooked chopped tomatoes, 3 cups freshly steamed rice.

In large blazer pan over direct flame lightly saute ham, pepper, and onions in butter. Blend in flour, tabasco sauce, tomatoes, and oysters. Simmer until oysters are plump and sauce is thickened. Season with salt and freshly ground pepper. Set pan over pan of hot water and add rice, stirring until rice is hot. Serve from blazer pan on to hot plates. Serves 6.

Note: Since there are many types of jambalaya, prawns, chicken, or turkey can be used instead of the oysters.

Continued overleaf

15lbs.
first teeth...



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CHAFING DISH COOKERY

Continued from previous page

● Here are some more recipes for both sweet and savory dishes which can be cooked directly at the table.

RUSSIAN TUNA BLINCHIKI

Ready Tray: Eight crepes (thin pancakes), 2 cups shredded tuna, 1 cup finely chopped onion (sauteed lightly), 1 cup sour cream, 1 tablespoon fresh dill (chopped fine) or 1 dill pickle (chopped fine), butter, sour cream or mushroom sauce for garnish.

Combine tuna, onions, sour cream and fresh or pickled dill. Put a generous spoonful of this mixture in the middle of each crepe and fold like an envelope, first turning the sides in about an inch, then folding over the opposite sides, making a little oblong packet. The edges are sealed with a little warm water. Brown in butter in blazer pan over direct flame. Serve hot with cold sour cream or hot mushroom sauce. Serves 4.

Note: This dish can also be made with salmon or other fish or even minced cooked meats.

ICE-CREAM BANANAS BERMUDA

Ready Tray: Two bananas (peeled and thinly sliced), 1oz. Triple Sec liqueur, 1 and 1-3rd ounces rum, 1oz. Tia Maria liqueur, brown sugar, 4 rounded mounds of chocolate or vanilla ice-cream, 4 thin slices butter cake, lady fingers (optional), 1 cup whipped cream.

Heat crepe pan directly over flame until hot. Add sliced bananas and cover lightly with brown sugar. Let bananas brown, then add Triple Sec, let sizzle and tilt pan so liqueur will flame. Add rum for additional flames. Ladle out flaming bananas and equally distribute them over nicely rounded mounds of ice-cream mounted on thinly sliced cake in a dessert dish. Garnish with lady fingers. Spoon 2 tablespoons of whipped cream over each portion and add a dash of Tia Maria liqueur. Serves 4.

ZABAGLIONE PAOLI

Ready Tray: Six egg-yolks, 6 teaspoons sugar, 4 half eggshells filled with sauterne wine, 2 half eggshells filled with marsala wine, Chartreuse liqueur.

Place the egg-yolks into blazer pan over bain-marie which contains boiling water, add sugar. Stir gently with wire whisk until thoroughly blended. Add marsala and sauterne and blend thoroughly. When cooking be sure to stir constantly. Do not allow to boil. Remove from fire immediately upon first sign of bubble. Roll a dash of green Chartreuse in each of the sherbet glasses until interior of each glass is flavored with Chartreuse. Ladle zabaglione into each glass and serve with petits fours or cookies. Serves 4.

MIGNON OF PORK TENDERLOIN VERONIQUE

Ready Tray: Four pieces pork fillet (1/4 in. thick and tossed in seasoned flour), 4 teaspoons butter, 2oz. seedless grapes, 1oz. Madeira wine, 2oz. cream, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, salt and pepper mill.

In a crepe pan over direct heat, simmer butter and when beginning to brown place meat in pan and brown thoroughly on both sides until well done. Remove to hot plates and begin preparing the sauce. Put fresh grapes in pan, add wine and ignite. When flames burn out, add cream and Worcester-

shire sauce. Heat thoroughly, season and pour sauce over meat. Garnish and serve immediately. Serves 2.

CHICKEN LIVERS WITH BACON AND WATER CHESTNUTS

Ready Tray: Halved slices of bacon, chicken livers, water chestnuts (sliced), wooden cocktail sticks, paper towels.

For each portion wrap bacon around a chicken liver sandwiched between slices of water chestnuts and fasten with a cocktail stick. Saute in blazer pan over direct high heat until bacon is crisp. Drain the bacon-wrapped chicken livers on paper towels. Serve.

OYSTER CROUSTADES

Ready Tray: Two dozen oysters, 1/2 cup butter, 1 dessert-spoon dry mustard, salt and pepper mill, 2 cups cream, 2 tablespoons dry sherry, sauteed croustades.

Melt butter in blazer pan over hot water jacket. Add mustard, salt and freshly ground black pepper to taste and blend thoroughly. Add cream slowly and continue stirring with a wooden spoon until sauce simmers. Saute oysters in a little butter for 2 minutes and transfer to sauce. Add wine and serve immediately in tiny croustades, made by hollowing out squares of bread and sauteing lightly in butter. Serves 4.

CREPES NORMANDY

Ready Tray: Six crepes (thin pancakes), 1/2 cup apricot jam, 1/2 cup apples (finely diced), 1/2 cup raisins (cooked soft in butter and sweetened), butter, 1oz. apricot brandy, icing sugar.

Spread crepes with apricot jam, apples, and raisins. Roll

and sprinkle with sugar. Place in hot crepe pan over direct flame with a little butter. Heat thoroughly. Pour over apricot brandy and ignite. Serve flaming with icing sugar.

DEVILLED POULTRY LEGS AND WINGS

Ready Tray: Five tablespoons butter, 4 chicken legs and wings, 1 cup toasted bread crumbs (buttered), 1/2 cup Tarragon vinegar, 1 clove garlic (gently pressed), 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 1 bay leaf, salt and pepper mill, 1 teaspoon paprika, pinch cayenne, 1 cup ketchup or tomato sauce, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 2 cups steamed rice.

In the blazer pan over direct low flame simmer butter, and when foaming, gently saute chicken legs and wings on all sides until golden-brown, turning frequently. Remove meat from pan and roll in buttered toasted crumbs, coating heavily, and return to blazer pan for a moment to crisp the coating, adding more butter if necessary. Transfer to hot platter. Add vinegar, garlic, mustard, bay leaf, salt, freshly ground black pepper to taste, paprika for color, and cayenne to the butter in the pan, reduce to one half the original quantity by simmering slowly. Remove garlic and bay leaf. Add ketchup and Worcestershire sauce. Blend sauce until steaming hot and serve with the sauteed chicken. Serve in a ring of steamed white rice. Serves 4.

CURRY OF LAMB

Ready Tray: One and a half tablespoons chopped onion, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 tablespoon flour, 2 teaspoons curry powder, 2 cups stock, 2 cups cooked lamb (cubed), salt and pepper mill, 1 egg-yolk, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 2 cups steamed white rice, chutney.

In the blazer pan over direct heat saute onion in butter until golden color. Add flour mixed with curry powder and cook, stirring for 2 minutes. Blend in gradually the stock and simmer the sauce until smooth and creamy. Add lamb, salt, and freshly ground black pepper to taste. Cover and simmer 10 minutes. Turn flame very low and when sauce has ceased simmering blend in egg-yolk

which has been lightly beaten with lemon juice and a little of the hot sauce. Serve immediately with steamed rice and chutney. Form the rice in a ring on plate so that lamb and curry will remain together in the centre of the plate. This will also give more eye appeal and the chutney can work both as a condiment and a garnish on the same plate. Serves 4.

VEAL SCALLOPINE PROVENCALE

Ready Tray: Six fillets veal (cut into pieces approx. 2 inches by 2 inches), seasoned flour, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 dessert-spoon olive oil, 6 sliced mushrooms, 1oz. fresh cucumber (diced), 2 tablespoons chives (chopped finely), 2oz. fresh tomatoes (diced), 1 teaspoon garlic butter (made by adding 2 cloves finely chopped garlic to butter and mixing well), 2 tablespoons marsala or sherry.

Dust veal with seasoned flour. Heat pan over direct flame. Add butter and allow to brown, add oil. Saute veal quickly, browning both sides. Remove from pan to hot plates. Sauce: Place mushrooms in crepe pan and add cucumbers, chives, tomatoes, and garlic butter and saute over hot flame for 2 minutes. Add wine and blend well. Pour this sauce over the veal and serve very hot. Serves 2.

FRIED MUSHROOMS PAPRIKA

Ready Tray: Three tablespoons oil, 2 teaspoons paprika, salt and pepper mill, 1lb. fresh mushroom caps (wiped clean with dry cloth), 2oz. dry sherry, 1 tablespoon butter, 4 slices trimmed bread lightly sauteed in butter.

Heat oil in blazer pan over direct heat. Add paprika, salt, and freshly ground black pepper to taste. Into this mixture place the mushroom caps, cap-side down, add wine, cover, and saute for about 10 minutes or until nicely browned. Transfer the mushrooms to a hot covered dish. Add butter to the blazer pan and saute the trimmed bread lightly on both sides. Place the hot mushrooms on the sauteed bread and serve immediately. Serves 4.

PRIZE RECIPE

● £5 is awarded to a Queensland reader for her recipe for Cheese Dreams. A simple fruit filling is encased in pastry made of cream cheese, butter, sugar and flour.

ALL spoon measurements given in this recipe are level.

CHEESE DREAMS

Filling: Half cup chopped dates, 1 tablespoon water, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, 1 cup mashed bananas.

Combine in saucepan dates, water, lemon juice, and sugar. Stir over heat until mixture softens, add mashed bananas. Allow to cool.

Pastry: Half cup cream cheese, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1/2 cup butter or substitute, 1 cup self-raising flour, milk, icing sugar.

Cream cheese, sugar, and butter or substitute together. Work in sifted flour making a firm mixture. Roll out on lightly floured board to 1/4 in. thickness and cut into rounds approximately 3 inches in diameter. Place a teaspoon of filling on one half of each pastry round. Moisten edges with milk, fold over, and pinch edges together. Glaze with milk and place on an oven slide. Bake in a moderately hot oven 15-20 minutes. Serve sprinkled with icing sugar.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. A. S. Stirling, Church St., Beenleigh, Qld.

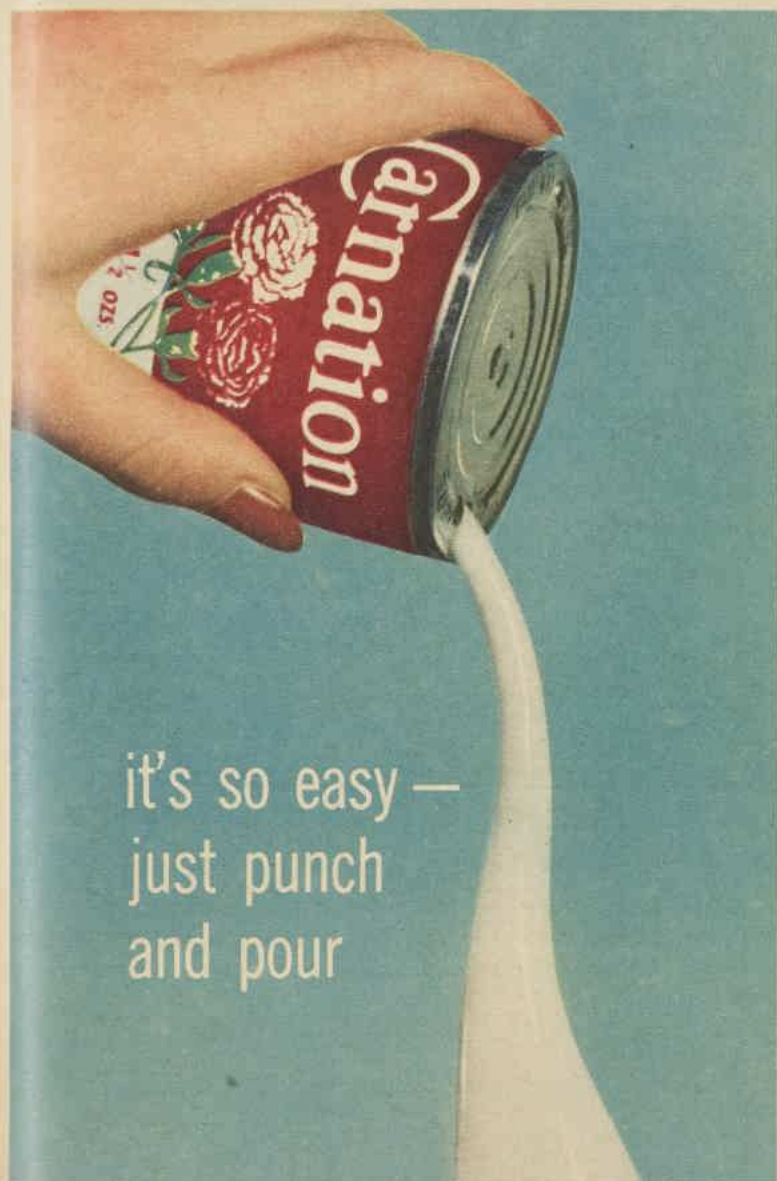


CHEESE DREAMS will prove a favorite after-school treat with children. The pastry is filled with chopped dates and mashed bananas. The recipe is given on the left.



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PROGRESS PRIZE WINNERS IN COOKERY CONTEST

● Here are four winners of £5 progress prizes in our £1200 Maize Cornflour Competition. Prizes are awarded for the best recipes featuring maize cornflour as one of the ingredients.

CLOSING date for this contest is March 20, 1961, so be sure to send off your entry as soon as possible.

The wonderful prizes are:

Grand Champion Prize (for the best recipe in the contest) is £400, plus a return air trip for two to Tahiti. First prize of £100, second prize of £40, and third prize of £20 in each of the four sections. There is also a special prize of £20 for the best hint using maize cornflour, plus ten consolation prizes of £1 each to be awarded in each section, and four progress prizes of £5 each, which are awarded weekly throughout the contest.

Readers are invited to send in as many recipes as they like in any or all of the four sections.

Write or type each recipe on a separate piece of paper. Write your full name and address on each sheet. Please include the name of the State in which you live. At the top of the sheet mark the name of the section in which your recipe is to be entered.

Use level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce measure.

Entries should be addressed to: CORNFLOUR CONTEST, Box 5252, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

SECTION 1 Soups and sauces

Progress prize of £5 to Miss R. Walker, 7 Penang St., Point Clare, N.S.W.

SEA FOOD SOUP

One ounce butter, 1 grated onion, 1 grated carrot, 1 stalk celery (chopped), 1 tablespoon maize cornflour, 1 cup rich fish stock, 1 lb. each of lobster meat and cooked white fish, 1 lb. shelled prawns, salt, pepper, cayenne, 1 egg, 1 cup cream or evaporated milk, 1 small glass white wine.

Melt butter and fry all the vegetables until a light golden color. Stir in maize cornflour and cook for 3 minutes. Bring the stock to the boil, add vegetable mixture, and stir constantly till smooth and creamy. Add diced lobster, prawns, and flaked fish. Season to taste with salt, pepper, and cayenne. Reheat. Beat egg with cream and add with the wine just before serving. (Do not allow to boil again.)

With the seafoods prepared in advance, this is a quickly made soup.

SECTION 2

Main-course dishes

Progress prize of £5 to Mrs. J. Bosley, 7 Eclipse St., Rowes Bay, Townsville, Qld.

WOU ARP

Two tablespoons peanut oil, 1 cup blanched almonds, 1 duck, salt and pepper, 2 large onions, 1 clove garlic, 1 cup sherry, maize cornflour, extra peanut

oil, 3 stalks celery, 2 tablespoons coarsely chopped ginger, 1 chopped red pepper, 1 lb. chopped mushrooms, 1 tablespoon chopped bamboo shoots, 2 tablespoons maize cornflour.

Put peanut oil into a saucepan and fry the almonds until just golden brown. Drain on paper. Cut the meat from the duck into pieces about 1 1/2 in. square. Put into a bowl, season with salt and pepper, add onions and garlic, and cover with sherry. Allow to marinate for 1 hour. Drain meat, roll in maize cornflour, and fry in peanut oil until brown. Remove from pan and place in a saucepan with the onions, garlic, and liquor for soaking. Add an extra quart of boiling water and simmer gently until tender. When the meat is tender, add chopped celery, ginger, red pepper, mushrooms, and bamboo shoots, and when heated thicken with the 2 tablespoons maize cornflour blended with a little cold water. Just before serving, add the almonds.

SECTION 3 Desserts

Progress prize of £5 to Mrs. R. Dykstra, 3 Lord St., East Doncaster, Vic.

CHOCOLATE SPUMONE

One and a half cups scalded milk, 1 cup sugar, 2 tablespoons maize cornflour, pinch salt, 1 cup cold milk, 3 egg-yolks slightly beaten with 1 egg-white, 2 egg-whites, 1 cup cream whipped until just thick, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 1-3rd cup drinking chocolate.

Place the hot milk and all

but 2 tablespoons of the sugar into the top of a double saucepan. Blend together the maize cornflour, salt, and the cold milk. Add to hot milk and cook over hot water, stirring all the time until mixture coats the spoon. Remove from heat and gradually add the beaten egg-yolks with the one egg-white; stir well. Return saucepan to hot water, cook 5 minutes. Remove and chill. Beat egg-whites until stiff, gradually add remaining sugar, beat until sugar dissolves. Add whipped cream and vanilla, mix into chilled custard. Pour into refrigerator trays and freeze until mushy. Remove from trays and beat well. Beat in chocolate. Return to trays and freeze 3 hours.

SECTION 4 Biscuits

Progress prize of £5 to Mrs. B. Doohan, 3 Westmoorland St., Millen, W.A.

COFFEE BUTTERSNAPS

Six ounces butter or substitute, 1/2 cup each white and brown sugar, 1 1/2 teaspoons vanilla, 1 small egg, 4oz. plain flour, 3oz. self-raising flour, 1oz. maize cornflour, 1 tablespoon cocoa, 1 dessertspoon instant coffee powder, extra sugar, chopped nuts.

Cream butter or substitute with sugars and vanilla. Beat in egg-yolk, then add sifted flours and cornflour and mix well. Divide in two equal portions. Leave one plain, and work the coffee and cocoa into the other. Roll into two thin layers as near the same size



WOU ARP—a delicious main-course recipe made with duck, maize cornflour, nuts, and ginger.

as possible. Place the white layer on the brown layer and roll up firmly. Wrap in grease-proof paper and chill several hours. Cut in thin slices, place on greased oven slide. Brush

FAMILY DISH

CARAMEL APPLE DESSERT, this week's family dish, is a cool, refreshing sweet for a summer dinner.

The dish serves 4 or 5 and costs approximately 4/6.

CARAMEL APPLE DESSERT

Half cup sugar, 4 tablespoons water, 1 1/2 cups milk, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon gelatine, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 1/2 to 2 cups dry stewed apple pulp, 2 tablespoons chopped nuts, cream or custard.

Place half the sugar in saucepan with 1 tablespoon of the water. Cook until dark brown. Add milk, stir over low heat until caramel dissolves and mixes with the milk. Beat egg-yolks with remaining sugar, add to milk, stir over simmering water until slightly thickened. Cool, stir in gelatine dissolved in balance of water, stiffly beaten egg-whites, and vanilla. Turn into wetted recess tin, chill until set. Unmould, fill recess with apple pulp, sprinkle with nuts, and serve with cream or custard.

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AN extra bedroom can be built on, and the second bedroom could then be used as a playroom. The master bedroom has its own private terrace.

A compact kitchen has been placed in the middle of the house and looks out over the terrace to the master bedroom.

Laundry, bathroom, and separate toilet have been placed together to save plumbing costs.

The exterior of this house is most attractive. A low pitched roof extends to form the carport. The architects suggest that the beams should be left exposed inside. They would run through the house

and across the terrace and verandah.

Cost to build this house in timber will be £4400, plus £250 for the carport. In brick it will cost £4800. The area of the two-bedroom plan shown is 11.3 squares in timber and 12 squares in brick.

Accurate costs

The prices quoted above are, of course, approximate. For accurate costs on your own land, please consult your local Home Planning Centre (see addresses below).

The plan shown above is one of the many designs available through our Centres for £10/10/- a complete set (five copies of full-working drawings and three copies of specifications).

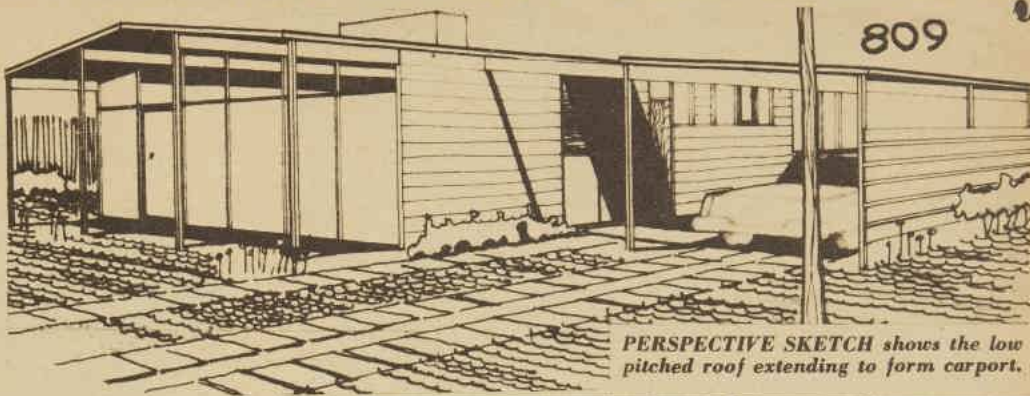
When ordering your plan by mail, please state the num-

ber, whether the house is to be constructed in brick or timber, the roofing material required, whether or not the site is sewer, whether the plan is required as drawn or in mirror-reverse position. Please also enclose cheque, money order, or postal notes for the fee of £10/10/- for the plan.

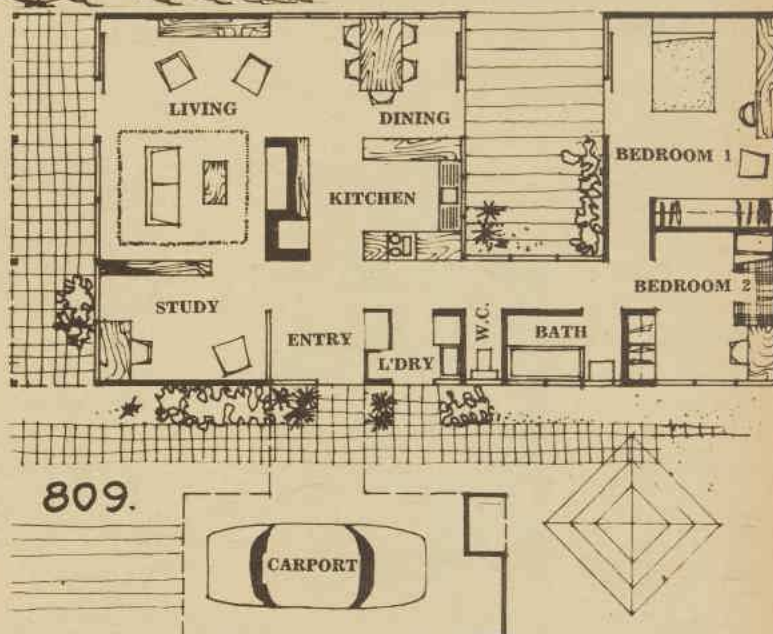
At the Centres, color consultants, interior decorators, lighting specialists, and other skilled advisers on the staff of the store in which the Centres are located will assist you in furnishing and decorating your home.

If you have any trouble with plans, tenders, finance authorities, or your local council, return the plans or specifications and the Centres will deal with your problems and return your plans promptly.

Carports and garages are not always shown on plans, but they can be incorporated in the design. Add approximately £175 to £250 for a carport and £235 to £400 for a single brick garage.



PERSPECTIVE SKETCH shows the low pitched roof extending to form carport.



FLOOR PLAN shows a central, convenient kitchen overlooking the terrace and the study opening from a spacious living-room.

ADDRESSES OF CENTRES

ADELAIDE: John Martin & Co. Ltd., Rundle Street. (Telephone W0200.)
HOBART: FitzGerald & Co. Ltd., Collins Street. (Telephone 27221.)
TOOWOOMBA: Pigott & Co. Pty. Ltd., Ruthven Street. (Telephone 7733.)
SYDNEY: Anthony Hordern & Sons Ltd., Brickfield Hill. Please address all mail to Home Plan, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. (Telephone B0951, ext. 220.)
BRISBANE: McWhirter's Ltd., The Valley. (Telephone 50121.)
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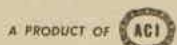
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Continuing . . . WHAT HAPPENS IF YOU LIKE HIM?

stories. He did not want to play for keeps.

When they arrived at the house, Godfrey had set up a table and beach umbrella on the back lawn.

"Hope you won't mind," he boomed. "The swimming-pool is away being overhauled."

Beryl bustled about, making introductions. The man called James Denis slowly unfolded his length from the deckchair and stood up.

"How do you do," he said, without any particular enthusiasm in his voice.

"Come on, boy!" commanded Godfrey. "Help me make the girl a drink. Penny here is a nurse, and after all the drinks she has to mix for her patients she's entitled to have them mixed for her now. Eh, Penny, that's right, isn't it?"

Again Penny smiled, and was saved a reply by Beryl.

"Well, now, isn't that a coincidence! James is a chemist—now you two'll have a lot to talk about. Nurses and doctors and chemists are all related in a way, aren't they?"

James winced slightly, and seemed to grow taller and thinner. "I'm afraid a pharmacologist working with an industrial organisation wouldn't really . . ."

Penny set down her drink. "Oh, don't let that worry you—nurses' interests aren't entirely confined to aspirin and milk of magnesia!"

There was a cold fury in her. This creature! Who did he think he was, lazily surveying her from his great height?

She looked up and found herself being regarded with interest. His eyes didn't seem to fit his face. They were penetrating and amused. And they had little crinkles at the corners that hinted at a sense of humor.

With genuine interest, he began to talk to her about her work, and she found herself responding.

It was not until the other guests began to arrive that Penny realised that neither Godfrey nor Beryl had said anything for nearly twenty minutes.

The conversation soon drifted to neighborly topics, and Penny felt herself isolated. She sipped her drink and wondered if Diane would remember about the phone call. Suddenly she was no longer sure that she even wanted her to remember.

Penny said: "I think I'll help

Beryl get some more sandwiches ready—excuse me."

James unfolded himself and stood up to let her pass.

"Don't desert me for too long," he said lightly.

Beryl was in a panic in the kitchen, and welcomed Penny with open arms.

"You shouldn't, Penny, you're my guest—but, could you slice a few of those . . ."

We need some more scones, really. How do you like him—

isn't he different from Godfrey, honestly now?"

Penny stared at Beryl. "What did you say?"

"Well, he is, isn't he? Much more in your line."

"I don't know . . ." Penny stammered in bewilderment. Then she pulled herself together.

"He—he's supercilious and arrogant," she said severely. "And he's too tall. I'm sure that's what's wrong with him—he's constantly looking down on people. It must be bad for his character."

● You can generally tell the fellow who's living in the past—he wants more for his money.

—Cy N. Peace

"Oh, that's just an act," Beryl said comfortingly. "Like you pretending to be the starchy, efficient nurse, when you can look like an abandoned flamenco dancer when you feel like it!"

The afternoon wore on, and all the time Penny was intensely aware of James' presence, even when she could only half hear what he was saying.

He seemed to be the only real person there, and everyone else had faded into vague shadow figures.

At last the other guests left, and the four of them sat down in silence.

"Well," Beryl sighed, "I'm glad that's over. It was fun, but it'll be nice to have a whole day of peace tomorrow. We might walk along by the river . . ."

"Wonderful," her husband agreed, some of his energy returning. "How about it, James?"

James frowned. Then he smiled. "Yes, of course . . . wonderful."

Penny kept her eyes down. Any moment now the telephone would ring, changing all plans for tomorrow. If only Diane would forget.

Why hadn't she had the sense to ring her during the afternoon to explain? But she hadn't been sure. She wasn't sure now, except that she felt terrible about the whole thing.

And there it was. Shrilly it rang, while Beryl went out to answer it.

Penny heard Beryl say, "Yes, I'll get her for you. I beg your pardon?" And then a silence, while the person at the other end seemed to be explaining something.

"Oh, how inconsiderate!" she burst out, coming back into the room. "Penny, it's for you. The hospital. They've changed the rosters, they got something or other mixed up, and they want you to go on at midnight!"

Penny felt icy-cold as she got up. From across the table she could feel James' eyes probing her face, and she did not dare look straight at him.

She picked up the receiver lying on the hall table.

"Hello?"

"Penny? Is it all right? Did it work?"

"Yes," Penny said tonelessly. "What on earth's the matter? Oh, I see—you liked him after all. Is that it?"

"Yes." Now she knew it. "Oh, Penny, make up something and stay. Go on, you can think of something."

"No," said Penny. "It's too late. Thanks for ringing," and she hung up very slowly.

While she was still standing there, the phone rang again.

Penny picked up the receiver automatically. "Hello?"

"May I speak to Mr. James Denis? It's his laboratory wanting him urgently."

"I see. Just a moment, please. I'll call him."

She went back to the dining-room and looked at James.

"It's for you," she said, "your laboratory."

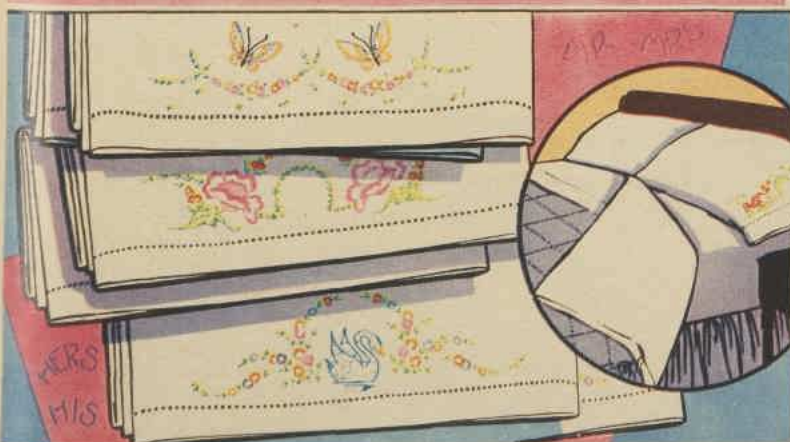
"Can't be," he said abruptly. "Tell them I've been changed into a small white mouse by a travelling magician."

"You'd better talk to them," said Beryl. "Perhaps it's something you can settle over the phone."

He went out, leaving the door open. "Hello—who the devil is that?" A pause. "Oh,

To page 46

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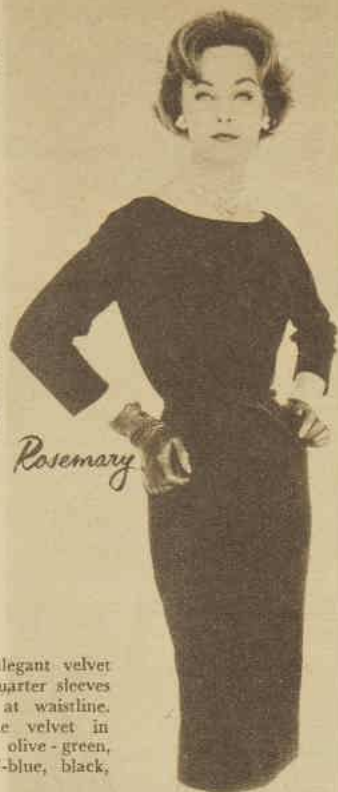
Saute 1 chopped onion in butter. Drain onions off and saute 1 1/2 lbs. cubed stewing steak in same pan for 5 minutes. Add 4 tbspsn. curry powder and stir until meat is well browned. Add salt, 4 cup coconut milk (or stock), 4 cup diced apple or rhubarb. Simmer for 1 1/2-2 hours. Stir in 1 tbspn. lemon juice and 4 cup shredded pineapple, thicken with 1 tbspn. Maize Cornflour and water and serve with rice.

OTHER STATES

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Continuing . . . WHAT HAPPENS IF YOU LIKE HIM?

from page 45

rubbish, there's nothing so urgent it can't wait till Monday." Another, longer pause.

"Oh — all right. Eight o'clock in the morning. That means I have to leave here tonight. Very well. Goodbye."

"I'm afraid . . ." he said, as he came back into the room.

"Oh, no! Not you, too, James!" Beryl protested.

Helplessly he shrugged. "Just one of those things." He sat down again. "Well, there is one consolation. I'll be able to give Penny a lift back into town, and we'll be able to commiserate with each other."

He looked at Penny. "What time do you have to leave here? I suppose you want a bit of time at the other end to get into your uniform and that sort of thing?"

Miserably, Penny nodded.

It was a relief to get into the car and to hide in the dim light.

James picked up her bag to stow it in the boot.

"You travel light, don't you?" he said softly, so that only she could hear.

At last they were off. They did not speak. James handled the car with cool efficiency. He had become entirely impersonal now.

Penny sat hunched in her corner, not daring to look at him.

What an impossible situation this was! After carefully planning to escape him, she found herself more alone with him than if she had stayed at Beryl's.

Now she knew she would give anything to be able to look forward to that walk by the river tomorrow.

"Well," said James. "We're a fine pair, aren't we?"

Penny started. "What?"

"Conscience troubling you?"

This time she did look at him.

"What exactly do you mean by that?"

He gave her the secret grin she had noticed earlier.

"Whoever heard of a nurse just coming off night-duty simply being hauled back to start at midnight without a break? A hospital as big as yours couldn't get itself so disorganised if it tried."

Penny said nothing.

"Hope he's worth it," James pursued tactfully.

"Hope who's worth what?"

"The character you're meeting tomorrow, instead of walking by the river with me."

"I'm sorry to disillusion you," Penny said icily.

For a while James devoted himself to the steering wheel, but there was a tenseness about him now. Penny could almost hear him thinking. Finally he seemed to have sorted things out to his satisfaction and he gave a short laugh.

"Well, well, well," he said.

"Of course. I suppose I should have known."

"I suppose one is allowed to ask what's so terribly funny?" Penny inquired.

He took a deep breath and said: "No—one is not. At least, not if one insists on refusing to tell the truth. Look—I'll make a bargain with you. You tell me why you dreamed up this phony roster story and then I'll tell you my shameful story."

He heard her gasp, and crowed in triumph: "There, you see, you thought you were the only one, didn't you? Come on, now—confess."

A curious calm had descended on Penny. She would never see him again, anyhow.

"All right," she said, "but I warn you—you won't like it."

He nodded. "Go ahead."

"Have you ever been

through a broken engagement?"

He shook his head. "No. Don't believe in them," he said firmly.

"I don't, either. But I had one. And do you know—the worst of it wasn't the actual wrench of breaking off a relationship, or even the way none of our plans came to anything. The worst part was the way everybody felt sorry for me."

"Must invite poor old Penny, and help her get over the Lionel thing," everybody said. They searched frantically for the odd single men to invite for poor old Penny. And you should have seen them!

"So when Beryl invited me to stay for the weekend I was quite looking forward to going, but when she told me about . . ." Penny broke off uncertainly.

"When she told you about me," James continued for her, "you thought, 'another oddment,' and wanted to run a mile."

Penny grinned ruefully. "I feel awful about it all."

"So do I. They are nice, well-meaning people, and we're both cheating them."

"We . . . ?"

"Yes. Me, too. My phone call was by arrangement, too."

Both for seven-thirty, Penny thought. How extraordinary!

James went on: "I suppose it's my turn now. When Godfrey invited me for the weekend, I thought it was just the sort of thing I needed. A nice relaxed weekend, a touch of home-life, a friendly atmosphere. I really looked forward to it."

"Then, quite by chance,

Beryl dropped the fact that she had invited this girl-friend of hers. The one with the broken engagement. Well—I'm afraid I've a little inbuilt warning system about things like that. A small alarm goes off and says 'Beware.'"

"That's a bit unfair, isn't it?"

"Is it? Yes, I suppose you're right. But broken engagement—it sounds like trouble, whichever way you look at it. Either the girl has been so hard to get along with that some poor bloke had to take the desperate step to save his sanity, or she's been so badly hurt that she'll turn to anybody at all on the rebound. Neither of them particularly pleasant prospects, are they?"

"No," Penny agreed sadly.

They sat side by side in utter silence.

Then Penny sat up straight. "There's something that doesn't make sense. By the time you got your phone call, you already knew I was leaving. Why didn't you just refuse to go?"

James smiled. "That's quite a question, isn't it?" he said softly. "I don't suppose the answer would come to you?"

Everything was confused now. Penny shook her head.

"Why did you leave when you didn't have to?"

"How else was I ever going to get another chance to meet a nurse whose interests weren't restricted to aspirin and milk of magnesia?" he said.

He opened the door for her. "Tomorrow, at ten?"

"Yes," she smiled.

"A walk by the river?"

"Yes."

"Add one of these days," he added thoughtfully, "we must come clean with Godfrey and Beryl, mustn't we?"

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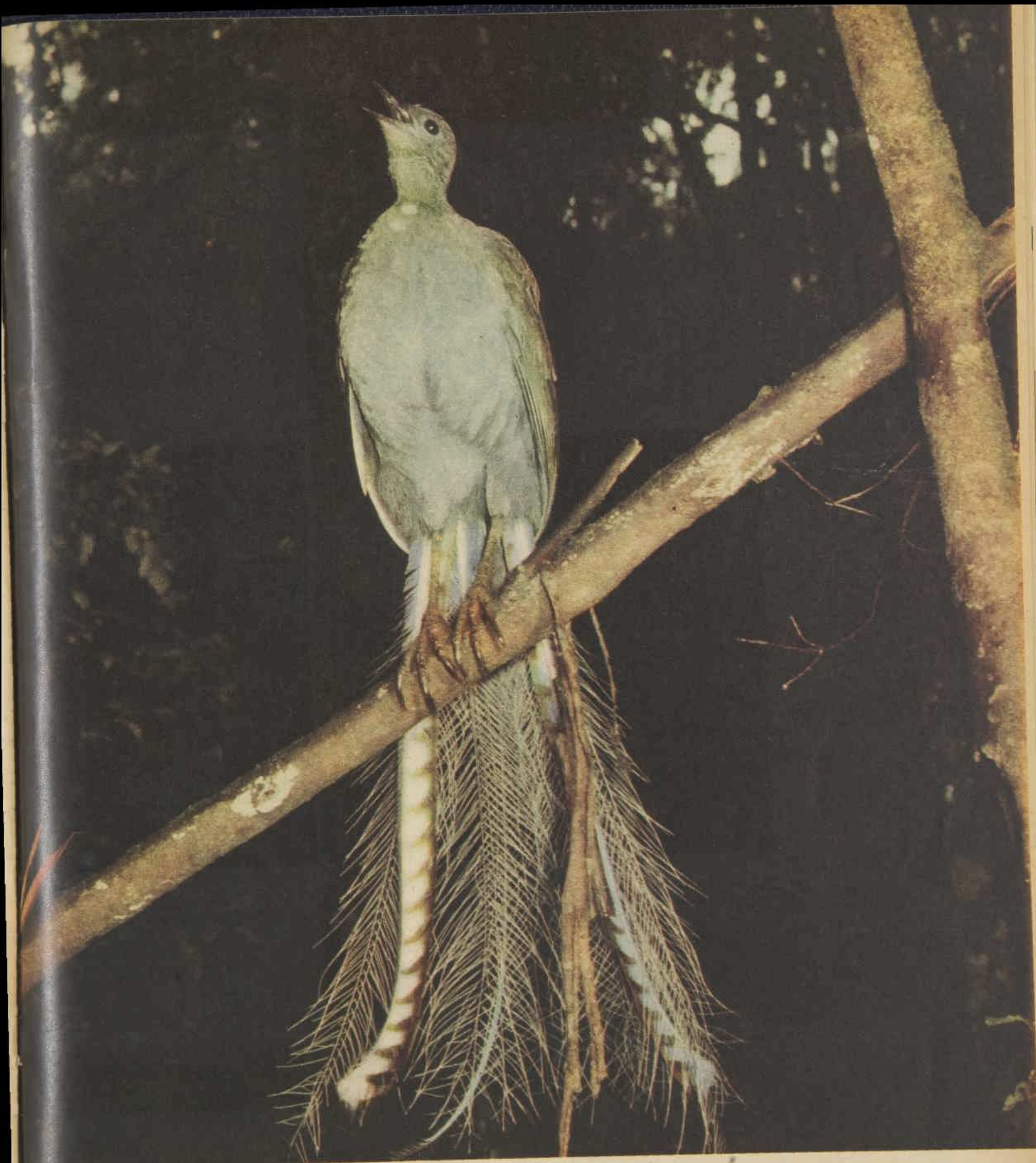
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AUSTRALIAN NATURE

LYREBIRD: A male of the species *Menura superba* sings from a tree. Lyrebirds are born actors. They have their own rich melody, but mostly mimic other birds—including kookaburras, whip-birds, currawongs, parrots, even boobook owls—and other forest sounds, like the noise of a saw. During the showy courtship dance the male spreads his two lyre-like plumes wide and almost horizontal and shivers his long silver tail feathers, his big, powerful feet keeping rhythm with his weird dance-song. His excitement becomes near-ecstasy when a female approaches his dancing mound. Lyrebirds, found only in Australia, inhabit eastern forests from Victoria to Sth. Q'land.

Picture by Mr. Graham Pizzey, of Victoria.

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PRUNING

When . .

● *Nature abhors uniformity . . . Shrubs and trees have their various preferences for pruning, both in time and method.*

SHRUBS

WHEN TO PRUNE HOW TO PRUNE AND SHAPE

ABELIA	After flowering.	Prune vigorously and thin out old wood.
ABUTILON	Early spring.	Cut back hard and thin out.
ARBUTUS	Spring.	Trim old wood and straggly growth.
AUCUBA	Spring if necessary.	Prune long shoots in summer.
AZALEA	After flowering ends.	Remove spent blooms and top tall growths.
AZARA	After flowering.	Prune only when too large.
BOUARDIA	After flowering.	Shape as necessary in spring.
BUDDLEIA	Remove spent blooms.	Cut back hard yearly in spring.
CAMELLIA	Rarely necessary.	Remove dead wood, shorten long branches.
CASSIA	After flowering.	Shorten old wood.
CERATOSTIGMA	Late winter.	Cut back to ground.
CHOISYA	After flowering.	Thin out if too dense.
CREPE MYRTLE	Winter.	Cut back hard to main trunk.
DIOSMA	After flowering.	Prune heavily.
FUCHSIAS	During dormancy.	Cut back hard to force new growth.
GERANIUMS	Autumn.	Cut back hard; save cuttings, strike in sand.
HIBISCUS	Early spring.	Shorten previous year's growth.
HYDRANGEA	February-March.	Cut back to pairs of good buds.
KOLKWTZIA	After flowering.	Thin out and shape.
LASIANDRA	After flowering.	Prune regularly.
LEPTOSPERMUM	Autumn.	Prune only enough to make shrubs shapely.
MAGNOLIA	Deciduous types after flowering; evergreen in spring, if necessary.	See "when to prune."
OCHNA	Autumn	Cut back to force new growth.
OLEANDER	Autumn	Top if too tall, thin out.
PHOTINIA	Winter.	Prune to shape.
PHILADELPHUS	After flowering.	Don't prune in winter.
POINSETTIA	Spring.	Cut back to old wood.
RHODODENDRON	Spring.	Prune old stem to force new growth.
SPANISH BROOM	After flowering.	Thin out and cut back straggly growth.
TAMARISK	Winter.	Remove old flowering shoots.

NATIVE SHRUBS

BANKSIA	Nil.	Does not need pruning as a rule.
BORONIA	After flowering.	Cutting flowers for house usually suffices.
BOTTLEBRUSH	After flowering.	Cut annually to check straggly growth.
CHRISTMAS BUSH	February-March.	Cut back hard after fruits fall, feed well.
ERIOSTEMON	After flowering.	Removal of flowers is enough pruning.
GREVILLEA	After flowering.	Thin out and prune to shape.
PROTEA	After flowering.	Remove only spent blooms and dead wood.

BERRY-BEARING SHRUBS

ARDISIA	Rarely needed.	Trim to shape if necessary.
ARONIA	Winter.	Needs similar treatment to pear trees.
ARDUINA (cape plum)	Winter.	Evergreen but needs shaping occasionally.
BERBERIS	When leaves fall.	After flowering thin crowded shoots; trim.
COTONEASTER	After berries fall.	Shorten long branches; prune hard if necessary.
CRATAEGUS	Spring (before flowering).	Prune only if necessary.
PYRACANTHA	Spring.	Avoid injury to flowering wood.

CLIMBERS

WHEN TO PRUNE HOW TO PRUNE AND SHAPE

AKEBIA	Winter.	Prune hard to force new growth.
ANTIGONON	Winter.	Prune back to old wood.
BAUHINIA	Winter.	Take out old, dead wood and prune long leaders.
BIGNONIAS	Winter and summer.	Some are deciduous; some evergreen, and all need to be pruned accordingly.
BOUGAINVILLEAS	After flowering.	Shorten long canes in summer and winter.
HONEYSUCKLE	After flowering.	Cut back hard to induce old, shrubby vines to throw out new growth.
JASMINUM	After flowering.	Shorten canes or lateral growths to encourage new wood growth.
PASSION VINES	Edible kinds after fruiting; flowering kinds after flush is over.	Shorten laterals to force new growth.
THUNBERGIA	After flowering.	Cut back short to induce new basal growths.
WISTARIA	Winter.	Light summer pruning is helpful; but old wood needs to be cut back during winter.

FLOWERING TREES

ACER (maples)	Winter.	Prune lightly.
BAUHINIA	After flowering.	Cut back moderately to shape.
BLUEBERRY ASH	Early spring.	Prune only if necessary.
CORNUS	Winter.	Lightly to produce good shape.
EUCALYPTUS	Winter.	Cut out dead wood.
FLAME TREE	Winter.	Rarely needs any pruning.
HORSE CHESTNUT	Winter.	Cut back hard.
JACARANDA	Late winter.	Leave alone unless tree gets out of shape.
LIRIODENDRON	Winter.	Leave alone unless tree gets out of shape.

FLOWERING FRUIT TREES

AMYGDALUS	After flowering.	Remove dead and weak wood.
CYDONIA	Winter.	Shorten side shoots and thin out.
JAPONICA	Winter.	Rarely needs pruning.
MALUS (crabapple)	After flowering.	Save long, drooping branches.
PEACH	After flowering.	Remove dead and weak wood.
PRUNUS	After flowering.	Cut out weak and dead wood.
PYRUS (f. pear)	After flowering.	Cut out weak and dead wood.

MISCELLANEOUS FRUITS

ALMOND	Winter.	Prune lightly, and know what to do.
APPLE	Winter.	According to age; get a good book to show how to cut.
APRICOT	Winter.	Cut back lank growth, save low fruit spurs.
AVOCADO PEAR	After harvesting.	Shape only.
CHERRY	Winter.	Very light.
FIG	Winter. (if necessary).	Not much.
NECTARINE	Winter.	Heavy.
OLIVE	After harvesting.	Lightly thin.
PEACH	Summer and winter.	Heavy.
PEAR	Winter.	Prune lightly.
PERSIMMON	Winter.	Thin lightly.
PLUMS	Winter.	Heavy.
QUINCE	Winter.	Thin lightly.
WALNUT	After harvesting.	Thin lightly.

.. And how

PRUNING is the art of removing dead and living parts to benefit those that remain, to aid flowering or fruiting, and improve the shape of the tree or shrub.

CHOOOSE a fairly warm day for pruning evergreens of any sort, and a mild winter day when pruning deciduous shrubs and trees.

Unless the branch is to be removed entirely, always prune back to a node or bud, or to a side-branch or side-shoot; and see that the bud or shoot faces in the right direction — usually outwards.

The perfect cut begins on the side of the shoot opposite the selected bud, and slants very slightly upwards across the shoot until it ends immediately above the tip of the bud.

If it is necessary to cut away a branch altogether, no portion of it should be left on the main stem. The cut should be as nearly perpendicular as possible, smooth and slightly bevelled, thus presenting the smallest possible extent of wounded surface.

Each type of tree should be treated according to its growing and fruiting habit. All shrubs and trees that bloom during early spring develop their flower buds during the previous year; if they are pruned while dormant, many blossom buds are removed and lost.

The correct time to prune them is within two weeks after the flowers have fallen.

Shrubs and trees that blossom from late spring onwards develop their buds earlier during the same season. They may

therefore be pruned to advantage while dormant or just as growth is starting.

Beginners in shrub-growing should thus bear in mind that the time for pruning depends on the season of flowering, and the method is dependent upon whether the bloom is borne on new or old wood.

Where the new shoots — those of the current year — bear the flowers, some of the old and weak growth has to be cut in order that new shoots may be encouraged.

This may be done any time from March to May, as the flowers are usually borne in late spring or early summer.

Where, however, the plants flower on the old wood, generally in late winter or early spring, such as flowering peach, plum, and cherry, only the dead and useless wood should be cut away, which is usually done in summer (if seen) or in late spring after flowering.

September is the best time for pruning evergreens, except conifers, which are best trimmed in April. Conifers, unless grown as hedge plants or in fancy

shapes (topiary work), are not usually pruned. Neglected or overgrown shrubs need drastic treatment sometimes, which may involve cutting back to within a foot or so of the ground just before growth starts.

Straggly looking specimens can be revived wonderfully in this way, particularly if the soil is cultivated all round and manured at the same time.

Many evergreens do not require pruning at all, other than the removal of dead wood, but if they produce an unsightly tall branch that is out of keeping with the rest, as sometimes happens with azaleas, rhododendrons, and laurels, these overlong growths should be cut back to make them conform to the rest.

Sometimes the faded flowerheads should be removed to prevent the production of seed. This seed places an unnecessary strain on the bush, and in the case of azaleas and rhododendrons often reduces the flower crop the following year.

Severe pruning of branches stimulates stem or wood production, because the supply of food taken up by the full root system is forced into a smaller area of top, with the result that latent buds develop into branches.

Therefore, gardeners prune weak trees and shrubs to promote increased top-growth.

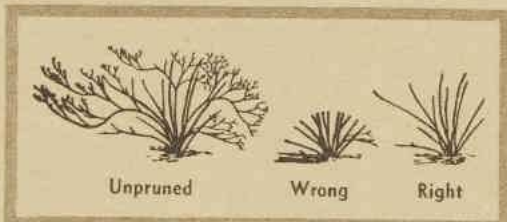
Roots may be pruned, too

Drastic pruning of the roots reduces wood production and is a method often used to induce fruitfulness in barren or slow-fruited trees. This has the effect of withholding food, and forces the tree or shrub to set about reproducing itself, that is, forming fruit buds.

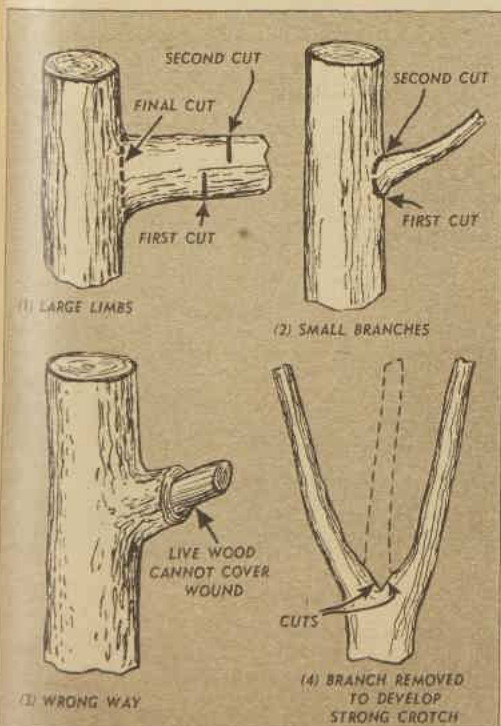
Pruning trees in summer favors flower and fruit production, and winter treatment stimulates leaf and branch production. Trees pruned while dormant strive to replace the parts removed with new ones, and the result is the forced development not only of flower buds but also of leaf and shoot buds that would otherwise have remained dormant.

Thus severe dormant pruning results in much top-growth and often reduces the yield. This applies particularly to peach, apricot, plum, and other stone-fruit trees, but not to grapevines. Excessive growth may be converted into flowering or fruiting spurs by shortening.

Finally, remember that many tall perennial plants need cutting back after flowering is over. These include cannas, ginger plant (*hedychium*), the true ginger (*zingiber officinale*), kniphofia (red hot poker), and pampas grass.



● Conform to the shrub's natural shape.



● When removing a sizeable limb, don't let it tear a ragged wound with its own weight; make the extra cuts shown in the drawing.



● The marks show where this rose bush could be pruned most effectively.

The secret with roses

PRUNING roses, if they are well established, is a winter job, to be done when the bushes are most dormant, between June and the middle of August, depending on the local climate.

The important thing to remember is that by pruning you control vigor of growth. A light pruning will serve with strong growers, but weak growers should be cut back to a smaller number of branches to get all the vigor possible in those that remain.

Best blooms are obtained from watershoots and young wood. Take out all dead wood, spindly growths, and misshapen branches, and shorten lanky wood that has already flowered.

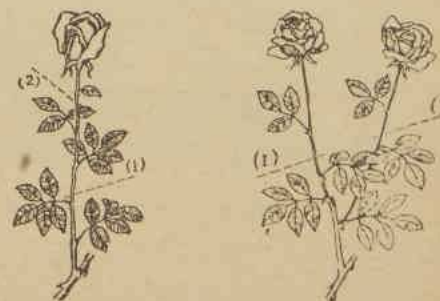
Overseas, light pruning is practised wherever the climate is mild, and this has gained popularity in Australia, but it is feasible only where the climate is very warm. On the highlands and well down south in Tasmania and southern Victoria, pruning is usually a trifle harder than in Sydney or Queensland.

Soft-wooded roses, such as pernetianas, frequently die if pruned hard; but the tea roses are wiry and tough and will withstand more abuse than any other.

Floribundas and polyanthas should be pruned exactly the same as bush roses or standard hybrid teas. Polyanthas are usually cut down almost to soil level, no matter how much bud-growth they may be showing. This is always followed by new, better-shaped base-wood.

Climbers should be pruned by removing all dead and worn-out canes. Leave the new canes alone, shortening only where necessary and cutting back laterals that have already flowered to two or three eyes.

Pillar roses should be treated similarly.



● When cutting roses for the vase, leave no more than two groups of leaves below the cut on the branch. This helps later blooming.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 8, 1961

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 8, 1961

He raised his eyes and gazed miserably out to sea. To his amazement, he saw the huge dorsal fin of a shark that was leisurely cruising in the smooth water outside the fifth breaker.

"You need authority to come on to this tower, fella. You're trespassing and I'm going to report you. You're a law-breaker and a girl annoyer and a public nuisance and lots of other things I'll mention when I have time. Just at present—"

"Wait a minute," interrupted Blair, who was becoming tired of this muscle-bound, big-mouthed hunk of humanity, even though he was the brother of the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. "What's your particular job on this tower?"

"Spotting sharks, of course."

Slowly and dramatically, Blair extended his right arm in the direction of the fifth breaker. He feared that the shark would disappear, but he thought that, for the sake of dramatic intensity, it was worth the risk to take his time.

"Then why don't you attend to your job?" he snapped, with what he hoped was a suitable combination of irony and authority.

Bob took one look along the outstretched arm and then decided for the bell. As the clangor spread over the beach—

"Holy cows!" Bob exclaimed. "How did I miss seeing it?"

"Because you were obviously not looking," replied Blair severely.

"I'm in your debt, fella," said Bob in the voice of a turtle dove. "I can't understand how you saw that shark from ground level when I couldn't see it from up here. Congratulations and thanks, anyway."

"That's all right," said Blair casually. "You know, some people can smell a shark a mile away, even before it's dead. I'll be getting along now, Bob. Glad to have been of service. Be seeing you."

"So long," said Bob dazedly. In his glee, Blair missed his step halfway down and crashed on to the sand. As Roger picked him up, shaken but unhurt, he was still grinning.

"How did you get away with that?" asked Roger, with awe in his voice.

"Persuasive influence. The fact that there was actually a shark out there helped."

"Well! How lucky can you be!" gasped Roger.

"A man must get a break sometimes. That's my second today. Say, Roger, have you ever in all your life seen eyes like Katrina's? You know, softly, exquisitely colored of a shade I didn't even know existed. And her ears! An ear's a peculiar object whichever way you look at it, but honestly, if I were a sculptor I'd love to model ears like Katrina's."

"And her hands. Did you notice her hands? Deliciously brown, and smooth and slender. Fingers long, but not too long. I'll bet she plays the piano like—like, well, like a champion. Now, you take her feet!"

"As a happily married man I have no desire to take any part of her. I will admit, though, that she's a hum-dinger."

"How can you use such a prosaic—I might even say mundane—word to describe an ethereal galaxy of everything that's wonderful and marvelous like Katrina?"

"Look, Blair, it's time you started wearing a hat in this heat. The sun's really fierce today. Are you feeling all right?"

"I'm feeling five hundred per cent. I want to jump over that beach umbrella, to throw handspikes, to run along the sand shouting, 'Katrina, I love you.' I want the whole world to know."

"Holy smokes! What have Judy and I done? You met the girl only a few hours ago."

"I feel as if I've known her

Continuing . . . BEACH ASSIGNMENT

From page 31

for years, and I want to know her for always."

Roger looked at him with concern.

"How about having a rest?"

"Not on your life!"

"Do you want to carry on with the bet?"

"Of course I do. I feel able to do anything. We'll try grandma next."

They walked along the beach until Blair spied a motherly old soul with grey hair placidly counting purl and plain.

"Well, well, Granny," exclaimed Blair, with hand outstretched. "It's lovely to see you again."

The old lady ceased knitting and looked over the top of her glasses.

"Hullo, son. How are you keeping?"

"Very well, Granny. I've never felt better."

"I must say you look fit enough. Still carrying out the advice I gave you as a youngster?"

"I—I can't remember everything."

"I hope you've remembered sufficient. I always told my boys the same things, and many of them have turned out a credit to me. Do you brush your teeth after every meal?"

"Not usually, I'm afraid."

"Naughty boy!" The old lady removed her glasses and peered intently at Blair.

"You know, I haven't quite placed you yet. Although I dare say that's not surprising when I've had over four thousand boys through the home in the last thirty-odd years. A matron can't be expected to remember every one of them. But you've never forgotten my old nickname of Granny. The boys never thought I knew what they called me, but I did."

"The boys will never forget you, Granny."

"I daresay they won't. Some of them have good cause to remember me."

She looked grim for a moment.

"I think you were one of my good boys."

"I can honestly say you never gave me a whacking."

She beamed.

"I thought so. Funny thing, it's the bad ones that stick in my memory more than the good ones."

She eyed him speculatively.

"I've got it," she exclaimed. "You're Tommy Sterne."

"I wouldn't like to contradict you, Granny."

"Of course you wouldn't. I remember you perfectly now. What job have you got, Tommy?"

"I'm an accountant."

"My, my, you have done well for yourself. It just shows what a boy can do if he's honest and hard-working, even though he starts from the bottom rung of the ladder. Some of my boys have not done so well, I'm afraid."

She sighed. "I suppose we can't expect all of them to be successful. You married, Tommy?"

"Not yet, Granny."

"But you've hopes, eh? You couldn't do better than to find the right girl and settle down and raise a big family."

"A truer word was never spoken. I'll do my best to be a credit to the old home. Well, Granny, I must be moving along. It's been wonderful seeing you."

"Goodbye, Tommy. The best of everything for you."

A reminiscent smile played around the old lady's mouth as she bent over her knitting.

"A nice old girl," said Blair as they walked away. "I wouldn't mind if she was my granny."

"Do you realise what a lucky break you've had?" asked Roger, his jaw sagging a trifle.

"I thought you'd meet all the strife in the world, and you've come through so far like a

charm. And I never imagined you'd have the gall to tackle some of the things."

"I feel a new man. Did you notice the crinkly way Katrina smiles?"

"I did not see her smile. She looked annoyed while I was gazing at her."

"Any girl would be entitled to resent the way you stare. I can hardly wait until I see her and hear her laugh. I can imagine it would sound like the gurgle of a small mountain stream dodging around saucy little boulders on its way to the sea. Or possibly like a muted carillon of church bells, or—"

"If you could drag yourself down from the Olympian heights for a moment, we might consider the carrying out of your final assignment. Although, in passing, I must say that I've never seen such a dyed-in-the-wool bachelor smitten so suddenly."

"The word 'smitten,' Roger, is grossly inadequate to describe my feelings. I would prefer to say that I am overwhelmed, engulfed, consumed, mowed down, devastated, demolished, smashed, and shattered."

Roger sighed expressively. "I would prefer to say that you're just plain nuts. Come on, down to the surf and have your cramp."

A look of pained annoyance crossed Blair's face.

"Must I go ahead with this ridiculous bet when my mind is full of other things?"

"Yes, unless you want to spend all tomorrow canvassing every house in four blocks for funds in aid of the Dogs' Home."

"Don't you forget, old boy, if I do win the bet you'll have to do the canvassing."

"Yes, I know."

"Then the bet's still on. I say, where's Judy?"

"She was talking to your wonderful Katrina the last time I saw her."

Blair's eyes sparkled like a Roman candle.

"She was? Let's go along and see them."

"Not on your life. For you, my rambling lover, it's either cramps or canvass. Take your pick."

The world of lovely fantasy which had been beckoning Blair since he had met Katrina popped like a pricked balloon. He despondently made his way to the edge of the water.

"Just a little cramp will do, eh?" he asked.

"No. It must be the daddy of all cramps. I'll be standing here watching every move."

"To think I once regarded you as my best friend."

Blair tentatively entered the surf and the water reached his knees, his waist, his chest. He looked back at Roger, who imperiously motioned him onwards. Just as Blair sadly headed towards deeper water, the largest wave that was destined to boom on the beach all that day started on its malevolent way. It was a dumper, a colossal one. Encompassed by a whirling flurry of arms and legs, Blair found himself gyrrating wildly. When the commotion subsided and his head finally reached the surface, he gulped in great mouthfuls of fresh air.

It was then that he felt the agonising pain of a cramp in both legs. His muscles seemed to be twisting and knotting like a pen full of snakes. Fire was shooting through his limbs. He felt himself sinking. The joke had turned into sickening reality. There was no one close. Without assistance he would surely drown. He weakly waved his arm.

The life-saving team slipped into action, the beltman broke away, the line was paid out, and in a matter of minutes the

beltman was swimming strongly towards Blair. The bathers were all gazing seawards in his direction, and the crowd on the beach was massing behind the reel.

As Blair struggled to keep afloat, a minor miracle caused his cramps to depart just as swiftly as they had come. His tense muscles loosened, his legs felt strong, and there was a delicious freedom from pain.

The beltman thrust powerfully through the last wave and then stopped at sight of Blair.

"What! You again?" growled Bob. "I'll never get you out of my hair." He had recovered all of the assurance he had lost on the tower. "Did you signal for help?"

"Yes, but I'm O.K. now."

Bob glowered.

"What's the big idea? Think the life-savers need some practice?"

"No. I got a bad cramp, but it's gone now."

"Cramp, my foot! Your friend Roger was just telling me you were going to put on an act. I didn't know it was you signalling or I would never have come out."

"But I did have a cramp. It was a beauty."

"I don't believe you."

"I know I had to pretend to have a cramp, but the last thing I wanted to see was the life-saving team in action. Then I got the worst cramp I've ever had, and I simply had to signal for help."

Bob looked at him long and steadily before he said, "Perhaps you are telling the truth. But I came out here to rescue you, and by George you're going to be rescued, with all the trimmings."

He grasped Blair firmly, signalled to the shore and the haul-in started. Just before the team on the beach rushed in and hoisted Blair shoulder-high, Bob grinned and grunted, "I think you're pretty harmless. You can speak to Katrina if you want to."

"Thanks a lot, Bob," gasped Blair in a flurry of foam.

"That's O.K. You did me a good turn on the tower. Hope I see more of you."

Judy and Katrina arrived panting just as Blair was dumped on the beach.

"Are you all right?" they gasped simultaneously.

Blair forgot his shyness, his embarrassment, the milling crowd, the life-savers, and allowed his eyes the luxury of resting on Katrina's face.

"Much better since you arrived," he said.

She blushed and turned away. The crowd melted.

"Where's Roger?" asked Blair.

"He's gone to buy a collection box," replied Judy. Impishly, "I've told Katrina all about your silly bet."

"Thank goodness for that," exclaimed Blair.

"It explained a lot of things I had been wondering about," said Katrina.

Blair and Katrina were gazing into each other's eyes and barely noticed that Judy had discreetly retired. At last Katrina broke the silence.

"You asked me a question this morning and I never answered."

"My mind's in such a whirl that I can't remember what I said."

"You said, 'How about a date tonight?'"

"Oh, that! I honestly don't know how I had the nerve."

Her eyes had the soft brightness of a full moon as she said, "Don't you want an answer?"

Blair's heart began to hammer like a pneumatic drill.

"M-my word, I d-do," he stuttered.

He could just hear her whispered "Yes."

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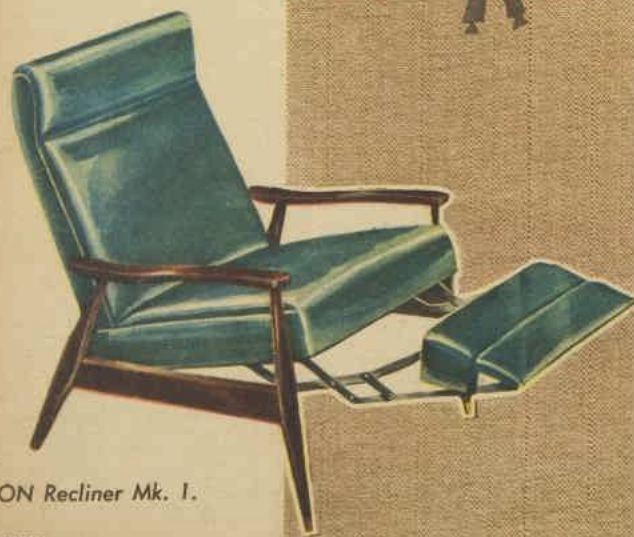
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TOUGH TRIO of lawmen from "The Outlaws," one of the most popular gunmen shows on TV. Centre front is Marshal Barton MacLane; back, from left, are his deputies, Jock Gaynor and Don Collier.

CRIME Ancient and Modern SHOW BUSINESS

NO writer has yet devised the perfect formula for a TV show — a show that every televiewer everywhere insists on watching. But one thing is certain. The perfect show must have guns in it, if Australian televiewers are to be satisfied.

They enjoy crime in all its forms, from the gunbarking desperadoes of the 19th century as typified in "The Outlaws," to the slick 1960 methods employed by the criminals of "The Naked City." They bar-rack, too, for the steady-fast lawmen who bring the criminals to justice.

DETECTIVES, 1960 vintage, from "The Naked City." Left, Horace McMahon with Paul Burke and starlet Nancy Malone.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 8, 1961

SUGAR belongs to the sweetest moments of your life



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In the hot cane lands of Australia's north-eastern coast weeds grow fast. Cane farmers use special implements drawn by tractors to keep weeds from strangling young cane. Australian cane farmers own their own farms (there are 9,000—average size 50 acres) and sell their cane to nearby raw sugar mills.



THE COLONIAL SUGAR REFINING COMPANY LIMITED

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THE GREAT AUSTRALIAN CLASSIC



FICKLE TELEVIEWERS have forgotten James Garner (left), who was Bret of "Maverick," and now send their fanmail to Roger Moore (right)—Beau Maverick—who has replaced Garner in the cast.

It's over to Roger

By NAN MUSGROVE

● Viewers are fickle creatures — at the drop of a hat they'll transfer their love and devotion from one hero to another.

THE latest case of this is in "Maverick," where blue-eyed Roger Moore is now getting the fanmail that brown-eyed James Garner used to get.

Roger, now a regular member of the cast of "Maverick" as Beau, was called in by Warner Bros. to fill in for Garner, temporarily, when he defected from his role as Brother Bret. Garner won't return to

"Maverick" and Beau is in for good with a contract that lists for the next seven years. "I was a little worried at first whether Beau could possibly become as popular as Bret," Roger said recently.

"But now, thank heavens, the fanmail is pouring in by the sackload. Viewers know I'm not trying to fill Mr. Garner's boots. I'm only trying to create an individual character—British accent and all."

But Roger has already begun to find fault with certain facets of his job.

"I've just refused to do a 'Maverick' script," he said. "It was too ridiculous."

"The trouble is that there are no really new shows."

"Every script seems to be a rehash. When a series runs into its fourth year there's bound to be a scarcity of new ideas."

Moore believes that television is kept too closely under the guard of TV executives and sponsors in America.

"Realism in the TV medium is hardly acceptable to them," he said. "In one show I was supposed to be out in the middle of the desert with barely enough water to drink. The director wanted me to shave and comb my hair."

"I refused, and finally managed to get my way—unshaven with tousled hair."

Roger Moore is 34, English, and is married to Dorothy Squires, who visited Australia last year for "Curtain Call" and nightclub engagements.

His last TV appearance was in that plaster-of-paris snow job "The Alaskans," and before that "Ivanhoe."

Roger isn't so different from the wandering Beau.

"I always keep a suitcase packed ready for when I get an urge to travel," he said.

"I hate to be tied down with commitments that I can't get out of. Since I've been on 'Maverick' my agent has been forced to turn down many movie and TV scripts I would have liked to do."

"Perhaps if I refuse some more 'Maverick' scripts, I will be able to travel sooner than I think."

RING MEMORIES



TOMMY GODFREY (left) and Henry Gilbert shape up in a friendly spar.

● Acting and prizefighting never seemed to me to really go together till I met England's Tommy Godfrey, here for Channel 9's "Top of the Town."

TOMMY, now 44, was a fight trainer in his young days.

He ran the famous gym and boxing arena called "The Ring" at Blackfriars, London, but gave it away after five years for the stage.

The crowded days of training and life at "The Ring" came back vividly to Tommy the other day, when, taking his morning coffee at a terrace cafe in Kings Cross, he was joined by a promising boy he used to train at Blackfriars.

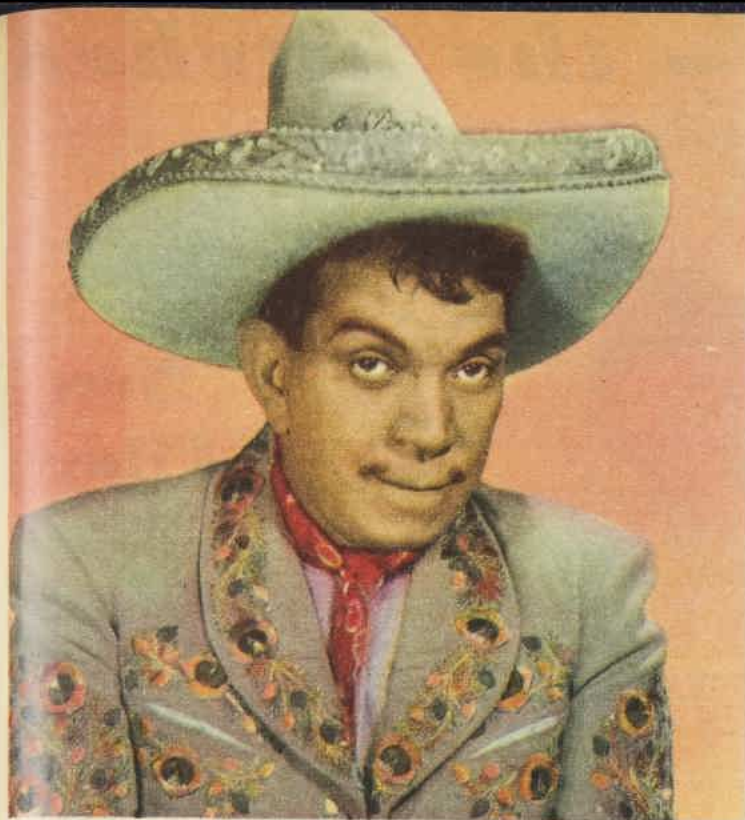
The two of them posed for this picture a few days later, Tommy and the promising pug he'd trained — Henry Gilbert, known to televiewers all over Australia as the M.C. and chairman of a very popular TV show, "Gaslight Music Hall."

Henry told me that in London in his young days (he's 47 now) you had to fight.

"We were all poor kids, and you had to fight round the streets," he said. "You had to, anyway, and it was a way to take home a few bob to Mum."

In England, Tommy Godfrey is well known as a character actor. Last year he replaced Sid James in "Hancock's Half-Hour" while Sid was sick.

Henry Gilbert will next be seen as Governor Macquarie, the role he created in "Stormy Petrel," in its sequel, "The Outcast," which is expected to have its premiere towards the middle of the year.



A MATADOR in the arena at Hacienda Vista Hermosa (a village near Mexico City), Pepe (Cantinflas) engages in a comic bullfight.

Star from Mexico

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● Cantinflas, famous Mexican comedian, demonstrates his brilliant art in this Columbia all-star comedy, "Pepe". As Pepe, a humble ranch hand, he rubs shoulders with big-name show people — all cast as themselves — and has many adventures.



PEPE (Cantinflas) meets Zsa Zsa Gabor, one of the most publicised glamor-girls.

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W.V.I

Annette's goal — the kitchen

"My biggest ambition is just to be a housewife—with about eight kids," said Annette, surrounded by scripts and music.

A VIVACIOUS brunette Italian, Annette Funicello, at 18, has become the modern-day David, conquering three entertainment Goliaths — films, records, and TV . . .

In less than two years Annette has made six million-selling discs, with her cut being seven per cent, or roughly 350,000 dollars (£A175,000).

Her albums, too, sell in the range of 50,000 copies each—"Annette," "Annette Sings Anka," "Hawaiianette," and "Italianette" have added nearly 100,000 dollars to her constantly growing bankroll.

Her record sales are fantastic, but the young star has yet to break into the big money in films.

Her parents recently re-negotiated her film contract with Walt Disney, bringing her up to the 500-dollars-a-week mark. An escalator clause provides for her salary

to go up each year, arriving eventually at 2500 dollars (£A1250) a week.

But Annette has been working a long time — at 13 she was a regular on Disney's "Mickey Mouse Club" TV show.

DIRECTOR Rudolph Mate has recruited most of the Greek Army as extras for his epic "Lion of Sparta," which stars Richard Egan, Diane Baker, and a host of British character actors. Egan plays Leonidas, who, with 300 Spartans, held the Pass of Thermopylae against an army of 5,000,000 Persians before being killed. Like many epics, this one is the usual mixture of American money and Italian production. Sir Ralph Richardson, who is seldom seen these days—let alone in epics—has consented to give the film a distinguished air by appearing as Themistocles.

THREE of Hollywood's most beautiful actresses, Cyd Charisse, singer Tony Martin's wife; Janet Leigh, married to Tony Curtis; and Joan Collins, have been signed to star in "Sextet." The film tells how a woman's beauty can be a handicap when it comes to finding a husband.

THE life of Mother Cabrini is planned to be filmed in America by Federico Fellini, with his actress-wife, Giulietta Masina, in the title role and director John Ford tentatively set to direct. If the schedule



POPULAR TEENAGE STAR Annette Funicello goes over recording material with her chief musical mentor, Tuti Camarata, at the United Recording Studios in Hollywood. About Camarata, Annette says, "I'd be no place without him."

is not delayed, the film would be the first non-documentary Italian film (and possibly the first European one) to be shot entirely in the United States. Dino De Laurentiis planned two such ventures in recent years — "An Italian in the Far West" and "Sacco and Vanzetti" — but both were cancelled.

BING CROSBY'S three sons — Dennis, Phillip, and Lindsay — have bought 200 acres of ranch land adjoining their dad's Rising River Ranch in Northern California. The boys intend to build a "glorified shack" there. They consider the land a good investment and are eagerly anticipating plenty of trout fishing and hunting. The crooner's fourth son, Gary,

isn't included in any of his brothers' deals since he lost his temper and walked out of their nightclub act last year.

WHO'S the latest star to form her own movie company? Kim Novak. The blond actress is vice-president of Kimco Pictures Corporation, and has announced that the company is reading scripts for future films.

JOHN WAYNE'S wife, Pilar, and their four-year-old daughter, Aissa, returned to Hollywood from Tanganyika, where they visited the actor on "Hawaii" location. Mrs. Wayne had a three-bedroom home with beautiful gardens in Arusha and four African servants to do the work.

AFTER filming "Marquis de Sade" this year, Roger Vadim will make a film based on Christiane Rochefort's novel "Repos du Guerrier." "Sade" concerns the notorious Frenchman from whose name the term "sadism" was derived. The character, however, will be converted into the modern-day idiom — a Nazi officer.

ELVIS PRESLEY'S ex-girl-friend, starlet Yvonne Lime, is expanding her unique hobby of placing orphans in good homes. She has just opened offices in Hollywood for her International Orphans Inc., which has found homes for 250 orphans.

JEFF CHANDLER is dating Marilyn Maxwell, now that Esther Williams has cast him aside—apparently for good—in favor of Fernando Lamas.

BEFORE Laurence Harvey left Hollywood for London on completing "Summer And Smoke" he stated firmly that he has "no plans to marry Mrs. Joan Cohn." Recently divorced from Margaret Leighton, Laurence claimed he was "just good friends" with Joan. Mrs. Cohn is the pretty widow of film tycoon Harry Cohn, principal owner of Columbia Studios, who left his multi-million-dollar fortune to his wife. After his death, Joan was briefly married to shoe magnate Harry Karl, now married to Debbie Reynolds.

"LIAISON D'ANGE" EUSE, the controversial film which until now French authorities had refused to license for showing abroad, has been cleared for Japan and Denmark. It's anticipated that in due course the picture

starring Annette Stroyberg — Roger Vadim's wife — will reach other countries, too.

FRANCE'S motion-picture industry had an overall up-trend in 1960, producing 160 feature films. An estimated 1,000,000 people now view French films each day throughout the world.

New Films

★ CIRCLE OF DECEPTION

A British decoy in occupied France, Bradford Dillman desperately battles the Gestapo—and the plot—for success. He's defeated. Dillman's sensitive quality acting, staunchly supported by Sany Parker and cunning spy-chief Harry Andrews, fails to spark this chill-less thriller. Barbaric tortures, graphically executed by Nazi caricatures, are farcical.—Esquire, Sydney.

In a word . . . DULL.

GUNSMOKE IN TUCSON

The big feature of this Arizona "gun" show is lack of action. For the first hour gunslingers swaggar round town hinting of trouble. And Blue Chip (Mark Stevens)—the terror of the West (by repute)—sits round watching. Suddenly the toughs start intimidating farmers and grabbing land; the Chip gets mad and grabs his gun, and (if you're still there) the fun's on.—Capitol, Sydney.

In a word . . . DEAD.

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as her assurance in every other respect increased. We had a suite in the hotel in Paris and often, when I read a paper or did some other thing that required concentration, I would look up suddenly and surprise her eyes. She always looked away quickly and once she flushed.

It was a strange interval, but the agreement that I made with her was not too difficult to keep. I wanted to do things for her. For the first time in my life another human being really needed me, needed what I had, and what I could do. She could talk to the people in the shops better than I could, but she did not know what to say. She knew colors and she had an instinct for what she needed, but she did not know how to buy clothes.

She grew more beautiful hour by hour. Her hair, trimmed and curled, was a bright halo that framed the perfection of her features. When-

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ever a color touched her, she absorbed it. A green dress added emerald to the blue of her eyes and made them the color of a sunny sea; a red scarf made her lips seem fuller, riper; the yellows and golds intensified her hair and made her skin seem transparent.

I was in love with her, so I could never describe her to myself. She was not a girl, not a woman — she was Anna.

"I do not know how to wear these clothes and live in them," she said. "I am like an old lady in a box."

We were in our stateroom on the liner that was taking us to the United States. Anna was trying on some of her dresses. She had a gold dress with a ballet skirt and it swung when she walked. She watched herself in the full-length mirror and frowned.

She kicked one leg and changed the hang of the skirt, but it wrapped around her when she took two more steps.

She had lived a long time with practical, severely cut clothes of ersatz materials, clothes like uniforms. Watching her, I realised, as I had never realised before, that there is an art to women's garments; an art to planning them, designing them, and wearing them. I remembered the little girls whom I had known in school, and the slightly older girls of proms and college dates. I could see now that they grew into clothes knowledge, into the feel of clothes, year by year, so that they never had to learn how

to walk or to move in them. Anna did have to learn.

She tried another entrance, walking this time as she had seen the mannequins walk. The gift of mimicry was in her, so that her hands, no less than her head and her body, fitted perfectly into her re-creation of any woman she had watched. Her mannequin entrance was artificial, a woman's exaggeration of a woman. She did it perfectly, but did not like the self she saw. Her forehead creased in a frown, and her lower lip protruded slightly.

I wanted to kiss that small, bewildered face then, but I was the non-existent audience. Anna was concentrating upon Anna. She stood for a moment where she was, then her hands moved. She laid her hands

against her waist and pressed gently down along the hipline of the dress. She straightened her figure like a soldier at attention, then relaxed it, still straight, but not slumping.

She made another entrance, and the skirt draped easily and gracefully to her figure, moving with the rhythm of her walk but not breaking that rhythm. She nearly walked into the mirror before she stopped, pirouetted with the skirt billowing, and smiled triumphantly for me.

"I did it, Kirby," she said. "It was not the dress walking. I walked. I must try the others."

She tried them tirelessly: the afternoon frocks, the dinner dresses, and the gowns. I watched her master them for a while and then, because a man is a restless creature, I went on deck to smell the wind and the weather. When I returned Anna was walking around happily in a trim little grey tweed, with a green scarf tied at her throat.

"How is the weather?"

"A bit foggy."

Her eyes lighted. "I must see it. I have never seen a fog on the ocean."

We walked the deck together, and the grey stuff was blanketing down. There were haloes around the lights and long, smoky tentacles curling along the rail. Anna held my hand tightly as we walked, and I felt something of the magic that she felt when people or objects loomed suddenly before us, materialising out of nothing. We sat on deckchairs and became ourselves invisible. Anna sighed.

"We are ghosts again, Kirby. Are you glad?"

"I am glad to be anything with you," I said. "A ghost, or even a werewolf."

She shook her head. "We will be merely ghosts, Kirby!"

"Yes."

"What are the Tears of Spain?"

ANNA was a woman patient beyond belief. She had mimicked Julie Gale's voice speaking of the Tears on my first night in Germany, but she had never surrendered to curiosity, never mentioned them since.

"They are earrings, Anna," I told her; "the most beautiful that I have ever seen."

I did my best to describe them, how the delicately mounted diamonds caught the light and assumed the shape of tears. Anna leaned towards me.

"They are yours?" she said. "From your family?"

"They are mine, but not from my family. I bought them from a man named Feraci."

Her body stiffened slightly. "Why, Kirby? For whom?"

"No one. I like them."

"Please! A man does not buy earrings for himself."

"I did."

I told her, then, the story of the King of Spain who had three of the earrings made: one for his wife, one for his mistress, and one for himself. "He lived quite happily," I said, "until he gave his earring away."

"To whom?"

"To his wife. His mistress got revenge by starting a revolution."

Anna sat quietly in the chair beside me and the fog blew gently in on us, a waving curtain of gauze and cobweb that was forever in motion, yet always, it seemed, in the same place.

"Kirby," she said, "do you have three earrings?"

I did not like the question, but I have never been a liar. "No. I gave one of them to Julie Gale."

My words echoed hollowly from the grey curtain. Anna seemed small and remote beside me. "Then, she is your . . . ?"

"No! Nothing at all, Anna. She was with me when I first saw them. She loved me, too, so I gave her one. I could never use three."

"The King of Spain used three."

"He was a different type."

She looked at me intently, then she leaned forward again. "I, too, can have one?"

"No!"

"No?"

"You can have a pair."

It was quiet again, and Anna broke

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stillness with an audible
She gripped my hand
person, Kirby. I do not
serve to be so fortunate,
have been so good to me,
kind, so understanding. Now,
have been faithful to me
you met me."

I laughed at her mixed-up
ness, but it was quick
lighter because I had no time
spend on it. I drew her into
arms and held her there.
"You are worth all the
years of a man's lifetime,"
said. "More beauty and more
age and more exciting
wonder than I ever imagined
you."

She raised her head and I
pressed her palm against
curve of my jaw. Her voice
as soft, a gentle whisper in
the fog.

"Tonight, Kirby," she said,
I am, perhaps, a little bit
nervous."

We went in together out of
the fog and I carried her across
the threshold.

We were a big newspaper
man, Anna and I: an inter-
national incident. The stuff
is called "glamor" by the
press, and there was
enough in my marriage
to provide reams of copy. We
could have provided a story
under any circumstances, but
I had made one blunder which
ruined in sensationalism. I
had not visited Anna in her
flat, nor met her co-workers
before our marriage.

A newspaperman, doing a
routine job of covering the ro-

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mance of a German girl and
an American with a famous
name, asked the simple obvious
question: "How and where did
they meet?" No one in Kann-
dorf could tell him. When he
discovered that it was not a
romance of the Mil-Gov office,
that we had never been seen
together in the American area,
he drove that fact home in his

They did not believe that, and
I regretted that I had not re-
mained firm in my attitude that
our meeting was none of their
business. They bombarded
Anna with questions and, for-
tunately, she did not under-
stand the drift and implication



"Let me do the talking."

despatch. There was only one
other place that we could have
met, he implied, and that was
on the streets of Kanndorf.

The New York reporters,
most of them hostile, hammered
at that point and brushed away
my statement that Anna and I
had mutual friends, that I had
gone to Germany only after
long correspondence with her.

behind the questions. When I
lost my temper I lost the sym-
pathy of those reporters from
the better papers who had
treated us courteously.

It was the first time that
I had ever tried to handle a
hostile Press without the aid
of Sam Kaplan, and I made a
mess of it. When I was clear
of the Press, my anger focused
on Sam. He had let me down
when I needed him. He had
not answered my cablegram.
He had not met the boat.

Anna was silent in the recog-
nition of my mood. It was not
the arrival in New York that
she had anticipated, and when
she moved in an awed half-
trance around our suite at the
Waldorf, she moved alone.

I did not share it with her,
did not share anything with her.
My first act was to lift the
phone receiver and put in a
call for Sam's office in Wash-
ington.

HIS office reported that
he was in New York.

I swore, deeply and fervently,
when I left the phone and I
would have paced up and down
the suite if Anna had not taken
a stand in the middle of the
room. She was wearing her
shipboard tweeds, with a pale
blue scarf at her throat, and
she was beautiful.

"I like this," she said. "I
like this very much. I am
happy, very happy. But I do
not understand all these rooms
and what a woman does in
them." She smiled suddenly, a
smile that lighted her face.
"If you will show me, very
nice, about these rooms, I will
give you a quarter."

The American money that I
had given her was still excit-
ing: everything was exciting: I
was ashamed of myself and I
made a clumsy, punching ges-
ture at her chin.

"Women in all of these rooms
should be seen and not heard,"
I said.

We inspected the suite, then,
and we looked out of the win-
dows, and I phoned for a maid
to help her with the unpacking.
I was very nearly back to nor-
mal again when Sam came.

He was grim-faced and hard-
eyed. He had a short cigar in
his mouth, clamped hard be-
tween his white teeth. I opened
the door for him and I was
feeling no more friendly than
he. I said, "Hello, Sam," and
stood aside. He stepped into
the room warily, his eyes taking
a quick inventory. Anna was
in one of the other rooms with
the maid and, when he did
not see her, he relaxed visibly.
"Keep your wife out of here,"

he said harshly. "I want to talk
to you."

"When you visit our suite,
you visit both of us."

"Like that, eh? Well, you're
wrong. I told you how I felt
about Germans, but you went
to Germany. Okay! You mar-
ried one of them. That doesn't
change a thing for me."

"I deserve more from you
than your damned snap judg-
ments," I said.

"A snap judgment is better
than no judgment. But I
should argue with you! I'm
here on business."

He moved away from me,
walking across the room, not
looking at me when he spoke.
He was unhappy and I knew
it. I was unhappy myself. We
had shared the same tent in
too many battles ever to feel
comfortable when opposed to
each other.

"Listen, Sam," I began. That
was as far as I went.

ANNA opened the
door and she was in the room
before she saw Sam. She had
been putting her precious new
clothes on hangers and the glow
of enchantment was in her. She
was lovely and she owned
things and she was in New
York. The thrill of it picked
her up, wafted her into the
room, and stopped her there,
facing Sam Kaplan, only a few
feet away from him.

"Anna," I said, "this is Sam
Kaplan. Sam, my wife."

Sam was pale, and the
bracket in the corner of his
mouth tightened so that his lip
twitched. Anna's eyes met his
and she extended her hand.

"How do you do, Mr. Kap-
lan," she said. "I am so very
glad to meet Kirby's best
friend."

Sam hesitated, a brief
moment before he took her
hand. "He exaggerates to you,"
he said huskily, "I am only his
attorney."

"I think not," Anna smiled
easily, but she would have had
to be blind to miss Sam's dis-
comfort, his strained effort to
be polite. A person who had
endured much herself, she was
far too sensitive not to realise
the reason behind Sam's ten-
sion.

"We must have a first guest
to dinner sometime?" she said.
"I would like it to be tonight.
You will dine with us?"

It was her own idea and we
had not discussed it. Sam stood
looking at her. He had the
short cigar in his left hand,
and it looked rather absurd be-
cause the hand that held it was
stiff. He did not move at all,
but I knew that a thousand
things happened within him in-
side of a split second. A dinner
invitation was a symbol, a
pivot on which his emotions
whirled. As a professional man,
he drank with many men,
lunched with many men, night-
clubbed with them. Those
things were meaningless to Sam
as a person, matters merely of
business. Dinner, however, in
a small, intimate group was
almost a family matter. It was
a breaking of bread.

You could know Sam a
thousand years and not know
where he placed such em-
phasis, where he drew lines or
recognised them as drawn. I,
who knew him intimately,
understood; so did Anna, who
did not know him at all.

"... and Mrs. Kaplan, of
course," she said.

That did it. It touched
Sam's rigidity. He bowed
jerkily. "I will have to see.
Maybe there is another engage-
ment," he said. "Thank you."

"If there is another engage-
ment, we will postpone having
our first guests. Tomorrow

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night, then. Or the next. I will call Mrs. Kaplan on the phone."

It was a duel of sorts, and there was a fierce pride on both sides. Anna knew how deep my feeling was for Sam. She was fighting with velvet gloves against a rejection of herself that would create a barrier between us. Sam, on his part, had sworn his hatred of everything German that lived, and he was not a compromiser. Anna was, at least on the surface, at ease. Sam was not.

"You can call Sarah yourself after a while, Sam," I said, "then maybe Anna can talk to her. In the meantime . . ."

I looked at Anna. "In the meantime, I vanish," she said. She smiled at me, gave what was left of the smile to Sam, and went into the other room, closing the door behind her.

Sam came slowly out of his trance. He crossed the room like a sleep-

walker and laid the cold cigar in an ashtray. "So, what could I do?" he said. "She is your wife. Is friendship nothing? I have been sick for you, Kirby! Why did you do it?"

He sat heavily in the chair nearest to him. I had whisky and soda and ice, so I mixed two highballs. I no longer felt hostile to Sam, nor resentful of him, so I could say harsh things to him without saying them harshly.

"Why in hell did you leave me alone to face those wolves when we landed?"

He took his drink. "It was your trouble. What else?"

"You've got me out of my own trouble before."

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"This time you did not want to get out."

"You've met her, Sam," I said. "I'm in love with her. In love as I never dreamed that I could be in love."

I was tempted for a moment to tell him of the boy who never had a chance to ask her to marry him, the boy who had a Jewish grandmother; I voted down the thought as it came to me. Anna had to be accepted for herself or not at all.

"I've known her longer than you will believe. There is a story that I'll tell you some time. In a different mood and setting."

Sam watched my face, his eyes narrowed. He hated mysteries. If

I said that I knew Anna before I went to Germany, he would believe me, but his reason would deny the possibility and he would be annoyed.

"It is bad for you," he said, "but that is done. I keep telling myself that it is done, but the telling does no good. I keep screaming back at myself, 'But why? Why did Kirby Quinlan do this thing?'"

He picked up his empty glass and refilled it. "The big news is," he said grimly, "that you are through at Quinlan Aircraft."

I looked up at him. "What do you mean, through?"

"Finished! With your sister in there as a heavy stockholder you had a chance. She's a business-woman."

"Right."

"But she, too, does not like Germans. And she did not like to hear of your marriage after it happened."

I straightened in my chair. "She turned against me?"

Sam shrugged, leaving that definition to myself. "I have in my pocket her cash offer for half your stock. With that, the others will accept her as the representative of the Quinlan name and she'll name the keymen in a re-organisation. She is already bringing back some of the business that you let slip away."

It was not too difficult to imagine Alice stepping into the breach. She had inherited my father's business sense where I had inherited only the feeling for design which had given him a business.

"Suppose that I refuse to let her have that stock?"

"You'll be out, anyway. A minority stockholder suit will charge you with incompetence and with actions prejudicial to the company and to the value of their investment. It won't be pretty."

I considered that. Anna would be dragged through it, and the Quinlan name would be the target of mudslingers. It wasn't worth while. I had come home determined to atone for my past faults of omission and commission. I had felt sure of myself, confident of what I could do. Anna had made me feel the necessity for accomplishment. "When one is fortunate, one should be willing to accept burdens." Well, it had taken me too long. Sam looked at me over the glass.

"If you had an alternative, I'd know it," he said.

There was no doubt of that. Sam might be angry or hurt, or even in a blind rage at me, but he would not surrender any position of mine that could be held. I thought about Alice, selling me out without talking to me, ignoring my cablegram.

"Blood may be thicker than water," I said, "but it isn't thicker than a stack of greenbacks."

"Hardly ever."

"Okay. They can have it."

I SIGNED the papers that Sam had with him, authorising the transfer of stock and all the rest of it. He folded the papers slowly.

"What you should do," he said, "is take the money and go away some place. Take your wife out of New York. It won't be happy here for you. Later?" He shrugged. "You are a good man. There will be something. People should forget you for a while."

He was right. In that moment I knew that he was giving me as good advice as he had ever given me. I knew, too, that I was not going to take it. A plan of my own was taking shape in my mind, a plan born perhaps of hurt pride and vanity and resentment at the way I had been dropped. It was not a plan that I was ready to discuss with Sam. It was my own.

"I'll think about it," I said.

I poured myself a drink and Sam measured it with his eyes as I poured it. He walked across the room and back again. We had shared a great many victories, not many defeats.

"About the dinner," he said, "I will call Sarah. It will be all right." He wet his lips and I knew that he was trying to phrase a message to Anna. He had already done one of the most difficult things that he had ever done in his life—and that was enough. I slapped his shoulder.

"You'll have to take pot-luck," I said. "Whatever the chef has in the ice-box."

We grinned at each other, a little feebly. Sam picked up his coat.

"I should have ulcers," he said, "the life I lead."

There was time for Anna, a little time. New York fascinated her; the New York of the shops and the ferry-boats and the big bridges, the hansom cabs in Central Park, and the tall buildings and the restaurants where she could order anything that she wanted to eat. She did not like nightclubs, nor hard liquor, nor subways. It snowed on our third day, and she was like a child walking in it. It amazed her that she could actually feel the snow in her face, kick it with her feet, and not be miserably cold.



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Continuing . . .

THE BLUE SLEEP

from page 60

"It is the way I remember it as a child," she said. "I had a snug coat and leggings and red mittens. We built snowmen in the Volksgarten."

She grew solemn when she remembered the long past, but she never remained solemn for long. New York was a rushing, roaring current that picked her up and carried her out of any mood.

But restlessness haunted me. Responsibility and a task to do, even if it were a neglected task, had anchored me to the working world when I played the hardest. Cut adrift from Quinlan Aircraft, I lacked a man's role in the world. The plans that I had for making that company the greatest in the world within five years were in my mind still, and I added details to these plans, recognising the futility of what I did.

SAM KAPLAN flew up from Washington at the end of the week, and I welcomed him. We had cocktails together at the Plaza, and he was in a genial mood.

"Boy," he said, "I've got a deal. Your sister won't say a word to you herself, but she's been talking to some of the others. They would like to have you back in the company, in charge of engineering."

I stared at him across the tabletop and I was seeing California: sun and sand and seashore, blue mountains and long highways. I was smelling the India ink, seeing the mock-ups. Sam was beaming at me, delighted with himself, and for the moment with me.

"It is what you always wanted," he said. "You can do the work you like to do and you are all through with being a front man. You are out of

the spotlight, and you don't have to fool around with the money end. Still, and yet, money is good stuff, so!"

He grinned more widely and told me how much the reorganised Quinlan Company would be willing to pay me. It was a princely figure. It would make me one of the highest-paid technical men in the industry. Doing what I did best, I would be worth it; but it was an impressive sum.

"Like a cat, you land on your feet," Sam said. "All of a sudden, you've got everything. You sell a headache for money, you get a chance to make more money. You live in California."

It was the proverbial happy ending and Sam was delighted with it. I turned my glass around and looked at my drink. The restlessness of the past few days bubbled up to me, and I had a name for that restlessness now. It was the pricking of my pride, the stirring of my ambition.

Nobody would understand what I was going to do. I would not expect anyone to understand. I had deserved what happened to me, but I had not deserved its happening the way that it did. Quinlan Aircraft had taken my name away from me, buying Alice in to be the Quinlan that they needed on the board. I could never work happily, or be true to myself, by signing on as their high-priced engineer, designing ships under a policy which they defined. I had less respect for their policy-making than they had had for mine.

"It's no good, Sam," I said. "I won't work for them."

His eyes were incredulous. "Are you crazy?"

"Probably. How would you like to lose a big lawsuit and have the opposing attorney offer you a junior partnership in his firm?"

"It isn't like that! You're twisting it."

To page 64

YOUR BOOKSHELF

With PATRICIA O'CONNELL

"Evvie"

Vera Caspary (W. H. Allen). Price 22/6.

Set in Chicago in the late (but still roaring) 'twenties, this is one book you won't put down in a hurry. These were prohibition days, when girls made the gin in the kitchen before a party, and talked learnedly about free love.

The narrator is Louise Goodman, a 23-year-old intelligent, ambitious advertising copy-writer when career girls were just coming into fashion. Louise shares a studio-apartment with Evvie Ashton, who is the centre of the story. Evvie is beautiful, talented, charming, and enchants everyone who comes her way.

She falls wildly in love with a man she refuses to name and finally comes to a violent death. The plot twists and turns before a brilliantly unexpected ending. Vera Caspary also wrote "Laura," but "Evvie," as the blurb promises, is an even more fascinating character.

"Five Out of Six"

Violet Powell (William Heinemann). Price 22/6.

Here you meet yet another aristocratic English family in the childhood reminiscences of Lady Violet Pakenham, fifth of the six children of the Earl of Longford. Unfortunately the family are a pretty dull lot, with none of the fascination of the Mitfords nor the charm of Lady Diana Manners.

Lady Violet, who is now the wife of novelist Anthony Powell, begins her autobiography at the age of three and takes us tediously through visits to the seaside, London, Ireland, eventually to the Continent.

There are the usual nannies and governesses, school and gym tunics, even a domestic-science course. You get a terrible feeling that you've read it all before—and it was so much better the first time.



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FOR DINNER...



Mardi Gras Casserole

Ingredients:

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup rice, 2oz. butter, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon salt, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk, 6oz. Kraft Cheddar Cheese, shredded, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, pinch cayenne pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon mace, 2 medium tomatoes, peeled and sliced thinly, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup finely chopped onion, one can Kraft Fish Supreme, or one $6\frac{1}{2}$ oz. can tuna (flaked).

Method:

Cook rice in boiling salted water until tender. Drain. Melt butter in a saucepan, add flour and salt, let cook for a few minutes. Stir in milk gradually, add shredded Kraft Cheddar Cheese and continue cooking, stirring constantly, until cheese has melted and sauce is smooth.

Combine rice with parsley, cayenne pepper and mace. Spoon into a casserole and cover with $\frac{2}{3}$ of the tomato. Top with onion and fish. Pour over the cheese sauce and garnish with remaining tomato. Bake in a moderate oven (375°F . electric, 350°F . gas) for 15 minutes, or until heated through. 6 servings.

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FOR BREAKFAST...



5 Minute Rarebit

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Method:

Combine shredded Kraft Cheddar Cheese, milk, salt, pepper, worcestershire sauce, mustard and tomato sauce. Mix well.

Spread on hot buttered toast and place under a heated grill until golden brown. Cut into halves. 4 servings.

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Ingredients:

2 tablespoons seasoned mashed potato, 1 egg, 2 slices Kraft Velveeta Cheese.

Method:

Spoon potato on to bottom of a small ramekin. Break egg over mashed potato. Top with the slices of Kraft Velveeta Cheese.

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WEEKEND

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Continuing . . . THE BLUE SLEEP

from page 61

"It's like that to me."
Sam could not think while he was sitting at a table. He got up without answering me and walked out of the room. I did not worry about him. I knew that he would come back. He could not walk back and forth between the tables at the Plaza, waving his arm. He needed space for a few minutes, and that was all right with me.

He came back in ten minutes, walking heavily. His broad, full-lipped mouth was tight and his eyebrows jutted out over his eyes.

"Okay," he said curtly. "So, the offer is no good. What are you going to do with your life? Spend it on a yacht?"

"Sam," I said, "the offer was damned good. Only a high-class horse-trader like yourself could have got me an offer like that. I appreciate it, but I can't take it."

He relaxed visibly. "It would be good for you, Kirby. A few years and maybe you don't like it. Then?" He spread his hands expressively.

"I know. Even a year, or a month, would settle me. I'd get in the rut, like it, and stay there."

"Ruts with gold plumbing aren't bad. What else have you got in mind?"

"I'm not sure, Sam. Maybe I'll have my own company, my own plant."

"Don't think about it!"

We argued for an hour, but we did not do anything with the argument, apart from killing the hour. When Sam left me he was shaking his head; not mad, not even annoyed—merely puzzled.

"It's maybe like amnesia," he said. "Another crack on the head and you're all right."

"Maybe."

I left it at that. When I reached our suite it was late and I had had quite a few drinks. Anna was waiting for me and she had not had any dinner. She did not complain and I did not think about it. We were setting up a pattern, but I did not think about that, either. I sat in the big chair across the room from her, and it was good to be sitting there, looking at Anna.

"I just turned down the Garden of Eden, complete with gold apples," I told her.

Anna did not know what I

was talking about, but she smiled. If I wanted to be quaint, she was willing to humor me.

"Why?"

"There were snakes in it."

The drinks that I had had made me feel vastly clever. I described Sam's offer, added my own idea of humorous comment, and sat back, watching the expression on Anna's face. Money on the American scale was beyond her comprehension, and she did not understand that a man could be important in so many different ways, some of those ways quite unimportant to himself.

"It would be nice to live in California," she said. "It is warm there and I would like to watch them making moving pictures."

THE stark simplicity of her reaction sobered me. I saw America suddenly through the bewildered eyes of a foreigner. There was something pitiful in the idea that Anna should be a foreigner, and bewildered. I crossed the room to her, lifted her on to my lap, and talked to her.

"I will take you to California ultimately, sweet," I said, "but there is something that I have to do first, something that I have to prove to myself. We'll have to stay here for a while and we won't have much time for play, but it's important to us, Anna. I've got to do things my way for a while, even if it means neglecting you a little."

She nodded, and there was no picture in her mind of what I would be doing while I was neglecting her. She could not know how American business is conducted in its upper brackets, and there was no way in which I could explain it to her. I was asking her for faith, tremendous faith, and, without reservation, she gave it to me.

"If it is your work," she said, "I will not mind, Kirby!"

"Yes."

"You will not go to the theatre without me?"

I laughed at her. "No. Nor see Julie Gale."

She did not smile. "That is what I meant," she said.

"Thank you."

We drew a blueprint that night without knowing that we drew one. I did neglect Anna. Time was prodding me. What-ever my standing with the public at large, I still had standing and prestige within the aviation industry. I had to act while men would still see me, listen to me, and take me seriously.

I worked hard. In that Washington hotel room, when I came back from the blue sleep, I had had the vision of an artist. I had seen the inevitable, irresistible future development of the airplane, with all the obstacles that stood in the way of that development, and I had put my vision on paper, in figures and sketches, while it still burned brightly. It was memory and inspiration as I had it, little more than an abstraction. I had to make it concrete.

I assembled data. I knew where to find every fact and figure that I wanted. A friend of mine obtained for me a set of photostats from the Goering Research Institute stuff on which I had worked after V-E Day. I worked on that data again, seeing more in it than I had before. All of this took time and concentration, long hours, day and night. I had no time with Anna. When I did see her, I saw her through a haze of weariness.

I had neglected the affairs of Quinlan Aircraft for Anna, and now I was neglecting Anna for the affairs of Kirby Quinlan. I was blind to the irony of that as I was blind to everything outside of my single purpose.

When I was certain of what I had, I made an appointment with Tom Coulton of International Airlines. International had given me the first big push that had started me on the toboggan, but Tom Coulton had tried to reach me before his airline ordered the Munson Libra. Tom Coulton, then, was an important stop on my road back.

Coulton was a quiet man who had developed the ability to say "no" when he meant "no." We met and we had a drink and we had dinner. There was nothing hurried about it. When we were comfortable and relaxed, we talked business. More correctly, I talked business.

To page 65

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Juliet's parting (5, 6).
9. A watch can do it or an overworked man (3, 4).
10. Be the ultimate sound of a trumpet (5).
11. Each one of a number, if headless, is genuine (5).
12. Long temporary stitches (5).
13. Preoccupy the mind of the bosses (6).
15. Medieval pilgrim who went to the Holy Land (6).
18. Semi-precious stone which arrived before nothing (5).
19. Learn when pertaining to the kidney (5).
20. Let ox praise in the highest terms (5).
21. A mad tie (Anagram, with a very long ancestry, 7).
22. According to King Lear it's a marble-hearted fiend (11).



Solution of last week's crossword.

DOWN

2. Row ends in miracles (7).
3. Valuable wood the inside of which is good for French (5).
4. A musical composition (6).
5. Bethuel's daughter, whose elder son made a very bad bargain (7).
6. Hydrous silicas with friendly interior (5).
7. These may be on the house, or they are bridge players' terms (4, 7).
8. It works flat out without speed (5-6).
14. Our grandmothers made it as specimen consisting of one thousand pearls (7).
16. Our own species, but not always as good as the name indicates (7).
17. His memory is yearly honored in festivals held in Salzburg (6).
18. Take a lady away from her partner (3, 2).
19. Cater (Anagr., 5).

Solution will be published next week.

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Tom Coulton smoked a cigar while I outlined my big idea. The idea of jet-propelled airplanes, of course, was not new to him nor to anyone in the industry, but he accepted it, as others did, in the field of military aeronautics; caddy, tricky, experimental stuff that might prove out eventually for pursuit and interceptor ships, probably not for bombers. I brought it right into his own business. I told him what I could see as certain and inevitable; because I had designed big reciprocating engine jobs. He listened.

"Every time you put a new ship in service," I told him, "you have invested another million and a quarter in an obsolete airplane."

"Obsolete when? They are not obsolete till your first jet airliner flies—and flies faster, carrying more load."

"Five years if someone concentrates on producing them."

"If no one does and it merely evolves?"

"Ten years," I admitted reluctantly.

He shrugged slightly. "Why didn't you put Quinlan Aircraft behind the idea?"

"I did not have it soon enough. My position at Quinlan was deteriorating while this idea was developing."

"It is the kind of backing you need."

He was unimpressed with a threat to his investment that was ten years away, and theoretical at that. I knew that he would not be and I had an argument in reserve.

"While we are sitting here," I said, "somebody in England or France, or somewhere else, may be thinking as I am, and with backing. The foreign airlines do not have the investment that you have in ocean flying. If they get jets first they'll have less obsolescence to write off; you'll have an investment in outclassed airplanes that will ruin you."

That hit him. The threat of a foreign airplane manufacturer concentrating on airline jets, while we did not, brought the threat to his investment five years closer, and that was too close. He turned his cigar around in his fingers, studying it, then he raised his eyes to mine.

"What do you want?"

"I want to develop that idea. I need a big airline in my corner, one that will make a research investment while I work. You are the airline that counts."

He shook his head. "I have a board of directors, too." He frowned at his cigar. "Didn't I hear that the Air Corps wanted you to design a new bomber?"

"You did."

"Your military ships were better than your airliners. The boys at Dayton have confidence in you. Why not get together with them, get a development order and borrow money from the Government to lease a plant. Your airliner idea could develop logically, then, if it's a sound idea."

The circle was complete. I had thrown the bomber order away, along with many other things, but I had to pick it up again.

I could see that, looking across the table into Tom Coulton's eyes, but I had to voice one last protest.

"The Air Corps is turbojet-minded," I said. "I'm away ahead of them, but I would have to work their way. Turbojets are a makeshift, an intermediate step."

Tom Coulton laughed then. He made me feel young and slightly immature. "Kirby," he said softly, "intermediate steps are what we used to go upstairs before we had elevators. Get that plant and go to work. I'm going to be interested."

"Thanks," I said. "You are right, of course. I should have seen it myself. I'll fly down to Washington in the morning and talk to people; then I'll go to Dayton."

Outside, and alone, with the cold night air in my face, I felt at peace with myself. The hurry and the tensions were behind me. It was my destiny to build bombers and I no longer quarrelled with destiny. There was the price to each thing that a man wants, and only fools tried to escape the paying.

I let myself into our suite quietly, and there was one small lamp burning in the bedroom. I wanted, suddenly, to talk to Anna, to tell her that we could be human again and that I was going to take her to Washington. I walked quietly to the side of the bed and stopped.

Anna slept usually as a child sleeps, rolled in a ball, her hair spread on the pillow as a golden background for her clearly etched, delicate profile. She slept now on her back with her hands folded across her chest and there was a deep pallor on her face.

Continuing . . . THE BLUE SLEEP

from page 64

I knew a moment of terror when I thought that she was dead, and my muscles refused to obey my will. When I did shake off the terror, it was difficult to find her pulse. She slept almost without heartbeat, scarcely breathing.

She was in the blue sleep.

I stood beside Anna's body and it was eleven-fifteen, Eastern Standard Time. The room was part of a suite in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, and if I opened a window I could hear the voices of New York rising from the buildings and the pavements far below me. My own position was fixed in time, in place, and in reality, but Anna was not there at all.

Anna, I knew, was back in Kannndorf, standing, perhaps, on the bridge that spanned the river.

The thought frightened me. I knew that road into the blue. Only the lonely, the unhappy, the badly adjusted people walked it. Anna had walked it once, with cause, and I had vowed that she would never walk it again; that she would be happy, and that I would stand between her and anything that might hurt her.

I stretched my hand and touched the warm flesh of her arm, then quickly withdrew my hand again. I wanted to awaken her, but there was danger in that for her and I did not dare risk it. Millions of lives were being lived on that small island called Manhattan, and none of them intruded upon my own.

There was mystery in the room,

the mystery of a body that lived yet did not hold the person. Juliet had slept thus in the tomb after drinking the potion. I thought of Juliet. Her story was so much like Anna's. Montague and Capulet; my country and hers. I was a poor Romeo, but then he, too, had been a blunderer. "Is it c'en so?" he cried. "Then I defy you, stars!" A lot of good that did him. My mind was hypnotised, staring at Anna's motionless body, remembering stages where Juliet, less lovely than Anna, lay sleeping as she did.

And Romeo! What had he done?

Well he, too, had drunk the potion. It was as simple as that. I could follow Anna into the sleep. I could walk the road. I, too, could go to Kannndorf.

I turned out the light and threw myself across the other bed. The darkness flowed in and filled the room; solid stuff, heavier than fog and thicker. It was hard to breathe the darkness because it brought back my old, half-forgotten fears. It was difficult, too, to be conscious of Anna's body in the other bed while I planned to meet her in Germany.

The bed grew hard under me and the room was hot. My muscles twitched and I was conscious of a jumping nerve in my left eyelid. I thought about the good news which I had brought home to Anna, and I was resentful because I had been cheated of my chance to share it.

To page 66

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There was no chiming clock to measure passing time, but if there had been a clock I would have heard it. The minutes marched steadily towards their rendezvous with the hours, and I could feel them moving across my skin. There was no escape from them. I forced all thought from my mind and concentrated upon my longing for the blue sleep. I tried to pray.

The darkness thinned and there was one small, wavering speck of blue floating in shadow. It danced like a candle flame and spread outward, growing slowly, pushing the blackness away. I rose to it, staggering a little, walking with difficulty. As I walked, the world in

which I had my being turned blue, a pale blue, paler than I remembered. There was no sure feeling in the road beneath my feet. It was uneven, not like a road at all, more like open country.

I stopped walking and stood still, seeing nothing, conscious of color rather than seeing it. I stood in the stillness of infinity and no voice called to me.

I knew then that I was lost, that I was not on the road to Kannndorf or to anywhere else. Like a stranger alone in the woods, I had been travelling in a circle and I did not know where I was. It had been so easy once to traverse the blue sleep, but something had happened to

Continuing . . . THE BLUE SLEEP

from page 65

darkness and sat down wearily. I felt the bed under me and, as my eyes adjusted themselves to the darkness, I recognised the familiar objects in the room. I was sitting on the side of the bed and, from where I sat, I could stretch out my hand and touch the bed in which Anna lay.

SHE had not moved since I last looked at her and there was something terrifying in that. Bodies move and change position in sleep; they turn or twitch or breathe heavily or respond with some movement, however slight, to sound or motion around them. Anna's body, however, might have been wax. When I turned on the small night light no single nerve or muscle in her body reacted to it.

Anna was not there. Anna was in Kannndorf — or somewhere else than Kannndorf.

Resentment rose hot in me. I did not know where she was. I could not know and could not follow. She might be searching again for the German soldier who marched to Russia and did not come back. If she found him, if he still lived, I would never know that, either. She would not tell me. She could go to him whenever she wished.

I was self-tortured and, when I returned to my bed, it was a rack upon which I was stretched. Mental pictures moved across the screen of my brain, pictures of Anna. She walked with someone else beneath the ruined arch beside the river, sang with someone else in Blucher Platz.

Somewhere between dark

and daylight, I slept. Anna was dressed, moving around in the suite, when I awakened.

There was a wide emotional canyon between us — a deep rift containing nothing at all. I did not mention the blue sleep, but it would have been better if I had. The memories of the night were bitter in me and I held her accountable for them. On her part, she was watchfully quiet; waiting, perhaps, for some cue that I did not supply.

I did not tell her the news that had been so important to me the night before, and I went to Washington, alone, on the noon plane. I stayed away for three days.

The Washington of the brass and the bureaucrats was as exasperating as ever. It took thirty-six hours to verify the fact that the Army wanted Kirby Quinlan to design another bomber, and thirty-six hours more to unearth the fact that two "key men" were out of town and that nothing could be said or done officially at the moment.

I went back to New York without seeing my sister and without seeing Sam Kaplan. I did not want to see my sister, and I was not ready to meet Sam's inevitable criticism of my personal venture into aircraft manufacture. When I landed at La Guardia Field there was a moment of exultation in the thought that I would be seeing Anna again, but the moment passed and the exultation died in the taxicab. I had walked too many miles across hotel rooms in Washington, imagined too much about Anna, resented too much of what I imagined.

I had three quick scotches in the Ritz bar, and a warm, healing haze settled over my brain. None of my problems

seemed very real; nothing that I had to do seemed urgent. I went out into the twilight and that was the perfect moment for Julie Gale to come back into my life.

She came. She was a flurry of silver fox and a length of nylon hosiery in a taxicab door. She was a small, straight figure in an absurd flat hat that trailed a diminutive veil. She was lips that parted swiftly in surprise and she was eyes momentarily hard; then she was a light, breathless voice and eloquent hands and a breath of soft garden scent.

"Kirby!" she said. "What a lovely surprise. And how drunk you look, my dear!"

"I'm not drunk," I said. "My eyes glazed when I saw you getting out of the cab."

"Of course! But what a place to meet you. Take me inside, Kirby, before I get snowed out."

There were a few white flakes drifting down, the advance guard of the snow blizzards testing the temperature to see if an assault could take the town.

We went inside and Julie was volubly apologetic. She was meeting somebody in the Ladies' Bar.

"He isn't important, darling," she said, "but he wouldn't like you and I can't stand

To page 67

SOLVE-A-CRIME

By A. C. Gordon

"I RECEIVED no reply to my ring and, finding the door unlocked, I entered the house and discovered Myers seated at his desk shot through the head," said John Arnold.

"Seeing that he was dead, I phoned you," he said.

"Have you touched or moved anything?" you ask.

"Nothing — only the telephone."

You make a careful examination of the desk and find that Myers had been writing a letter, at the bottom of which — and covered by the dead man's hand — is a penned message! "J.A. did this . . ." and the message trails off weakly.

Further examination discloses several kinds of writing-paper, a pen-tray holding the recently used pen, inkwell, rubber, stamps, letters, and bills.

The gun from which the shot was fired is on the floor by the chair; the bullet is found embedded in the divan.

You confer with the detective who has accompanied you.

You say: "I don't think Arnold is the guilty person. Although this scrawled note somewhat resembles Myers' handwriting, I don't think it is. I'm not surprised to find that the gun is free of fingerprints. The murderer was pretty careful, but it seems he was a bit too careful."

What makes you think that Myers didn't write the incriminating note?

SOLUTION ON PAGE 69

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper. Short stories should be from 2500 to 4000 words; short stories, 1200 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection. Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate. Address manuscript to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4880/9, G.P.O., Sydney.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 8, 1961

enes. Not even those silent ones where men stare stonily at each other!"

"I wouldn't stare at him. I'd stare at you."

Something said the words for me, some reflex action within that had learned long ago to talk. It was the kind of thing I said to Julie Gale without ever bothering to ask myself if the words had meaning. She took those words in her hands now as she would take a letter.

"You are still nice, Kirby," she said. "I could be pretty friendly socially and let that man sit there — and sit and sit."

"Why don't you?"

"I just can't. But I'm tempted." She paused a moment, and one gloved hand rested lightly on my forearm. "I want to hear about everything, Kirby. I was so furious at you for forgetting how you looked. Let's talk, Kirby. Tonight! After the show. I'll take a cab up to that funny little place where we went opening night."

She was gone and I stood there a moment, then I went out again. The first time I left the Ritz, I had a vague idea of going back to the Waldorf, home to Anna. Now I had an idea that I could not go. I went down the street and drifted across town aimlessly. There was a bar in the middle of a block and I went in. With another scotch before me, I decided that I was acting drunk and that I could not be on what I had consumed.

My symptoms were old symptoms and quite familiar. The nights had been long and the matches of sleep had been short. I was on the merry-go-round that had scrambled my wits once; trying to raise or invest money, organise a business, sell airplanes. I had been on the merry-go-round myself this time — deliberately. I wasn't designing aircraft. I wasn't smelling India ink, nor

Continuing . . . THE BLUE SLEEP

from page 66

juggling mock-ups, nor watching models fly in wind tunnels.

As a matter of fact, I wasn't doing anything. I was sitting in a strange bar, staring at a drink.

It was perfectly clear, to that part of my mind which was beyond reliance upon words, that I had to keep on doing something that I disliked doing. It had to do with pride and the non-acceptance of defeat. There was a phrase that explained myself to myself:

was a height that I could not hold. I won her and I lost her. She was too good, too fine, to be tied to a playboy or to a man with a great name that he could not justify. It had been necessary for me to achieve so that she could be proud of me — and achievement took so much of my time that I neglected her.

She deserted me and went back to the blue sleep. Nobody

without a headwaiter, but the proprietor himself did the bowing before us and Julie smiled at him.

"I want a table with no one near me." She turned to me, half apologetically. "I'd stifle in a booth tonight, Kirby. Booths are so much like dressing-rooms."

We had taken a booth the last time, but I did not care. Neither the booth nor the place had any sentimental associations for us.

Julie had no sentimental value, either.

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



"He gained the heights he could not hold."

A man could not let that be the ultimate verdict on his career. It was too much like living on with one's epitaph already written.

I drank from the glass and I thought of Anna. She, too,

could blame her for that.

The name of the hound that stalked me now was not Insomnia but Self-pity. My mind was clear enough and logical enough to recognise that fact, but there was no saving grace of humor in my logic. A man who talks to bartenders can sometimes laugh at himself and preserve his sanity, but I did not laugh at myself. I played it straight.

I TOLD

the bartender about the two dogs that stalked me. I did not know what to do about Insomnia and I did not know what to do about Self-pity, I told him. "They are probably twin dogs," I said.

"It sometimes happens," he said. "Lots of people that come in here have dogs."

It was snowing hard when I went out and I wanted to call Anna and ask her to go walking in it. I had a date with Julie Gale, so I could not call Anna.

My mind worked like that. I was a person with compulsions and no options. I had to do this and I could not do that.

There were hours to kill. I ate a dinner that I did not taste, drank drinks that I did not count, and went to sleep in a barber chair while I was being shaved.

Ultimately I went uptown to an obscure restaurant and Julie Gale.

Magic entered a room with Julie. Voices hushed and heads turned. It made no difference if the room was one of the smartest in New York, or in Washington, if it were small or large; it made no difference if the spot were obscure and the people unimportant. She always produced that sense of impact, and I was forever surprised when the inevitable happened; for Julie was not a reigning beauty or a spectacular personality when you knew her. It was the actress in her that registered, the fact that her audience was too mean for her talent, that she genuinely liked making an entrance and being noticed.

She dimmed the lights when we swept into the restaurant uptown that had witnessed our celebration of her opening in "Easter Hill." It was a place

AS she scanned the menu I studied her, and it seemed to me that I must have been a different person when I took her places and found her exciting. She was lovely, she was well groomed, and she threw off electric sparks when she moved and talked. I liked her; but I liked her across a table as I liked her on the stage; she was a good show. Tonight her audience was tired.

"You forgot me the minute you were out of sight, Kirby," she said. "I wasn't going to talk to you again. And here I am."

"I didn't forget you, Julie." "You married the first woman you saw."

"She wasn't the first woman I saw. I'm in love with her."

Julie laughed. The laugh made me aware of the room, the conspicuous table, the nondescript people sitting at other tables. It made me aware, too, of the fact that my presence where I was gave Julie the right to laugh.

"Have you given her the Tears of Spain yet, Kirby?"

The laughter was out of her voice and her voice was tense. I looked down the aisle of tables to the door. There was a neon sign outside, and it splashed color on the floor in front of the cashier's desk. I did not look at Julie at all.

"No," I said. "I have not given her the Tears of Spain."

It was not the mere answering of a question; it was a confession. I had promised Anna the world and had given her none of it. I had described the Tears of Spain to her, but she had never seen them. Julie had seen them, Julie possessed one of them, but I had been too busy to show them to Anna. Julie's hand waved.

"Would you like me to return the one I have?"

I looked at her then. It was a stupid question, so stupid that it was meaningless. She knew that I would not call back a present that I had given. Her eyes were fixed upon my face and there was a sense of depth in them, a darkness behind them.

"Of course not," I said. "It is yours."

She studied me gravely. "It will never be one of a pair now, Kirby."

"It never was."

I was conscious of the click of heels in the aisle before I was conscious of the flicker in Julie's eyes. The shadow preceded the event. I raised my head and Anna was standing two feet away from the table.

"Oh!" she said. "I did not know."

She was wearing a grey coat with wide shoulders and she looked very small there beside the table. Her face was pale except for the splash of scarlet on her lips. She looked for a long moment at Julie Gale before she looked at me. I rose to my feet, and all that I could

To page 68

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Continuing . . . THE BLUE SLEEP

from page 67

think at the moment was that she had had me followed, that she had tracked me down in this obscure spot. It was an angry thought and my voice was harsh with it.

"Anna!" I said. "What are you doing here?"

A MAN at an adjoining table clicked the flash bulb of a camera. There was a sudden blaze of light, and I whirled towards its source. My resentment of cameras, and of all the people who used them as weapons out of ambush, flared up as the bulb had flared.

There was a mist before my eyes. I tried to reach the man and someone spun a chair into my path. I staggered, fought for balance, and found my arms pinned by two waiters. There was no camera visible now, and I could not have recognised the photographer if he stood before me. The people at the other tables were standing and the proprietor was coming down the aisle.

"It's all right," I told the waiters. "I am not going to do anything."

They released my arms, but the proprietor was standing in front of me with his own arms folded. "This is a nice place," he said. "You can't start fights in here."

I did not answer him. He could have a fight himself if he pressed me in the mood that I was in. I looked around for Anna and I did not see her. I looked at Julie Gale. She was standing beside the table, her lips pressed tightly together, her eyes hard.

"We'd better go," she said. There was no answer to that. I wanted to go. I had to find Anna. Events had moved too fast for me and I had done all of the wrong things. I should have introduced Anna to Julie. Neither one of them would have wanted the introduction, but it was the thing to do. I should have done it.

Such scrambled, jumbled thoughts moved in my mind as we walked towards the door. We were making an exit, a spectacular exit, but with less grace than when last we left this same restaurant. I tossed a bill on the cashier's counter and kept moving. Julie's head was high, but when we reached the sidewalk she turned suddenly and gripped my arm.

"It was awful, Kirby," she said. "That woman making a scene! That man with the camera."

I looked down at her. She was trembling, holding hard to my left arm. "Anna didn't make a scene," I said. "She doesn't make scenes."

I looked around. There was a taxi at the kerb, the driver watching us with undisguised interest. There was no sign of Anna. Julie was talking to me, and I did not understand, at first, what she was saying.

"He was a private detective," she said. "I know he was. She's a fortune hunter, Kirby. She will sue for divorce and a lot of alimony and name me."

"Talk sense, Julie."

It was too conspicuous on the pavement and it was snowing, so I put her into the cab and climbed in after her. Julie sobbed.

"You gave me the Tear of Spain," she said, "and there is that nasty legend about the king giving one to his mistress. She will use that. She will have a picture of us and—"

Julie Gale always overplayed the roles of her own creation by several sentences. My head was clearing, and I could follow all that Julie was saying. She was giving to Anna the kind of mind that Anna did not have; giving to Anna the only kind of mind that Julie Gale knew or understood.

"Anna had nothing to do with that photographer, Julie," I said.

Julie straightened. "What do you mean?" she said. "Who?"

I remembered another day, another camera, another denial. I signalled the driver. "I will find out about that," I told her. "I'm getting out here."

I paid the driver and left her without looking at her. That, perhaps, was not the thing to do, but I did it. I walked eight blocks downtown and three across, with the cold air in my face and a thin crust of frozen snow crunching under



"I don't want you to have to work overtime, so you'd better take this batch home with you!"

my feet. There was no more alcohol in my brain, no lethargy in my muscles. The mist through which I had moved since I looked at La Guardia in mid-afternoon was the stuff of vaguely remembered dreams.

"I must have been walking in my sleep," I said.

Everything with me came back to sleep, or the lack of it, but I was through with pitying myself and making excuses; through for one night, at least, with all of that. I wanted to see Anna.

The elevator whisked me upstairs, and I strode briskly down the corridor. I was certain that Anna would be home, that I could make her understand. I did not know what brought her to the restaurant and I would not ask for explanations until I had offered explanations.

The suite, however, was empty. The memory of her was there; a soft scent that lingered in a room, a comb

and brush on the bureau, a row of little jars, a toothbrush in the bathroom, the fragrance of bubble bath, a damp but folded towel.

I moved around, touching things, and tenderness built up in me. The blue bedroom slippers stood so precisely side by side, the suits and dresses in the closet stood at attention on their hangers, not one of them out of line. All of those inanimate things seemed to wait, as I did, for one small person to enter the suite and give them meaning.

We waited a long time. The deep quiet and the darkness surrounded us and the hours marched by. The fear of the night was woven into the pattern of my life, and it formed itself into horrifying shapes as I paced the floor or sat in one chair after another, smoking the minutes away.

Anna had stood bravely up to the grim, hard years, to the loss of her father, her brothers, the boy who had gone to Russia, the home she had known, and the life she had known. Tragedy had driven her in on herself, but it had not destroyed her. Still, she was the daughter of a race that, traditionally, sought oblivion when life became too heavy a burden.

The shock that dazed me first, then sobered me and sent life flowing through my veins, might have been a shock of another kind to Anna.

She had not seen me in three days. Wrapped up in my own plans, in my stupid pride, and by mad jealousy, I had not talked to her or written to her. She saw me tonight with Julie Gale. If she believed that I spent those absent days with Julie, what would she do?

I tried to banish the picture that rose in my mind, a picture of Anna as I first saw her, staring in fascination at the river. I could see her again, walking the long crostown blocks of New York to another river — the East River or the Hudson — walking to the river where there was no bridge.

I stood it as long as I could. Three times I stretched my hand to the telephone and three times I drew it back. The fourth time I lifted the receiver. I knew what I was doing and I could all but read the headlines, but I did not care.

I called the police and asked them to find my wife.

First and last, I was a story in the papers.

The police did not find Anna, but the search was "human interest" copy. A tabloid had the picture of Anna confronting Julie Gale and myself in the restaurant. The more conservative papers ran headlines like this:

QUINLAN'S GERMAN WIFE DISAPPEARS

Some of the papers recalled my own "disappearance" in Washington and the rumors, at

To page 69

Suspense thriller by famous author is our new serial

NEXT week we present the first instalment of a new serial, "THE GIRL WITH A SECRET," by Charlotte Armstrong, the American author who has been referred to by critics as "one of the few authentic spell-casting witches of modern times."

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at time, of my engagement to Julie Gale. All of them reviewed the details of my German marriage and the mystery surrounding that marriage. There were many newspaper readers, probably, who found it of that interesting, but I wondered why. The names in the newspaper stories were correct, but the people were not. If the newspaper stories covered anything, they proved that one can have the facts without having the truth.

There were three days: three days of not knowing whether Anna was alive or not, three days of living with my own regrets, three days of waiting before a telephone for a message that did not come. On the afternoon of the third day I put in a long-distance call for Sam Kaplan.

"You seen the papers, Sam?" I said.

"Yeah! That's how I learn what you're doing."

SOLVE-A-CRIME SOLUTION

(From page 66)

THE murderer tried to give the impression that Myers had died before finishing the incriminating note. If he had written it and died before completing it, he could not have put the pen back into the tray where you found it. In his effort to incriminate John Arnold, the murderer was too cautious.

"I'm sorry, Sam. This was out of your department." "For years that made no difference."

"I know. And this is the biggest trouble that I have ever had. You've got it now. What will I do?"

There was a long pause, then Sam's curt voice again. "Your wife's down here."

"What?"

"You better come down."

He hung up on me and I sat staring at the receiver in my hand. It was difficult to accept the fact that Anna was in Washington, more difficult to believe that Sam, knowing where she was, would let me suffer until I came to him.

I was in Washington within two hours. Sam sat grimly behind his big desk and he did not rise when I entered.

"Where is she, Sam?" I said.

"If she wanted you to know, you'd maybe know."

"She doesn't understand. I've got to talk to her."

I SAT in the chair on Sam's right and, as if that were a cue, he rose to his feet. He walked across the room and stood with his back to me, looking out the window.

"A long time, Kirby," he said. "I've been believing in you. So help me, I've loved you like a brother! You're a genius, maybe, at designing airplanes. Okay. So I'll buy that. It's a strain, so you should relax. Nightclubs! Actresses! Whisky, but not too much!

Continuing . . . THE BLUE SLEEP

from page 68

Okay. So, it's your personal affair. Business you don't like. But you're tied to it and you can't get loose. Okay. So, you need help with that and you get it."

He turned away from the window and walked back to the desk.

"Even with help, you can't run a business. That's all right. But when you get a chance to do the one thing that you can do, you won't take it. All of a sudden, you're just crazy."

heavy body away from the desk and paced up and down.

"Business is only business," he said. "A good man can be no good at it. It's no reflection. Maybe he's a doctor. Maybe he designs airplanes. I don't care. I don't care if a good friend runs his business without asking his attorney for help. When he gets in trouble, he will come around. About all of that I don't care, Kirby."

that I had hurt him grievously. I knew more than that. I knew that he was closer in that moment to unveiling his heart than he had ever been in all of the years I had known him. No man could ever understand Sam Kaplan without understanding his love of family, of kin, of kind.

He spoke more softly: "To you, Kirby," he said, "the business at which you are no good is more important than your home. So your wife comes to

window. "That girl is neglected for weeks," he said. "All alone in a strange country and you don't even eat dinner with her. You leave her for three days and then some woman calls her and says that you want her to come to a certain restaurant. When she goes there, you are with another woman."

He wheeled around. "She is a German," he said, "and she came to me. Me! I am the only friend she has in America."

I missed the drama of that. I was thinking about the phone call to Anna. Julie Gale did that. She was the only one who knew where I would be. Julie planned things out, acted them out.

She might have started planning out of sheer spite, but later she wanted the Tears of Spain.

"I've got to see Anna, Sam," I said.

He nodded his head slowly. "She doesn't want alimony. All she wants is enough to go back to Germany. That kind of divorce I would hate to see her get, Kirby."

"Where is she?"

He paused, looked at his watch, and shrugged. "Waiting for me. In the coffee shop across the street." He smiled then, for the first time; a wide, ugly smile that had humanity in it beyond the need for beauty. "I think, maybe, she won't care if I don't come."

He gripped my hand suddenly and the fingers of his left hand pressed my shoulder. "She won't settle for anything less

By RUD



about running a business. You want to start one, even. This time you are suddenly so good you don't need help."

I brushed him aside wearily. "You win!" I said. "I like being at the top. I just don't like to do the work that you have to do when you get there. I should have consulted you before I tried to organise my own company. But to hell with that, Sam! I'm sorry. Where's Anna?"

He acted as though he had not heard me. He pushed his

"All right. You don't care. Will you stop making speeches? Where's Anna?"

He came to a full stop and stood looking at me, his hands locked behind his back. "You got married," he said. "I don't like it, but I have to ask myself, is it my business? It isn't my business. You are my friend. A man's wife is the most important thing in his life. In her is his family, his peace at home, sons maybe to bear his name, understanding when he is hurt."

me, and she wants a divorce."

"A divorce!" That brought me up, standing. The shock of it went deep into my subconscious. I remembered Julie Gale's prediction that Anna would do that. The photographer, the fact that Anna knew where to find me—now this!

Sam had walked back to the

To page 70

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Collectors' Corner

• Readers' questions on antiques are answered by expert Mr. Stanley Lipscombe. Here he discusses a walnut table with intricate marquetry top.

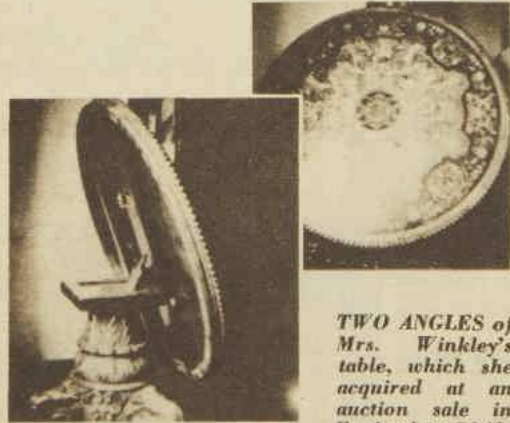
"Could you give me information about this table which is about 6ft. in diameter, has an oak base and an inlaid walnut top?"

Mrs. M. Winkley, Croydon Park, N.S.W.

The table is a good example of the mid-19th century (about 1850). I suspect that the base is walnut, owing to the quality of the carving which is depicted by the photograph. The marquetry top, with its gadrooned edge, is singular in design.

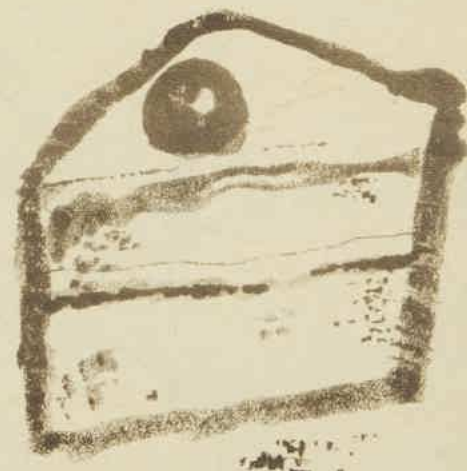
During the latter half of the 19th century marquetry inlay was mass-produced in the form of sheet veneer, which could be purchased and used by cabinetmakers, and as a result many table-tops are of a standard pattern, unlike the one photographed.

For information about your antiques send a photograph and description of the object, with a drawing of markings and a stamped, self-addressed envelope, to Collectors' Corner, G.P.O. Box 4088, Sydney, N.S.W.



TWO ANGLES of Mrs. Winkley's table, which she acquired at an auction sale in England in 1942.

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FIRST BANK IN AUSTRALIA



than a man, Kirby," he said. "Remember it!"

There was a lot of ham actor in Sam Kaplan, and a lot of Dutch uncle, but he was my friend; through good times and bad, through comradeship and neglect, in sickness and in health, he was my friend.

"I'll remember that, Sam," I said. "Thanks."

I went out into the Washington twilight and a taxicab narrowly missed me as I jaywalked across the street. Inside the coffee-shop door I lost momentum.

Anna was sitting at a table, alone. She looked at me as though she had never seen me before. "I am waiting for Mr. Kaplan," she said.

"I know. He sent me. I want to talk to you, Anna."

She rose abruptly. "I do not like talking in restaurants."

She had a point there. Under the

Continuing . . . THE BLUE SLEEP

from page 69

circumstances, anything which even suggested a restaurant was bad for us. We walked to the door together and out on to the busy sidewalk, a pair of polite strangers. The pace of human traffic was too fast for conversation and there was no quiet lane in it where two people could stroll.

"I would like to talk to you on a bridge, with a river under us," I said.

She looked up into my face, then, and she was quite pale. "I will listen to you on a bridge over a river, Kirby."

"Thank you, Anna."

I hailed a cab and gave the address of my sister's home. Anna stiffened. "I have to stop for something," I told her. "You don't mind?"

She shook her head and we rode in silence. At my sister's house I wasted no time on social amenities. If Alice was home, I did not see her. In less than five minutes I was back in the cab. We rode to the Memorial Bridge and dismissed the cab. Neither of us spoke as we walked out on the gleaming white bridge.

We stood then with the Potomac beneath us, with the District of Columbia on our left and Virginia on our right. The Washington Monument stood majestically tall in the dusk, above the beauty and the glory of park and boulevard, building and memorial. This was not Kanndorf, not Anna's country; it was mine, ours.

The light was fading, but the river was a clear blue. I looked down into it and, for a moment, it was like the threshold of the blue sleep, light color floating in a foreground with the heavier blue in the depth behind it. A man's mind could follow his eyes into the illusion of it, but the river itself was a cold reality.

One entered the blue sleep when one was afraid, or lonely, or sleepless, or seeking escape, but there was reality there, too, behind the illusion. I had fled responsibility and found it. Escape itself was an illusion, a clown's circle, ending where it began. Anna was the balancing reality and the only real miracle of the experience. In my proper role, shielding her from unhappiness, I would have no time for fear or loneliness.

"I have been a fool, Anna," I said, "but not a faithless one."

She stood beside me and she was wearing a grey coat, better in cut and in cloth than the raincoat, but she wore the one as she wore the other, with elan. She was small and her hat was tilted at a gallant angle. She stared at the river and she had the loveliest profile in the world.

"You talk well, Kirby."

There was no point in trying to explain words with words. I told her how high I had aimed and why. I was still aiming high. I would wait in the rooms of bureaucrats and brass, and do anything else that I had to do for the Air Corps contract that I had once treated with such indifference. I would build whatever I had to build. I would have my own plant and I would learn to do well the things that I did not like to do for the privilege of doing what I did best.

I would gamble and I might lose, but I did not believe that I would lose.

It was probably all quite incoherent as I tried to express it, and I do not know how much of it Anna understood. She was looking at the river.

"I would live in a small hut with a man and carry his coal," she said softly, "if he loved me."

"It won't ever be that bad."

"That would not be bad."

I covered her hand with mine. "I'll love you always, Anna."

She left her hand in mine, but she did not look at me. "I think not."

"Yes."

I could feel her spiritual withdrawal, and sudden panic made me eloquent. I told her of my frustration in Washington, my drinking in New York, the accidental meeting with Julie, the shock of the restaurant encounter, and my great fear afterwards. Anna turned her body, facing me, studying my face as I spoke. If I had eloquence, it was the eloquence of desperation; I did not have poise or grace or subtlety or strategy. I reached into my pocket, clumsily, and drew out the jeweller's case.

"Anna," I said, "you should have had these long ago."

She stared at the case, wide-eyed, and she was like a child in that moment, a child anticipating a gift before accepting the actuality. Her fingertips brushed the case.

"The Tears of Spain, Kirby?"

"Yes."

"Two of them?"

"Certainly."

She raised her eyes and there were tears in them, then she looked at the box again and shook her head. She wanted those earrings with everything in her that was woman. She wanted them and she wanted to see them, but she pressed the case back into my hand.

"No, Kirby," she said. "You would give them to me because you have them, because you could afford to buy them. I would like it better if some day you came to me and told me that they were mine—because together we had earned them."

I stared at her, not comprehending at all; but she was the girl who had married me and would not be my wife until she felt that she was lovely. I remembered, and I put the case away.

"Some day you will have them, Anna," I said.

It was more than a pledge—it was a vow, and Anna knew it. I would give her the Tears of Spain, not as a costly present to a woman but as a gift, devoid of price, to the one woman. It would be an occasion, almost a sacrament, and there would be no disaster in it. There had been no wisdom in the King of Spain. He had known very little.

Anna read my understanding in my eyes. She took one step, and I swept her into my arms. She cried against my shoulder, and I felt the trembling of her body.

"I am being difficult, Kirby," she said. "I do not mean it so."

"You are wonderful," I told her, "and I love you. Only you in all the world."

A thousand people may have seen me kiss her. I do not know or care. She clung to me, and when she looked up into my face her lips were trembling.

"I love you, Kirby. Even when I left you I loved you. I will be a good wife to you forever."

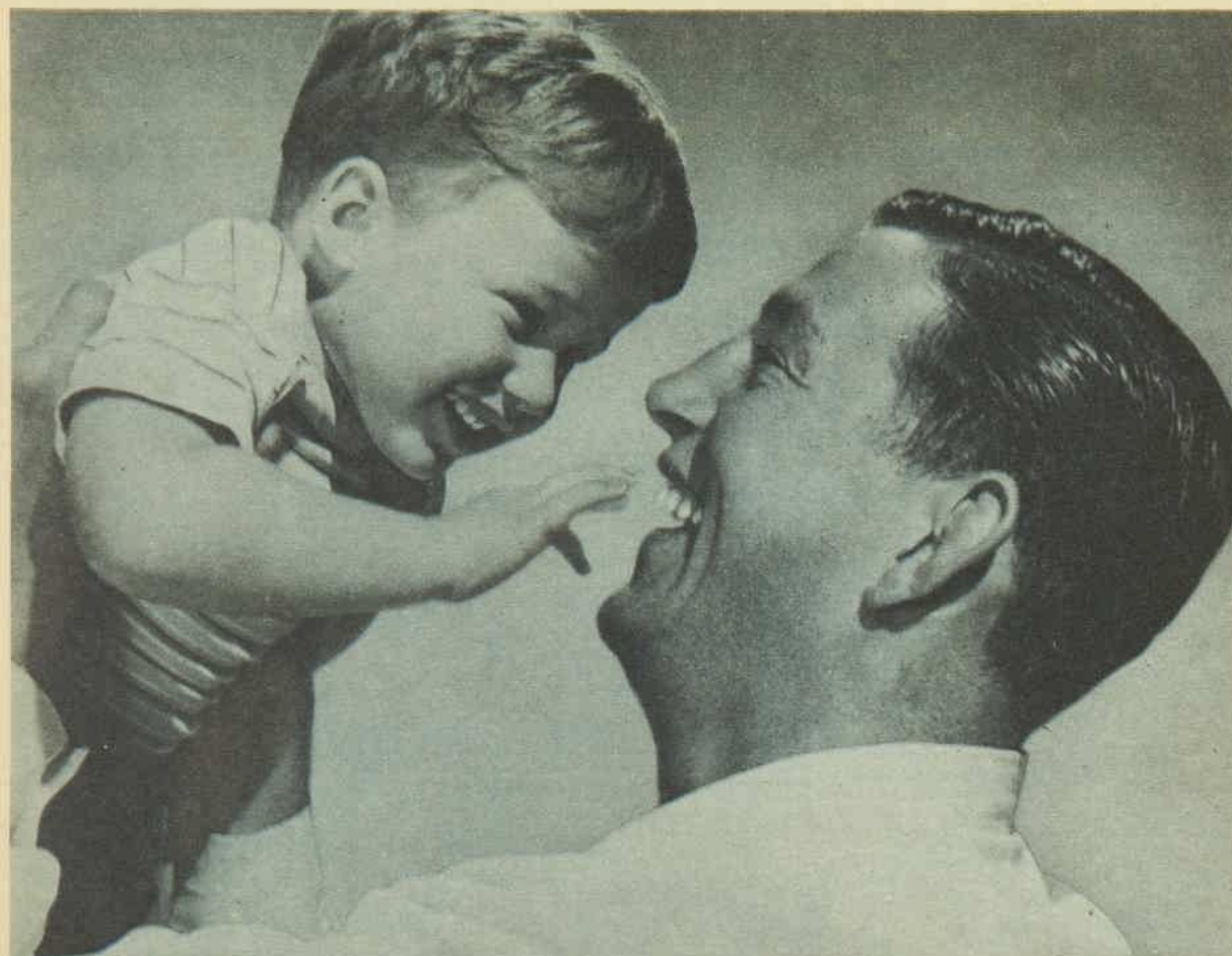
We went back across the bridge and away from the river, away from all of the rivers, along the one road that runs through all the world.

On Anna's lips the word "wife" was more beautiful far than the Tears of Spain in the lobes of her ears. She does not use words lightly. A man, if he lived a thousand years, would seek her still at the end of them.

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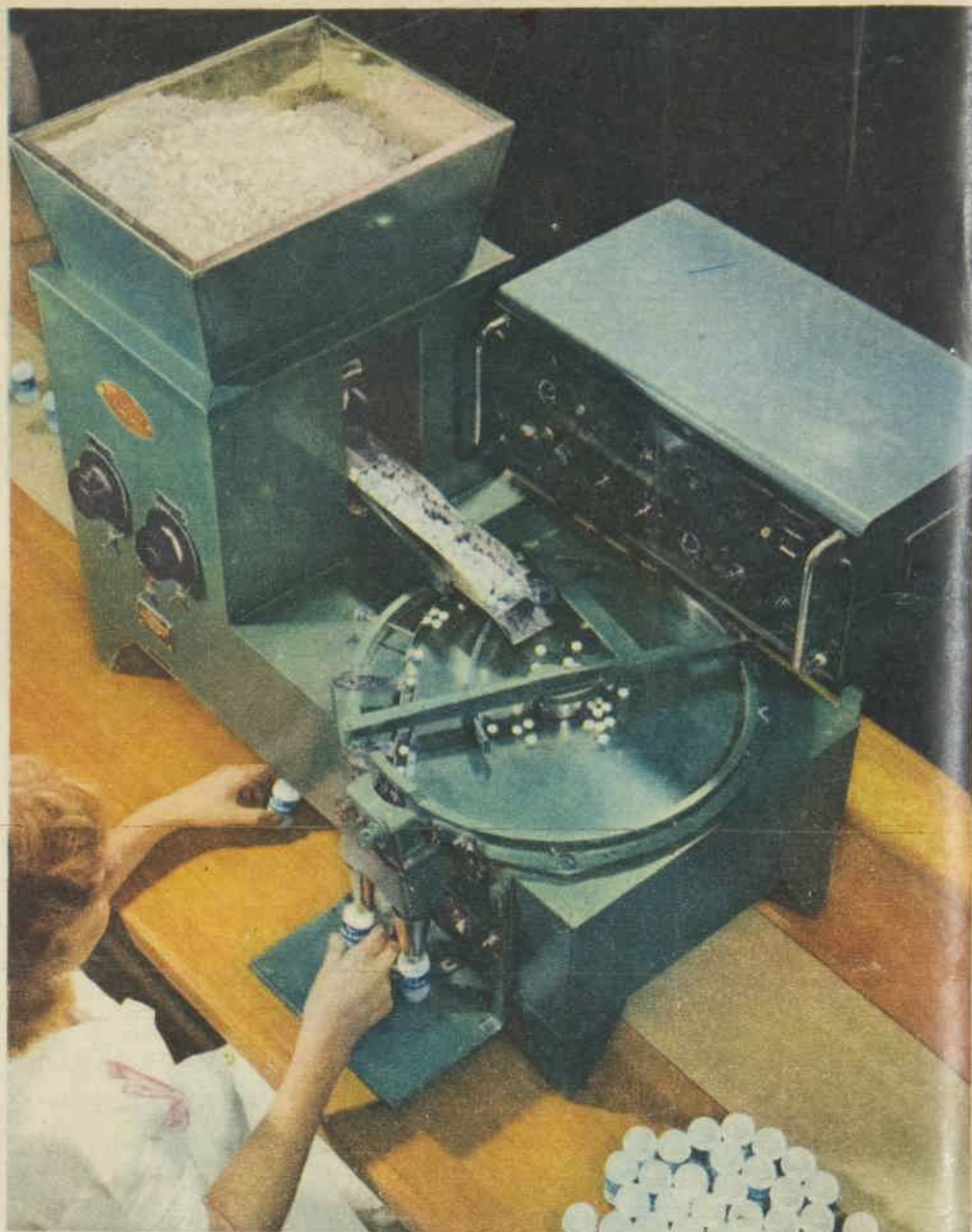


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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

March 8, 1961

Teenagers'

WEEKLY



**JOHNNY DEVLIN
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Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

Not to be sold separately

LETTERS

Shocked by "foolish" Elvis fans

AFTER reading the winning letters in the Elvis Contest, I was both shocked and surprised to find that there are so many teenagers who idolise this so-called sergeant. What has Elvis done to warrant all this devotion, and the title, "King"? It would be more to the point if this admiration was shown to someone who has tried to do something for the peace of this disturbed world—Dr. Albert Schweitzer, for example. All E. Presley has succeeded in doing is making a "world-famed fool" of himself, and all who follow him.

Surely there are some teenagers who, like me, feel that entertainment can be found in the music world without having to join the fool ranks of Elvis' ever-increasing army. — Margaret Anne Fry, Lockleys, S.A.

Coin values

IN answer to "Coin Collector" (T.W., 28/12/60): The 1864 U.S.A. cent is an Indian Head Cent which was minted from 1859 to 1909. Its value depends on the date and condition of the coin, but is usually about 10/-. The Indian half-anna, dated 1895, would be worth about 1/—P. M. Chapman, Townsville, Qld.

TEENAGE AUTHOR



VICTORIA APPLEBY, of Lane Cove, Sydney, the 15-year-old author of the short story on the opposite page, "Julie Makes A Splash," is in fourth year at Hunter's Hill High School.

Julie got the idea for this story because she has some Dutch friends. She's been writing "bits and pieces" since she was 12. She has also written a pop song and hopes to record it herself. "When I leave school I'd like to be a singer or a journalist," she says. Besides singing and writing, Julie's very interested in clothes — she designs all her own and her mother makes them.

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Contributions of short stories and articles are also invited, but only those accompanied by stamped, addressed envelopes will be returned. Send them to Box 7052WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

OUR COVER BOY is, as if you didn't recognise him, singing star Johnny Devlin, who will be married on March 11 to lovely Sydney model Carol Dixon, of Crows Nest. Johnny first met Carol two years ago on the TV "Bandstand" show, a week after he arrived in Sydney from New Zealand. Carol was so impressed with Johnny she started his first fan club—and Johnny liked her so much he asked her for a date — and they've been seeing each other ever since, and have been "unofficially" engaged for a year.

Maoris . . .

HAVING just returned from a wonderful four weeks in New Zealand, where the Maoris are equal to the whites in every respect, it makes one furious to think how our aborigines are treated in Australia. Given the same opportunities as their Maori neighbors, they would more than compensate the Government for any expense involved. The Maoris, with their settlements and ancient way of living, as well as their farms and lovely city homes, really show what these so-called "inferior races" can do.—Jill Paterson, Clayfield, Qld.

. . . and prejudice

RECENTLY a picture of a dark-skinned visitor to Australia appeared on the same page of a paper as that of a local personality. I heard someone say, "Fancy printing his picture on the same page as hers! What an insult to her!" Can such race feeling exist here? If world peace is ever to exist, we must throw away our prejudices on this subject—and right now.—I. S. Coudell, Brighton, Vic.

Give your blood

I AM amazed at the number of people who, on reaching 18, do not become blood donors. They say they are "not game," or "haven't time," but surely everyone can spare an hour out of every three months and there is no pain involved. After every visit to the blood bank I feel I've really helped others in need.—Glenis Holland, Canley Vale, N.S.W.

Her legs

WHAT wonderful animals horses are. I have had polio since I was four, and riding has proved a great exercise for my legs. "My horse is my legs," as people say, because I depend on it to get me wherever I wish to go. At the moment I am in hospital waiting to have an operation, and I can't wait until the day that I am allowed home, because I have a new horse called "Cha Cha."—Jan Donoghue, General Hospital, Brisbane.

Shakespeare

IF we must learn Shakespeare at school, why can't his plays be rewritten in modern English to make it easier for us to understand. While studying "Julius Caesar" last year I found that I couldn't make head or tail out of most scenes, and things became more complicated when I had to learn an extract from the play. I now realise what a great amount of time I spent learning those lines, and sometimes I wonder whether it was all worth it, seeing that I couldn't understand what half the words meant.—Vera McKalsky, Central Castra, Tas.

Books and shelves

I READ in a magazine once that girls who spend all their time with their noses in books are liable to wind up on the shelf. I have not read a book since then.—"Ex-Bookworm," Seaton Park, S.A.

BEATNIK



"We're getting quite a following! A couple more personal appearances and we'll be in the big time!"

Angelic parents

"MY mother won't let me wear rouge," "My father won't let me smoke"—these are examples of the thoughts which dominate the minds of many teenagers today. Every week we read letters in the T.W. about parents who too severely limit the activities of their children. Is this true? YES IT IS! No objectively thinking person can possibly deny it. Parents today are too much on the side of the angels. But bitter complaints and irate letters do little to alleviate matters. They succeed mainly in revealing the narrow-mindedness of the writers: for they have entirely the wrong attitude! We cannot forget that 99.9 per cent. of parents are basically good. We accept from them far, far more

good than bad. So if they do go a little too far in trying to make us into decent people, let us act with dignity and wisdom in order that our parents can have that peace of mind they so richly deserve.—A.G., Dover Heights, N.S.W.

Youth clubs

CHURCH youth clubs have been functioning for years. I'm a member of our M.Y.F., and we hold car trials, barbecues, scavenger hunts, and so on . . . and we have very enjoyable times. As well as this we learn more about our religion. Therefore, our youth club promotes a balanced personality of physical, mental, and spiritual points of view. I would like to recommend these to all teenagers.—Senja White, Kempsey, N.S.W.

Life in a Canberra hostel

● As a young person living in a Canberra hostel I feel that other young people may like to know what hostel life is like.

THERE are many hostels here, catering for the huge numbers of public servants required by Government departments, and several are almost wholly occupied by young people in their late teens and early twenties.

Many of these are students who work in Government offices during the day and study at night. Many more are in Canberra on transfers of six months or a year from jobs in their home States.

Each hostel-dweller is provided with a single furnished room and all meals in return for a reasonable tariff. There are no restrictions of any kind—it is entirely up to you as to how you pass your time, and no entertainment is provided by the hostels.

However, there are friendships to be made, and this, I think, is the best aspect of hostel life. The young people in the hostels come from all parts of Australia because of

the wide variety of attractive jobs to be found.

Because Canberra as yet has little to offer in the way of jazz clubs, theatres, and dance halls, seeking the friendship and company of others with "come up for coffee in my room later" is the popular thing.

This type of invitation may lead to a casual cup of coffee for supper or a lively party going on until the small hours of the morning. And there are no parents to look reproachfully at the clock on your return and forbid a repeat performance.

This complete freedom is, of course, both good and bad. For some it means endless nights of parties and days of going hungry to work because they arose too late to go to breakfast.

For others there is a lot of loneliness and homesickness; the unappealing hostel room with the prospect of a long night with little to do and no

one to talk to makes these people realise how good home was.

And yet for all it means a new independence — perhaps for the first time managing one's own affairs and finances.

And it may be quite a struggle. There is no one to fall back on if you spend all your fortnight's salary on clothes and cannot pay your hostel bill.

Or if you become ill there is no one to coddle you with tempting convalescent foods or special attention — and there is still the hostel bill to be paid and all your work to catch up on when you are better.

Maybe I have made it sound hard. But it is hard at first for anyone who has been used to a fairly quiet and sheltered life at home.

However, there are ample compensations in the friendships made and the experiences shared.—Sue Morcombe, Canberra.

He ran up the beach and brought back
his surf-ski to where she stood.



JULIE MAKES A SPLASH

• Short Story by VICTORIA APPLEBY

JULIANNA STAAS sat miserably sifting sand through her fingers and wished she was home in Holland.

A few yards down the beach the surf reared blue and frightening, crashing with a continuous roar not far from her feet. It looked anything but inviting, yet everywhere young people dashed about, tan and carefree, their bright swimsuits flashing through the water like gaily colored tropical fish.

Julianna glanced self-consciously at her own pale skin and heavy woollen costume. Both made her feel dowdy and out of place. The sun beat down out of a sky of metallic-blue, making the sand burn like fire and stinging her tender shoulders.

But none of the gay young people even noticed her. The ones on the beach tossed big rubber balls at each other, while the rest lay listening to their transistors. The ones in the surf skimmed the waves on their racing surf-skis or just swam easily through the blue water.

Julianna pulled a bottle of suntan oil from her bag and carefully applied it to her shoulders, but without much confidence. That sun would burn through anything. She wished she had

thought of hiring one of the bright-striped umbrellas like the laughing crowd right next to her had, but she had not realised the need. Summer days in Holland never brought heat like this.

The thudding surf began to look more inviting. It would be cool, beautifully cool and wet, if she could only pluck up courage to try it. Suddenly making up her mind, she rose and dragged a bathing-cap over her short blond hair. Then walked cautiously to the edge of the surf and dipped a toe in. She gasped. The water felt like an Arctic sea after the blistering heat of the sand.

She was still hesitating when another wave, twice as big as its fellows, exploded round her ankles in swirling fury. Terrified, as it tried to drag her with it, she took a quick step backwards, lost her balance and fell flat on her face. Just at that very minute a crowd of youngsters ran past her, roared with laughter, and dived into the water like a school of excited porpoises.

Julianna felt like crying. The Dutch waves were soft little ripples beside these blue heaving monsters. Sitting where she had fallen in the white flurry of foam, she thought of Holland, her home, and her family all so far away,

and wondered why she had ever left them.

The whole idea began the day she went to Amsterdam and saw a book of photographs of Australia in a shop window. She had lingered a while, looking at the wonderful colored pictures, and thinking what fun Australians must have. There were exotic tropical fish darting about coral reefs, wildflowers framed against a sky of cloudless blue, young men and girls riding towering waves with careless ease.

And right beside the book was a newspaper with headlines that said Australia wanted Dutch migrants, and was willing to help them with ship passages, fares, everything.

Before she really knew what she was doing she was bound for Sydney with her passport clutched in her hand and the Dutch coast dropping out of sight on the far horizon.

For the first few weeks in her new country she had not had time to feel lonely. There was her schoolbook English to try out, a room to find, and a new job to begin. She had enjoyed all that, enjoyed working in the large airy office overlooking Sydney Harbor. But the weekends were always monotonous. She hardly knew anyone yet, and did not like to be odd girl out when

the office staff invited her to join their weekend outings. So Saturday and Sunday went on stretching out before her like flat, empty plains.

Today she had decided at last to try to be like thousands of real Australians and venture out on a weekend surfing expedition. And this was all she had got out of her adventure. No fun at all, just sitting alone, frightened and foolish, in a wash of foam on the edge of Newport Beach.

She rubbed the tears from her eyes with a salty hand and pulled herself up. The waves did not look any smaller, but she walked determinedly a little farther into them. Her body was growing accustomed to the chill and she could see her feet shimmering white through the clear water. She was just beginning to like it when she glanced up and saw another enormous breaker, towering high over the rest, its crest sprinkled with frantically gesticulating surf-riders.

It started to curl perilously, then poured down with a roar, spilling spray in all directions, and racing straight for her. Julianna tried to run backwards, but the undertow was too strong

• To page 4

Beards, black coffee, and

● So you're off to the University, Commonwealth Scholarship in one hand and shiny new briefcase in the other.

For 16,000 Australian teenagers, March marks the beginning of a new phase in their life. They will be entering one of the eight Australian universities and will be taking courses in subjects ranging from Arts to Engineering. So we asked an older student of Sydney University for some advice on the best way to go about starting university studies, and on the opposite page another student gives his impressions of some better-known university types.

AND you're worried what it's like to be a student. You've read in the papers about beards, beatniks, black coffee, failure rates, and Professor Messel.

Well, girls, you don't have to worry about growing a beard!

And, boys, you can forget having to give up sport, listening to records, and going out on Saturdays. There's time for all that, and you can still pass your course.

When I think back to the time three years ago when I was a fresher, I realise now that most of my worries were pretty silly.

The thing that used to bother me most was that I wouldn't be able to keep up with the lecturer when he was dictating notes. At school our Chem. teacher had dictated to us, and I'd been able to do it then, but wouldn't it be harder at the Uni?

I'm happy to report that I found it quite easy enough. All you have to do is to take down the

main points—nobody expects you to know all the details. A good note-taker can get a one-hour lecture down in about a page and a half of foolscap.

When you're new you're most likely to take too many notes. Some freshers even recp'd the lecturer's jokes, and you certainly won't be asked about those in the exams.

Naturally, the notes you take depend largely on the subject, but a few general rules may help.

Sometimes the lecturer will tell you in the first few minutes what his main points will be. If he doesn't, try to work them out for yourself. When you know what the lecturer is "getting at" it's much easier to take down all the important matter.

Another thing. Don't worry if there's something you can't understand. Note it down, anyway, mark it so you'll know where to find it, and ask about it at the end of the lecture.

If you try to work it out on the spot you'll be distracted and may miss something else, which leaves you with two things you haven't grasped properly.

● From Page 3

Julie makes a splash

and before she knew what had happened she was tumbling over and over as if caught in boiling rapids.

Minutes later she was flung up on the beach like a sodden rag doll, gasping and spluttering while her lungs strained for breath. Something was pinning her shoulder down so that she threshed about wildly.

"Hey!" yelled a voice and she came literally into the arms of a suntanned young man who was gingerly dragging them both from beneath a big wooden surf-ski.

Juliana dashed the water out of her eyes and saw that he looked angry.

"You want to watch yourself, this is a restricted area," he said breathlessly. "Don't you know you can't swim where people are surf-ski-ing? Do you want to get killed?"

"You came right upon me," Juliana cried indignantly. "I was on the edge only. And I cannot swim in this sea of yours. I cannot swim, anyway."

The suntanned young man looked even angrier.

"Then, what in heaven's name are you doing playing around in a big surf like this?"

"I was wishing only to try it," she began unhappily.

"Gosh!" he was starting to smile. "You're not Australian, are you?"

"No, I am from Holland," she said. "I am Dutch."

"Well, well, that explains everything." He was really smiling now. "You've got a lot to learn about our kind of surfing."

He stood up and she saw that he was very tall with light blue eyes that twinkled as he spoke. His hair was thick and brown, and falling all over his face, until he shook himself like a wet spaniel.

He hesitated a minute, then ran up the beach and brought back his surf-ski to where she stood.

"Tell you what," he said. "I oughtn't to do this really as you can't swim,

but how about coming for a ride on my ski?"

"Oh!" gasped Juliana, staring at the huge black-and-white craft that had sharks' teeth painted all round its curving prow. "I do not know!"

"Don't be frightened. It's quite O.K.," said the young man eagerly. "I belong to the life-saving club here, and I'll rescue you if you fall off."

He took her hand and pulled her after him, while the surf-ski dipped and tugged alongside. The water grew deeper and deeper, and suddenly Juliana found she was out of her depth.

"You'd better climb aboard her now and I'll paddle us out to the wave-break," he said, lifting her easily on to the plunging wood. "Just lie flat and I'll start paddling."

Juliana did as she was told and found her nervousness gradually changing to excitement. The waves lapped gently round her feet as he sent the board spinning out past the breakers to the calm swell beyond. Out there the sun seemed to have lost its sting, and a gentle breeze played around her bare shoulders.

"It is good," she called back at him, not daring to turn her head.

"I told you so," he shouted in her ear. "Glad you came?"

She nodded, but before she could reply he turned the board with a deft twist, and she caught a glimpse of a wave mounting up behind them.

"We're off," he yelled, and their frail craft was lifted like a matchstick, up and up and up into the bright blue sky. Then, as if jet-propelled, they shot down and off for the shore in a roaring tumble of spray.

Juliana clung to the board like a drowning kitten, but the young man was not the least bit concerned. He was shouting encouragement in her ear and holding her to the board with his powerful brown arms.

Seconds later they hit the shore in a scraping slither and their craft bounced to rest on the very edge of the beach. She struggled to her feet.

"Like it?" he laughed, pushing his hair back out of his eyes.

"I am thinking that I do," said Juliana uncertainly.

"Well, come in and we'll have another go. It's a terrific day for shoots."

They were off again out to sea, and by the time they had "shot" a dozen more waves, Juliana knew she was having the time of her life.

"I think it's about time we took a rest now," the young man said then. "Let's go and find our towels."

The crowd had thinned out a little when they finally sat down together and rubbed themselves dry.

"It is very good when you are knowing how to do it," Juliana said shyly.

"We'll have you shooting them like an expert before long. All you need is a bit of confidence," he smiled.

Juliana felt happier than ever when he said that. It sounded as if their sudden acquaintance was not going to end as abruptly as it had begun.

"How is it possible to know which are the right waves?" she asked eagerly.

"It is very possible." He sat back and prepared to expound the innermost secrets of surfing. He told her about "combers" and "dumpers," described the various ways of "body-shooting," and when to dive deep to avoid a dumping.

She could have gone on listening to him forever.

Suddenly he stopped talking and grinned across at her.

"You know we've been sitting here for ages together, and we still haven't been formally introduced. I'm Ben Taylor. I'm a sportsmaster, and I live just behind that block of shops. Not a bad bloke really, and I don't make a habit of collecting lost girls on beaches."

"I am Juliana Staas," she said, realising only then that they were still strangers to each other. "I am working in an office, and I am living at Northwood."

"Juliana, eh?" he nodded. "That

sounds a long name for a girl. I think I'll call you Julie. It kind of suits you better. How long have you been out here? Not long by the look of that pale skin!"

"Two months I have been in Australia," said Juliana.

"Well, what do you think of the place?" he asked. "And the people?"

"It is nice, but not like Holland. All things have a sunburned look. Even you." She smiled back at him. "At first I am feeling very lost, although."

"We'll have to change that," said Ben Taylor. "You know Australians are really quite friendly even to stray Dutch girls who swim where they shouldn't."

"Please, I did not know—" Juliana began.

"No, I'm sure you didn't. And I'm sorry I roused at you when we bumped into each other."

"That is all right," she said, feeling suddenly that everything else was "all right," too.

Ben seemed to be thinking deeply about something, wrinkling his eyebrows. "Julie," he said finally, "I know all this is pretty unconventional—and don't accept if you feel you shouldn't—but what about coming home for tea with me and meeting my family?"

Julie's heart leapt. She knew it was "all pretty unconventional," but he was very nice. "I would be liking to," she said shyly, "if it will not put too much trouble your mother."

"My mother's well accustomed to trouble," said Ben with a laugh. "I've got three brothers older than me who'd bring a regiment home to tea if they felt like it. Come and get your things."

He was already waiting for her when she came out of the dressing pavilion. His bright blue shirt and white shorts made his brown face look even browner, and he smiled so nicely at her that her heart missed a beat.

"Julie," he said softly, as they started to walk towards the block of shops, "you're going to like Mum. I hope you're going to like all of us—especially me."

(Copyright)

all that University jazz

But with these two precautions, you shouldn't have any trouble with notes, so that's worry number one out of the way.

My other big worry was that at the Uni, I would have to work on my own.

At school you were made to work. There was a teacher to see that you did your homework, and a headmaster to deal with you if you didn't.

At the Uni, things are different. You're expected to look after yourself and make sure that the amount of work you're doing is enough to get you through at the end of the year.

Even the approach to the subject is quite different.

Before you came to Uni, you had to remember rather than understand.

In history, for instance, there were a whole lot of historical movements that had to be learned — you just had to know them and that was all there was to it — without needing to relate one to another.

At the University they are more interested in why things happen the way they do — why reactions occur, why poets wrote, and why the general rules of any subject are true.

Under these circumstances, you can make one of two mistakes. There's the obvious one of not working nearly hard enough, so that you find yourself losing your fees and a whole year of your life.

On the other hand, there's the equally serious mistake of doing nothing but "work" and missing out on all the things which make a university education so valuable.

Don't think that all you get from the Uni. is the piece of paper that allows you to call yourself a doctor or a scientist or an engineer — there's more to it than that.

Critical attitude

There was a cartoon on the front page of "Honi Soit," the student newspaper at Sydney University, showing a new student faced with the confusion of Orientation Week. (This is the week before term starts in which all the new students are shown around the Uni., and get their bearings.)

At the top of the cartoon was a sign saying "Join . . . Join . . . Go Away . . ." referring to the numerous clubs and societies who spend Orientation Week looking for new members.

Everyone, from the Murray committee (who spent years doing research

By **PETER EWART,**
with drawings by
STEWART MITCHELL

into Australian universities) to the president of the Students' Representative Council will tell you that these clubs are as much a part of the Uni. as any lecture theatre or laboratory.

It's rather hard to explain just what they do, but it goes something like this:

The lectures and all the other parts of your "course" are there to teach you the methods of the subject. But before you're going to be any good at all, you have to learn something called a critical attitude, and you learn this mostly from mixing with other students in the various clubs.

This critical attitude is something that many people outside the Uni. find pretty hard to understand. They think that students are silly to spend their time wondering whether there is any such thing as "good" or "justice," or any of the other ideas we normally take for granted.

To them anyone who seriously asks the question "Why should I be good?" is either sinful or mad.

It's rather hard to explain to them that the student who asks this isn't a potential law-breaker who should be locked up, but is just a normal student being "critical."

Not that all students are like this—going around the Uni. darkly debating whether or not the works of Aristotle are more profound than those of Bertrand Russell. Most of them couldn't care less.

It's just that the few who do are the ones who are getting a real university education. The rest may as well have stayed at home and read text-books for all the good the Uni. will do them.

Anyway, this is only one half of the story, and the other half is a rather happier one.

There are no two ways about it—these clubs are fun. Because there are so many, you can always find one to suit you, and in it you will find people who are interesting, and who enjoy all the things that you enjoy.

And they aren't there just to make sure you bushwalk, or play cricket, or debate. They are your circle of friends, much the same as the crowd you go round with now. You go to parties with them, and do all the things you did with the gang from school.

As well as providing relaxation, these

clubs can give you very sound training in their particular fields.

The A.B.C. is always looking for graduates with experience in drama—just the kind of experience you get in one of the dramatic societies.

After leaving the University, the staff of the student newspaper can usually get work on a newspaper.

So if you want to be the next Robinson Crusoe you can always learn how at the University — in the Bushwalking Club.

Besides these club activities, there are others designed for students from all over the University. You'll learn new skills, like how to make a float for Commem. Day, and how to hold your own in student meetings.

And while you can hardly be a float-builder when you leave, the experience you gain at meetings is pretty good training for politics. If you want to be able to vote before you're 21 you can always exercise that right in student affairs.

Then there will be the traditional coffee in the Students' Union and lunch in the cafeteria.

Each year there are a number of balls (like the Recovery Ball, after the exams) which everyone can attend.

But these are all things you'll find out for yourself, and I was supposed to be giving you advice.

Well, there isn't much more to be given.

Don't be scared

I could tell you that you have to work hard, but to leave some time to enjoy yourself or your education will suffer.

I could even add a word of warning. If you're going to the Uni. it means you probably did rather well at school. Don't forget that everyone else there is the same — they all did well, too. So don't expect things to be quite so easy.

On the other hand, don't go there frightened by all that you've read about high failure rates, initiations (they've disappeared), or the talk about how difficult Uni. is.

If you're fairly sensible (and you don't have to be dull) you shouldn't have any trouble. You can enjoy yourself for three years, or however long it takes to get your degree, and come out ready to be a respected and highly paid member of the community. It's not hard, and, believe me, it's worth it.



SCIENTIST: The Science student is given to laziness, believes the future of the country is in his hands and seldom washes them. Wishes to become a controversial TV star, but regrets his first name is not Harry. Has trouble spelling the word fission, but enjoys playing with crackers. Good at sums.



LAWYER: The Law student lives in a flat with four other Law students. Would not be seen dead in a car more than three feet high. Nods politely to policemen and says he understands why people are not allowed to have profile shots for passport photos. Views Perry Mason with suspicion.



SPORTSMAN: Never really knows what faculty he is in, but likes the open air. Plays cricket in the winter and football in the summer, so he has less competition. Can bend drinking straws with his little finger, but has not yet tried the telephone directory.



FRESHER: It's a new world and only a 1/3 bus ride home to safety.



PHILOSOPHER: Takes seriously membership of the senior Faculty of Arts. Refuses to talk to Engineering students or drink black coffee. Takes two malts with his milkshake and is proud of it. Writes slim volumes of verse, none of which are printed. Hopes to get a well-paid job in an advertising agency.



DOCTOR: The Medical student is a hearty fellow who will some day be your doctor. Wears sports clothes slightly stained with obscure chemicals and smiles only when sleeping. Had three cats as pets until he dissected the tabby one. Can be seen talking to bus conductors, parking police, and anyone else he thinks might be sick.



MUSICIAN: The Music student is vague with heavy eyelids, sloppy shoes and no shirt. Otherwise quite well dressed. Came to the University to express himself and as a result seldom speaks. Wears a muffler to hide his singlet. Carries a scroll of music and an instrument which he cannot play, but hopes to learn.



Associate scenic artist of "Bye Bye Birdie," Rupert Browne, shows color slides of the Broadway sets of the production to juvenile lead, 19-year-old Geraldene Morrow.

Joan Stuart, 15, one of the Australian teenage cast of "Bye Bye Birdie," rehearsing a dance routine with Frank Buxton, Broadway star of the show, on the theatre stage.



Page 6—Teenagers' Weekly

Bye Bye

By Sheila McFarlane

● Seventeen Australian youngsters have parts in "Bye Bye Birdie," the musical comedy about teenagers and a rock-'n-roll star, which will have its premiere in Melbourne on March 4.

"BYE BYE BIRDIE" has been a smash hit on Broadway, where it is still running. The show will begin a London season next month.

Some of the 17 Australian teenagers in the cast have had previous stage experience, but most of them will be making their debut in the theatre.

"When the curtain goes up they'll pass for Broadway kids," says American producer Michael Thoma, here to stage the show for which he was production manager when it opened on Broadway 10 months ago.

Michael Thoma auditioned 200 teenagers in Sydney and Melbourne before he chose the 17.

He was looking for freshness and wholesomeness, as much as singing and dancing ability, and, he says, these youngsters fill the bill on all counts.

"I've found Australian teenagers rather more shy and retiring than American delightful youngsters," producer Thoma says.

"It has taken a few weeks to give them confidence to perform without self-consciousness in front of teenagers, but they are turning out very well."

Says musical director Terry Vaughan: "The bunch of kids for the bright, crisp numbers"

Pictures by staff photographer Jim Ellis



Supplement to T

Birdie



Polishing up their rock-'n-roll steps at rehearsal, from left: Pat Carroll and Bob Olup, Deirdre Dowthwaite and Ian Tupe, Patty McGrath and Peter Condon.

Getting acquainted over soft drinks during a rehearsal break. From left: Brian Thompson, Pam Stevens, Laurel Veitch, and David Mackay. David is one of "The Toppers," a Sydney TV vocal trio.



"Bye Bye Birdie" producer, American Michael Thoma, discusses the show with Australian teenagers Marcia Barden (centre) and Anita Lockwood in their dressing-room at Melbourne's Her Majesty's Theatre.

Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

Steady at 15

"I HAVE been going with a boy for 15 months now, and we are very much in love. But your column is beginning to disturb me, as you say that it is not right for a girl my age to be going steady with one boy. I am 15. Whenever we go to a party I spend my time with everyone, join in all the games, and mix with the boys. He does the same, though we spend a small portion of the time together. He has often been away with my family and me, and I have been to his house and out with his parents. My mother is very fond of him, and he and my father often talk together. He is almost 17. I am wondering if I could be the exception to the rule of young love? He receives £23/10/- a week. We go out once a week to the pictures, and very soon we will both be beginning dancing lessons. He is always sure to have me home at the specified time. I am entering fourth year at school, and I also passed in everything in my intermediate certificate, so he does not interfere with my studies. I am wondering if you agree with love so young."

"Undecided," N.S.W.

I agree with love. I think it is wonderful in all its forms. But love at 15 and 17 is very different to a mature love, and it's unusual when it is the lasting kind that gets better and better as the years go by.

There's a time for everything, and 15 and onwards in your teens is the time for falling in and out of love madly with all men — TV stars, unknown men you see around, the boy next door, anyone and everyone. I don't think it's the time for going steady and settling into a relationship that will end with the grave.

I think going steady is a dull, boring business, and a bad thing because it

limits your romantic knowledge. It's only by circulating that you can get to know different types of men—the serious ones, the lighthearted, shiftless ones, the amusing ones, the ambitious ones, to mention but a few types that make up the fascinating range of prospective steadies, and, let's be frank, husbands.

When you've been out with a lot of boys, you are far more likely to make a good choice—to know what you want. And when you know which type you like through romantic experience, your eventual marriage is far more likely to last, unmarked by the sighs and resentments of what I call an "if only I'd" life.

You finish that sentence for yourself and you'll see what I mean. "If only I'd—gone out more," "met more men," "gone abroad," "trained as a nurse," "not been tied down," etc., etc., "I'd have been happier."

I think going steady is silly at your age. From 15 on is the time when you should venture round and gain romantic and worldly experience.

Going steady is wonderful when you are far more grown up, and it's the courting time that leads to your engagement and marriage.

Silent partner

"I HAVE been going with a boy for a little over a year now, and, like many others, I have a problem. He is 19 and I am almost 17. Whenever I introduce him to any of my friends or when we are with a few friends, he hardly ever speaks, yet when we are alone he is quite the opposite. Do you think he is just shy? Or can it be overcome? Also, I was wondering do you think I am too young to be going steady, as Mum and Dad often

speak to me about it, yet they think the world of this boy."

"Sweet Sixteen," N.S.W.

I don't think you are too young to be going steady, but I think you are too young to be going steady with a view to matrimony. Sixteen is very young to be settling into a routine that's going on and on indefinitely.

Your boy-friend's shyness is a bit of a problem, isn't it? Everyone is different when they are in company from what they are when they are with just one person, but it's rather awful not to have anything to say. If you don't go out with friends you miss so much fun. You should know by now — you probably do — whether it's shyness or if he's anti-social or just a bore. If he's shy he should gradually get better with your friends; but if he's either of the other things, that's his nature and you can't hope to change him.

Falsie problem

"IN your page recently you advised L.J. of N.S.W. to wear falsies. I have the same problem, but as I started wearing them in the wintertime I didn't realise what it would be like in the summertime. Everyone wondered why I didn't go swimming, but, as I have no shape, I couldn't go, unless I wore the falsies and an old-fashioned bathing-suit. Can you please help me out of this?"

"Worried," Qld.

Fashionable bathing-suits are made for falsie-wearers. It's rare to find a suit without a built-in brassiere. What you do is pull the brassiere out and slip the falsies in between the outer material of the suit and the brassiere.

The falsies you use, though, are a special kind. They are completely covered with plastic to make them waterproof, and you can slip them out of your suit before you dry it, so it looks quite flat when it's on the line drying.

You can buy these plastic-covered falsies at any big city store. If you can't buy them in your town, write for them, but describe them and say what you want them for, so they'll know exactly what you need.

Tied to sister

"MY girl-friend is 15 years of age and has been working for a couple of months. When she was at school she was not allowed to go out unless she was accompanied by an adult. Now she is starting to go out she has to take her 13-year-old sister with her. We both belong to a church younger set, of which the minimum age is 15. Every time we go out, we go in a group of about eight people, but my girl-friend is stopped from going unless her sister goes. The group is getting pretty tired of this, as the younger girl won't join in anything and is always complaining about the ages of the other people. I feel very uncomfortable, as I wouldn't hurt my friend for the world, so what can I do? I have thought of leaving the youth group, but I think we both need the spiritual as well as the other help it has given us. I have thought of going to the girl's mother and trying to explain, but thought better of it, as a grown person doesn't like a mere 16-year-old telling them how to handle their children. Can you please help?"

"A Friend," N.S.W.

You were wise to decide against speaking to this girl's mother. She wouldn't appreciate it at all.

The person you should speak to is the minister at your church and explain the whole situation to him. If what you tell me is true, he may, if he has time, explain the rules of the club to your friend's mother, and explain that they mean that it is impossible for her young sister to accompany her.

A WORD FROM DEBBIE

THINKING of becoming a teenage chef? Well, out with Grandma's cook-book, on with your apron, and start mixing.

Chocolate pudding garnished with cream and cherries — mmm! Garnished with? What does "garnish" mean? Never heard of it?

Well, it's time you did. Here are some simple cooking terms you'll find in most cook-books.

To garnish — is to decorate with trimmings.

To blend — to mix thoroughly.

To dice — to cut into small squares.

To simmer — to cook meat, fruit, etc., in liquid below boiling point.

To whip — to beat ingredients with a rotary beater, fork, or electric mixer.

To baste — to spoon fat or liquid over surface of cooking food.

To saute — food fried quickly in a little shortening.

Fricassee — a dish prepared in white sauce.

Sippets — small squares of bread fried or toasted.

Croutons — bigger pieces of bread in squares, rounds, or triangles, fried or toasted.

Au maigre — dishes prepared without meat.

Soused — cooked slowly in spices and vinegar.

Start cooking, good-looking.

Didn't get along

"I LIKED a boy very much, but I dropped him because we didn't seem to get along. No matter what we did, nothing turned out. Do you think mine was a very wise idea? Sometimes I miss him very much, but when I'm alone at night I decide it was the best thing to do. Should I have a long talk with him and try to work things out, or should I forget him? He is also a jealous type, but I'm not quite as jealous as he is; but if I am, I try to hide it or give him one dirty look, which makes him very uncomfortable. Strangely enough, I have a feeling I am to blame."

"Unsure," N.S.W.

It sounds to me as if it wasn't a very happy relationship between you.

The jealousy between you sounds nasty enough, but you also say that no matter what you did, "nothing turned out." There are few things worse than this, and after a bit the nothing-turns-out feeling swamps all your others, and you are left irritated and falling quickly out of love.

I'd leave things as they are.

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.



"Gee, I'd like to be in love with you, Robert, but I have to wait until I fall out of love with Harvey."

**Easy-to-sew
patterns for**

OUT-OF-SCHOOL FUN

● In answer to many requests, Candy Hardy has chosen these latest fashions for girls in their early teens —13 to 16. All these out-of-school clothes are easy to sew from simple patterns.

ORDER your patterns from Candy Hardy, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. State size required and print name and address in block letters.



7219. Short-sleeved one-piece finished with a self-ruffle trim and self-belted waistline. Sizes 12 (32in. bust), 14 (34in. bust), 16 (36in. bust). Requires 2½yds. 54in. material. Price 4/6.



7218. Smart trio—sleeveless jacket, skirt, and blouse. Sizes 12 (32in. bust), 14 (34in. bust), 16 (36in. bust). Requires: Jacket, skirt, 2½yds. 54in. material; blouse, 1½yds. 54in. jersey. Price 4/6.



7217. Short-sleeved, prettily waisted one-piece with a fringed skirt trim. Sizes 12 (32in. bust), 14 (34in. bust), 16 (36in. bust). Requires 2½yds. 54in. material, ½yd. leather fringe. Price 4/6.





Beauty's bag of tricks

*This is it—the whole bag of tricks
—all the implements of beauty
to help you learn the art of “fixing”
your young face with
skill, taste, and restraint.*

by
Carolyn Earle

THE fascinating array of brushes, tubes, pencils, and all other beauty paraphernalia shown here may give the impression that girls need to spend money like mad and back it up with hours of titivating in front of a mirror just to look reasonably pretty and nicely groomed.

But that isn't so. The average girl who wears make-up probably needs only two or three, or maybe four, of these small grooming aids to flatter her features and natural bone structure, unless she is very unlucky indeed.

And each one takes only a minute or two to use if you do it right, so that's not too bad, is it?

The point is this: all these clever little implements have been devised to give line and definition to the face—the finishing touches which make the difference between a charming appearance and a hastily “dabbed-on” look.

Once you get the knack of using them—and it takes lots and lots of practice—it means time and effort saved, and a better-groomed you.

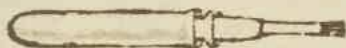
For the trembling amateur, quite the best trick of all is to pick out a couple of easy-to-handle gadgets that will show results almost immediately, get used to them, then go on from there. For instance, an eyelash curler to bend the fix lashes in an upward tilt is an easy one, or a soft eye-pencil to tint and shape the brows would do.

These suggestions and those sketched at the left are ours; the choice, depending where nature slipped up, is yours.

Useful extras not drawn: Complexion brush, hair-rollers and clips, false fingernails for sudden breaks, fake eyelashes for a big party night, rubber gloves for hair rinses and home perms, cottonwool and lots of tissues.



Eyebrow tweezers.



Eye-shadow brush.



Mascara brush.



Eyelash comb.



Powder brush.

THE WICKET LADIES!

● In the past I have questioned the necessity of having organised Olympic Games and horse races.

I'VE said this because girls (with social-butterfly races and other catty “scratch” events) play the Games every day and (with their nagging, etc.) are real-life maiden handicaps.

Well now, here's another sport at which any belle will automatically excel.

Yes, I can't understand why people make such a fuss about Test cricket.

Why do I suggest that ovals are “square,” touring elevens are at sixes and sevens, and that umpires don't know the score?

Simply because every lass is a fine stump of a girl (perhaps I could say girls are the stronger sex!)

Here are the results of the never-ending Test series with dearies . . .

For instance, who other than a girl is better fitted to field in slips?

And what of lasses' love of corsets—ain't that “right” play at silly mid-on?

Then, too, like any other good “bat” every girl wants to reach double figures (in the marital sense), doesn't she?

That's the usual pitch to boys anyway—the idea of long-standing partnership.

Yes, “singles” are for the birds—or should I say the ducks?

And has anyone ever heard of a girl who desired a square leg?

No, sir. Why, with one of those, she'd never get a leg glance.

Girls are also in a cricketing “spin” every day because of their dress.

Regularly they try to bowl blokes over with their hat-tricks.

The field of team selection is yet another way in which women wallow in the world of willow.

Underhand pitchers (of woo) and speed(y) merchants are regarded as “over the fence” (and out)!

And playing-the-fieldsmen who try never to let a chance slip through their fingers are also not allowed to make the grade.

You get my (silly) point?

Nor will girls include on their side a bloke who won't follow-on a come-on!

“Bye now,” they say, reckoning it would be no—“ball.”

Girls, of course, are also natural cricket spectators.

All females love peering over a fence at what somebody else is doing.

And aren't they always keen on blokes “getting a bag”?

Well, that's my commentary on the girls who could quite easily make the Indies go West. Lords go by the board and spell E-N-D for the S.C.G. and the M.C.G.

You might call such a situation the glory that was crease!

You've taken me seriously?

Come in, (leg) spinner!

—Robin Adair

LISTEN HERE

—with Ainslie Baker

● Over the past couple of years Australia's recording industry has launched world-class talents in most branches of popular music — solo vocalists, instrumentalists, brother teams, and singing and instrumental groups. The only thing missing has been a top-ranking sister team.

NOW with the help of Pye, the Barry Sisters have filled the gap. If their "No Hesitation" (made with The Allen Brothers) didn't convince you, I think their new single, "Hush-a-Bye Heart"—"Fly Away, Peter; Fly Away, Paul," will.

"Hush-a-Bye," incidentally, is a completely local effort, composed by Johnny Ashcroft and Noel Balfour and arranged by Tommy Tycho.

The Barry Sisters' story (they're not related, but say they've been singing so long together that they feel like sisters) is the sort to give new heart to all who are chasing the will of the wisp of success.

Lorna Whiteside and Dorothy Davidson began singing together as schoolgirls in Parramatta, near Sydney. They sang at local charity concerts, then struck out into the Country and Western field, eventually making a few records. In all, they'd been singing together professionally on and off for 10 years before their big break came.

Now, just about anything could happen. For a start, the girls are soon going on an interstate and New Zealand tour.

Lorna and Dorothy enjoy their TV appearances, but say that what they really like is being able to meet and talk with their audiences.

Maybe the Barry Sisters sing so well together because they have so many tastes in common. Their private-life interests are swimming, social golf, and dress-designing.

Local talent: Speaking of The Allen Brothers, they have a new disc out, too, a Pye 45. This one's "Too Much," a brightly paced, catchy tune that's easy to hum, and an appealing romantic ballad, "Ever Since." Both are the work of Sydney songwriter Elaine Goddard, who's already given the boys such hits as "Pretty Keen Teen," "My Secret," and "First Kiss."

FASHIONS in titles unexplainably come and go, and just now the word blue is getting a real thrashing. The Maori Hi-Five call their second LP (Leedon) "Serenade In Blue." Not a bad idea



Jackie Wilson

another interesting Jackie Wilson disc, "Jackie Then And Now." Beginning with his first rock hit of 1957, "Reet Petite," this EP follows with "It's So Fine," "Alone At Last," and winds up with "All My Love" — a pocket cavalcade of the big Wilson career.

BEING able to identify the popular big bands of the late 'thirties and early 'forties has become quite a fad with some musically sophisticated teenagers. The big, smooth Tex Beneke band had a huge following in its day, and a Camden LP, "Stardust," is an excellent sampler of the Beneke sound. Selections are specially happy, with the title tune, "East of the Sun," and — interestingly enough — the newly revived "Lazy River."

in this case, as it lets the New Zealanders turn their versatile talents loose on a bunch of excellent standards that include "Blue Room," "Blue Skies," and "Blue Orchids."

FOUR numbers previously released on singles by 19-year-old former carpenter Warren Williams are now released as a Festival EP, "The Shy Guy." These are "Kath-a-leen," "What's A-Happenin', Baby?" (his own composition), "My Teenage Love," and "Where My Baby Goes" — a nice little package for Williams fans.

Pops: Once you've heard "Sound Off" (Pye 45), one name you're not likely to forget in a hurry is Titus Turner, who delivers it with such a punch. Though it has a weepy title, Titus replaces the tears with beat in "Me And My Lonely Telephone" on the flip. That Titus is quite a boy.

EASILY one of the best Sammy Davis Jr. LPs is the recent Popular Record Club release "Just For Lovers." Never short on technique, this time a subdued and sympathetic Sammy puts real feeling into a string of lovely old standards that include "You Do Something To Me," "Body And Soul," and the imperishable "These Foolish Things." Orchestras conducted by Sy Oliver and Morty Stevens give splendid backing.

WITH the Top Ten "Alone At Last" fresh in people's minds, Festival has put out

LOOKING around for something to make a change, FREDDY CANNON hit on the old dixieland band standby, "Muskat Ramble," and gave it the well-known explosive treatment. The flip, "Two-Thousand-88," works up a bit of a beat, but neither is among Freddy's best (Top Rank 45).

Movie Music: The orchestral soundtrack from the movie version of "The World Of Suzie Wong" (R.C.A. LP) gives a lavish helping of jazzy, oriental-accented mood music and gooey romantic themes. Frances Langford's hit of the 'thirties, "I'm In The Mood For Love," makes a surprise reappearance among the latter.

FOR those who like to hear the words, a 45 from the same label offers The Ames Brothers singing "Suzie Wong," with another film tune, "Where The Hot Wind Blows," on the other side.

Operatic: One of the century's great dramatic sopranos, Kirsten Flagstad, can be heard on an outstanding Camden LP, "The Art Of Kirsten Flagstad," in some of her main operatic roles. Side one holds Beethoven and Weber arias, with side two devoted to Wagnerian selections. The Norwegian soprano sings with both Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra, and an orchestra under Hans Lange.



THE BARRY SISTERS, Dorothy Davidson (left) and Lorna Whiteside, Australia's first top-ranking singing sister team.

Tony Perkins on the move

● At 29, Tony Perkins has decided to grow up. He's finished with awkward, shy-boy roles.

HE is a sensitive young man in private life and it is this sensitivity, projected into his acting, which has carried Tony to the top and kept him in constant demand.

While his contemporaries have joined the smart-suit set, Perkins — a gangling six-footer — is relaxed only in jeans and a sweat-shirt. He was a barefooted beatnik favoring tiny apartments long before the cult became fashionable.

Last year he starred in three films — "On The Beach" (made in Australia), "Tall Story," and Hitchcock's "Psycho" — which he made in rapid succession and in which he gave sensational performances.

Anxious to escape the spiritual depression which had settled over him in Hollywood, Tony rushed from the final "Psycho" scenes to the New York stage — and top billing in "Green Willow."

But he was unlucky. "Green Willow" — his first musical — folded in three weeks. Frank Loesser's lyrics were a hit, but the plot was too obscure.

Perkins, whose previous Broadway play, "Look Homeward, Angel," was a success, flew immediately to Paris and a co-starring role in "Goodbye Forever" with Ingrid Bergman and Yves Montand.

His New Year's resolution? "I must mature emotionally!"

● Turn overleaf for the latest pin-up of Tony.

WORTH HEARING

WALTON: Belshazzar's Feast

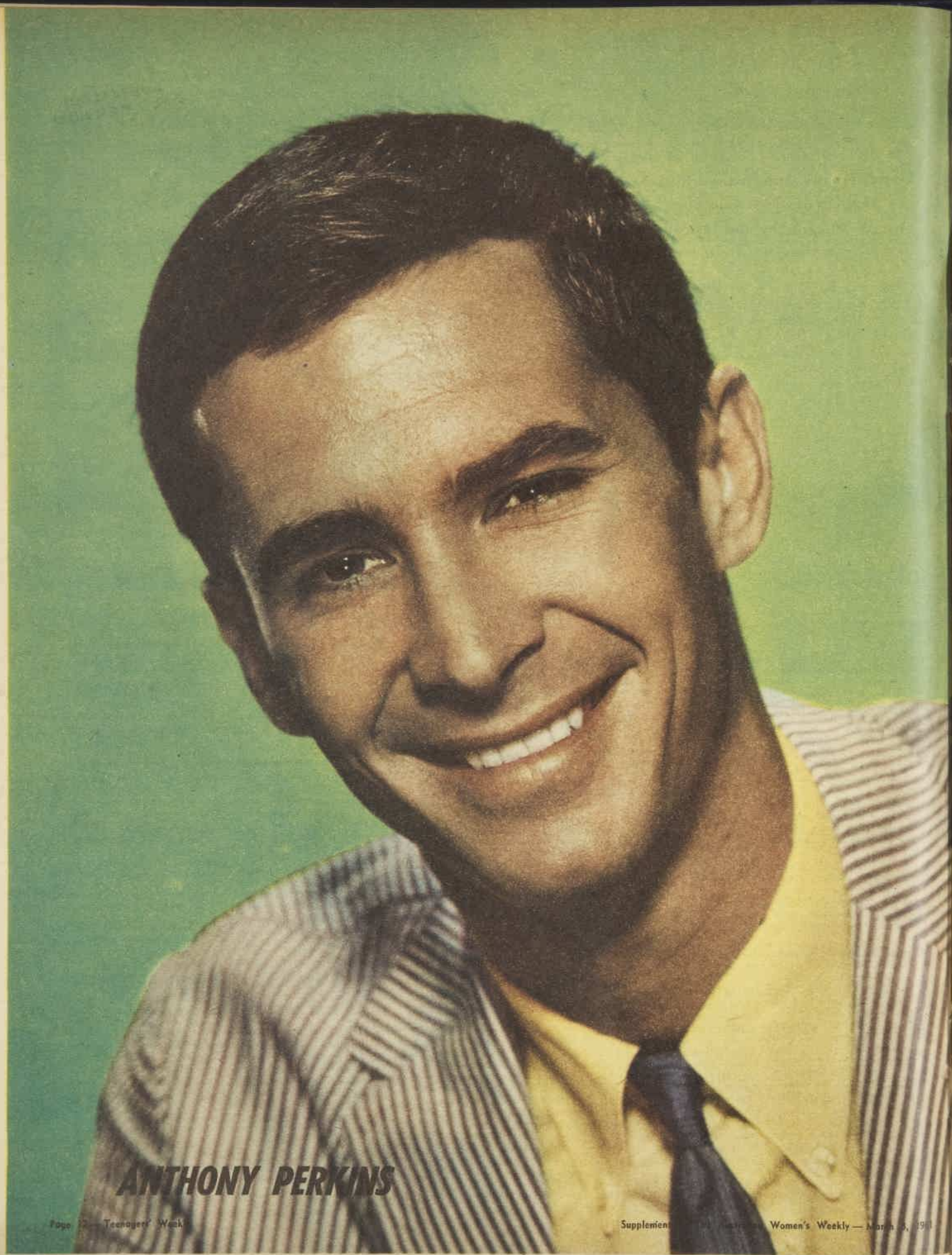
THOSE who like fairly strong meat in their music should sample a recording of William Walton's *Belshazzar's Feast*, conducted by Sir Adrian Boult and issued by Pye in its "Acclaimed Series."

Walton is the modern British composer who wrote the ironical set of pieces called *Facade*, which is well known to ballet-goers. *Belshazzar's Feast*, first performed just 30 years ago, shows the composer in quite a different mood.

It is a brilliantly colorful and exciting setting for baritone, chorus, and orchestra of the biblical story of the downfall of Belshazzar, King of Babylon, and the freeing of the Jews from captivity.

The music cuts right across the rather stuffy tradition of British oratorio. The scenes of the feast itself are full of savage splendor, there is a wonderfully creepy passage for the famous episode of the handwriting on the wall, and the whole work has a tremendous driving force.

— Martin Long



ANTHONY PERKINS

Page 12 Teenagers' Week

Supplement to the Australian Women's Weekly — March 5, 1961

FAMILY COMIC

Sandra

● SANDRA was taken to a Montmartre cabaret, the Chat Aus Nerfs, by the smiting taxidriver, instead of to the exclusive fashion house Chateaufort, where she was to parade. At the cabaret no one speaks English, and Sandra is mistaken for Daisy Brown, a strip-tease artist, and is expected to do Daisy's act. Sandra is confused and unhappy until she is rescued by a handsome man, who speaks English, and explains the mix-up to the management. NOW READ ON...

By BILL SAWYER



RIVETS



Jacky's DIARY.

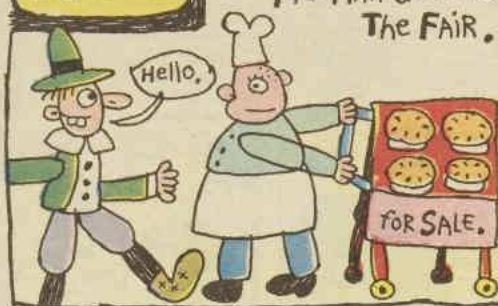
By 
JACKY MENDELSON
AGE 33 1/2.

LAST night MOMMY
TAUGHT me A NERTS-
ERY RYME CALLED
SIMPLE SIMON.



HERE is how
it goes

Simple Simon MET a
PIE-MAN going to
THE FAIR.



Said Simple Simon TO THE PIE-MAN:
"LEMMIE TASTE YOUR WHERES"



Said THE PIE-MAN
to Simple Simon: "SHOW ME 1st
YOUR PENNY."



Said Simple Simon TO THE PIE-MAN:

Indeed
I AINT GOT
ENNY.

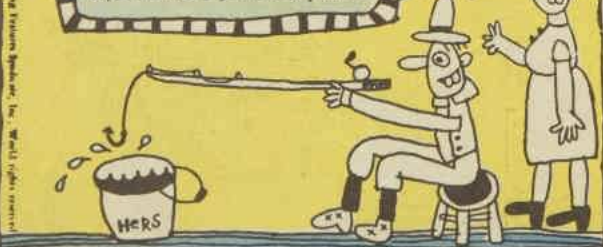


Then it
goes ON:



1-15

BUT All the WATER he HAD GOT
WAS IN HIS MOTHER'S PAIL!



Like YOU CAN SEE, it's KIND
OF A DOPEY POME, & I DONT
BELIEVE it REALLY HAPPINED.
ESPESHULLY THE PART ABOUT
GETTING A WHOLE PIE FOR A
PENNY.

YR. Friend, Jacky.

TIZZY by Kate Osann



"I know how to attract their attention—let's
lunch!"

BUTCH



"If I'm drivin' the getaway car,
it'll have to be a daylight job. My
learner's permit isn't good after
dark."

SIDE GLA



"I always
just before
Gives him
about

CHRIS WELKIN, Dr. Bafz, lunar agronomist, and Mello, the girl from Venus, planted a crop of Venus melon on the moon to meet the food demand of the earth's growing population. The melon plant grew out of all control, and became dangerous, till they found that the carrot plant could restrict its growth. Just as this problem is solved Mello becomes sick. NOW READ ON . . .

CHRIS WELKIN PLANETEER

By Russ Winterbotham

AT THE SPACE STATION, SOLAR ENERGY IS HARNESSSED TO SHIELD MEN AND EQUIPMENT FROM COSMIC RADIATION



AT THE CROP LABORATORY ON THE MOON...



CONTINUED

by Galbraith



type up some letters
the coffee break.
a chance to cool off
my mistakes!"

Man in Apron
by Larry

Copyright London Punch

TEENA[®] *by Linda Terry*



MANDRAKE the MAGICIAN



MANDRAKE, Master Magician, allowed himself to be sucked up with the huge column of water rising from earth's oceans into outer space. He was pulled into a space ship, and the crew of the ship, "water pirates" from an unknown planet, explain that they steal water from "wet" planets to sell to "dry" ones. Mandrake threatens them, but they laugh at earth's "primitive" power. However, Mandrake calls on greater forces. NOW READ ON...

